







H. B. Cushman.

HISTORY
OF THE
Choctaw, Chickasaw
and Natchez Indians

BY
H. B. CUSHMAN,

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Dedication.

To the memory of my parents, Calvin and Laura Cushman, as Heralds of the Cross of Christ, they, with a few other congenial spirits, left their homes in Massachusetts, A. D. 1820, as missionaries, and went to the Choctaw Indians, then living in their Ancient Domains east of the Mississippi River. Devoted their lives to the moral and intellectual improvement and spiritual interests of that peculiar and interesting race of mankind, living and dying the sincere and abiding friends of the Red Man of the North American Continent.

ALSO

To the Choctaw and Chickasaw people, each the now feeble remnant of a once numerous, independent, contented and happy people, whose long line of ancestry dates back to the pre-historic ages of the remote past, it is ascribed in loving remembrance of the writer's earliest and most faithful friends, whom he has a just cause to cherish for their many long known and tested virtues.

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INTRODUCTION.

To bring one's material to a strictly historical and classified order is almost an impossibility when dealing with a subject so diversified as that of the Red Race of the North American Continent. But I have sought, found and brought together an amount of information concerning that peculiar people that has never before been published; having been born of parents who were missionaries to the Choc-taws in 1820, and having been reared among them and intimately acquainted with them during the vicissitudes of a life extending to nearly four score of years. I well know that the Indian race has oft been the subject of the pen, and still continues to be, but only in short details, thus leaving the reader in bewilderment, though historical truths were to be found in abundance among them wherever one turned — truths one can never forget; scenes and events which have an imperishable memory.

Then come awhile with me, reader, from what you have hitherto learned about the Red Man of this continent, to that which may be entirely new to you no matter how old it may be to others; since you might learn something more of the primitive influences which shaped the career of the North American Indians in their dealings with the White Race from their first acquaintance to the present day; as I have endeavored to present many based upon knowledge acquired by a personal acquaintance with two tribes (closely allied) during a protracted life of many years, seeing and learning the romance and poetry of their natures, a people of interest, moral worth and individuality of character. I know that to all my race, the Indian (comparatively speaking) lives only in the vague memory of the legendary past — that period made vivid by the wrongs of the White Race perpetrated upon the Red — all a series of struggles terminating in sanguinary executions when no services rendered by the tribe in their vain struggle to be free, availed to save the defeated Chieftain from a felon's grave; while the feeble remnant that still survives stands as the best commentary of their wrongs, while they despairingly cry "kill us also, and thus complete your cruelty by taking our lives as you began with our liberties."

Truly, what a sad and melancholy record is their history; undervalued by the civilized world, though in opposition to the declarations of all who knew them as justice demanded they should be known. Alas, broken-hearted for

two centuries, yet having their souls pierced and lacerated by the poisonous shafts of unjust defamation and cruel falsehood, while they sadly ask in lamentations of woe: "Where is to be the end?" Only to hear echo's fearful response, "The grave." Therefore they seem indifferent now as to what the world is doing around them, since none extend the hand of friendship to them but to defraud; none smile on their dejected faces but to deride; none sympathize with them in their poverty but to mock; and now when you meet them, they neither look to the right nor left, but straight forward walking with slow and measured steps that betoken the thoughts of a helpless and hopeless people—hopeless, at least, of all that life may bring them of freedom and prosperity. Few even speak to them in tones of kindness, yet all momentarily stop to gaze on them with wondering stare as if they were cumberers of the ground, though there is still upon their faces of despair a visible touch of lingering chivalry worthy of a better fate.

With many of their illustrious men (long deceased) whom I have brought into this history, I was personally acquainted through the vicissitudes of many years; with others, though not personally, yet I knew their minds and the motives of their actions, and these truly constitute the man. And they were men whose high endowments (nature's gift) could not be misled into selfish ambition; nor prosperity inflate; nor disappointment depress from holy trust and honorable action known by the veritable touch-stone, "Ye shall know a tree by its fruits." Nor have I sketched a virtue that I have not seen, nor painted a folly from imagination; but have endeavored to be faithful to reality, in all things as touching that peculiar yet noble race of the human family, who sought resignation in all their misfortunes and woes, and found it only in the decrees of the "Great Spirit" who had given to their race so many centuries of uninterrupted bliss, truly a noble people who taught misfortune dignity.

They had never left their secluded and quiet homes amid nature's forest groves to expose themselves to the contaminations of the vices (to them unknown) of the civilized (so-called) world of traffic and trade.

Sequestered from its view, neither its pageants nor its follies had ever reached them there. It was then and there I studied their unsophisticated natures with an enthusiasm which is the fragrance of the flower that lives after the bloom is withered. Nor am I ashamed to confess my profound admiration of the North American Indian, to whom there was nothing so dear as his freedom unrestrained, which he proved beyond all dispute by fearlessly resisting

the hand of tyrannical oppressions from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, against odds in point of numbers, munitions of war, skill and means, as one to ten thousand, and yielded not until the last warrior had fallen, the last bow broken and his race reduced to absolute poverty, want and woe. Still, though poor and lowly as he seemed to his venal destroyers, yet his whole heart and life were wrapt up in the remembrance of his freedom. He worshipped the thought as his most precious property, the dear treasure of his secret and highest bliss. It was the constant companion of his thoughts the monitor of his actions and the true key to his life.

But alas, when memory now turns to the past of his early life and its unexpected blighting, and raises before his mind every hope connected with it, and his seeming present doom stares him in the face, what can rid him of those successive images that seem to glide around him like mournful apparitions of the long lamented dead, since grief long since has looked up the avenues of complaint, and he stands as one petrified to stone. But how wonderful, amid all their adversities, has been their power to rally and to recover their waning resolution and courage; verily, they oft seemed to experience a kind of determined pleasure in resolutely confronting the worst aspect of their innumerable reverses; yea, in standing in the breach that has long since overthrown their future, and hurling back in defiant despair, "Here we stand, at least an honest and chivalrous people;" but alas, only to seek solitude by retiring within themselves pleading "Jailor, lock the door." Truly their lives, though not without their efforts of strong exertion, have been during the last two centuries, and still are, a dream spent in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, while they have worn the garb of hope which has diverted their past and present woes by a touch of the wand of imagination and gilded over the future by prospects fairer than were ever realized. But it is impossible to deny and yet not to admire and praise the strong sense of solidity and fraternity which, through all their lives, still unite the members of the same tribe, and the feelings which have not been dimmed by modern changes but still exist as warm and active as ever; yet the White Race has ever looked upon the Red from the Ishmaelitish standpoint, and in all its intercourse, from first to last, began and so continued by treating them as inferior beings, too low in the scale of humanity to be reached by the hand of Christianity and civilization; inveterate and uncompromising enemies to be circumvented and overreached under an exhibition of smiling and artful hypocrisy and base venality unknown to the Red Man and unsurpassed in the annals of the White.

But long since cut loose from their ancient moorings, they have felt for more than a century that they were slowly but surely drifting toward an unknown destiny foreshadowing extermination. What other people that would not have had recourse to war or the suicide's rifle? yet, after despair had usurped the place of hope in longer resistance, they had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other. But they were to tread the lowest paths of sorrow, poverty and humiliating depressions; whose circumstances were too humble to expect redress and whose sufferings (mental and physical) were too great even for pity; and whose wrongs, at the hands of inside white intruders and outside defamers, have long since destroyed that strength of mind with which mankind can meet distress; therefore they prepare to suffer in silence rather than openly complain. What else could they do? The world disclaims them. Christianity even seems to have turned its back upon their distress, given them up to spiritual nakedness and hunger, and left them to plead to white wretches whose hearts are stone, or to debauchees who may curse but will not give relief, while every devilish trick is played upon them; and their every action made a fund for eternal ridicule.

Truly, instead of wondering that so little of their true history has been preserved, it is a matter of much greater wonder that so much of truth has escaped the waste of two centuries through which they have been dragged from place to place, while all narratives concerning them have been written, with few exceptions, in shameful derogation of their true characters, all exaggerated and still continuing to be exaggerated, evincing a strange love of defamation only to gratify the morbid fondness of their readers for the marvelous, and their own manifested inability to tell the truth; therefore the most absurd and ridiculous falsehoods are fabricated and published about this people and joyfully read and believed by all who are in harmony with their traducers, a truth that remains, in essential points at least, from one end of the scale to the other.

True, the ways of the Indians are not the ways of the civilized world of which they knew nothing; nor were they, being without its ways, versed in its revolting vices, and their so-called love of war and carnage existed but in the imagination of the White Race, one of its beliefs which may be traced hither and thither but never to the propitiation of truth concerning anything about the Red; since, having its origin alone in the impatience of its venality while drifting amid zones of ignorance and prejudice; and when I contemplate such, I am taught to look upon their errors more in sor-

row than anger. True the Indians were cruel to their enemies in war, and so are we together with all the nations of earth.

But when I take up the North American Indian who has suffered and represent to myself the struggles he has passed through for centuries past, to defend his just rights and sustain the freedom of his country from exotic vandals, and reflect upon his brief pulsations of joy; the tears of woe; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has, without just reason, no charity for him; the desolation of his soul's sanctuary, his freedom buried in the memory of the past; happiness gone; hope fled; I fain would leave his blighted soul with Him from whose hands it came, for how difficult it is to roll away the black and huge stone of prejudice from off the white man's heart, to whom ignorance is bliss in regard to all Indians; thousands, therefore, hate the Indian because they do not know him and desire not to know him because they hate him.

Truly, the North American Indians constitute as grand a record of human courage, patriotic endurance, and as harrowing a history of human suffering as has ever been told; while their oppressors and destroyers, who have figured in their nefarious designs against them from the alpha to omega as the beau-ideal of cruel injustice, are still laboring with a zeal never manifested before to intensify the public feeling against the helpless people, that they may the more effectually accomplish their infamous schemes to rob and plunder them; and whose consciences seem so elastic that, at one time it seems difficult for them to stretch them over a mole hill; at another, with ease, they stretch them over a mountain. Yet the influence, power and grip these characters exert and impress upon the public mind are truths both humiliating and disgraceful, and the strange liberties that are, by our seemingly defective systems of jurisprudence, legally permitted to such plunderers in high places who have the audacity and impertinence to appeal to law, and misuse its machinery for selfish and covetous purposes, are everywhere illustrated at the expense of the misguided and alike helpless and unfortunate Indians, upon whom they have descended in countless thousands as blow-flies on a decomposing body, to rob and plunder them of the last acre of their territories. Truly our sensibilities in the light of humanity, and our judgment in the light of truth and justice, are absolutely dead in regard to this people; therefore, thousands have supinely yielded to the false assertions of thieves and robbers, the reverence due to a Divine decree, without any

investigation whatever, which has been done in all cases of dealing with Indians from first to last.

Truly it may be written as an epitaph for their history, "unutterably sad, because so disastrously true." Alas! multiplied thousands to-day look with horror on the wrongs and sufferings of the feeble and helpless Indians still hovering in our midst, yet are content to hide themselves from their woes; yea, they openly acknowledge their shameful reality yet do nothing to alleviate their condition. They well know of the thousand wrongs continually being heaped upon them, yet only shrug their shoulders and fold their arms in callous acquiescence in that which they falsely and cowardly declare to be inevitable; while they, at the same time, acknowledge a sense of shame and personal guilt in permitting such infamous cruelty and oppression to be heaped upon that helpless race in their midst and under their own eyes, without being actuated to noble efforts to stop it. No wonder the Indian's countenance seems prematurely marked by deep furrows, and his long hair waves over his brow on which is fixed a deep gloom that no smile from the lips can chase away! Alas, through what direful changes have they been forced to pass! through what cycles of hope and fear have their generations been coerced while the world about them seemed like a vision hurrying by as they stood still in silence, helplessness and woe! Therefore, in their entire history, how little there is to contemplate but the most agonizing struggles followed by the deepest and most ostensible decay through their long and continued attempts at redress and the recovery of their God-inherited rights which expired with their liberty.

HISTORY

OF THE

Choctaw, Chickasaw and Natchez INDIANS.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

There has been, and is to-day, as great a proportion of of those characteristics that elevate and adorn mankind found among the North American Indian race as ever were found upon earth. Men and women in whose breasts were seats of virtues as pure as ever found in man or woman. This may seem as shadows to many, incontrovertible truths to those who truly know them, not as enemies but as friends. Through a long life of personal acquaintance with and experience among them, I can and do here testify to the same when living in their ancient domains, and still find them in the present years as in those of the long past, though my opinions then may have been formed to some extent as shadows in the back-ground of imagination, yet they took substantial form and substance with time, in perfect harmony with the positive assertions of all the early explorers, as far back as anything is known of their history. Truly, prolific fancies of the larger portion of modern writers seem to have been governed by the many false descriptions of the ancient; and poetic license has extended the peculiarities of the ancestors with all their imaginary faults and none of their virtues to their descendants, this too in the absence of all authentic history; while our own traditions have dealt no less unjustly with the remnant whom we are following down to their seemingly inevitable destiny (extermination) so unjustly and cruelly decreed through the instigation of our insatiable venality, whose merciless sword is still drawn and stretched athwart the gate of the Indian's highest ambition, his freedom; allowing him no place in that

higher civilization concerning which heaven and earth are amazed at our continued vociferations, and stupified in our inconsistency that denies to them their natural and individual rights, since it does but establish our inability to comprehend the eternal principles of human development, as we assume to fear to trust them with the choice of their own destiny, and that of their souls, moved and actuated by the divine principles therein implanted. It could not justly be expected that they would at once adopt our principles and institutions, to them a chaos of contradictions. Yet we charge them with the utter want of those virtues that distinguish man from the brute, though well knowing the falsity of the accusation by the undeniable testimony manifest among them every where to the contrary.

We also charge them with every crime, but how greatly inconsistent and unjust when being so deeply stained ourselves! Alas, when hope of longer freedom had given place to hopeless despair, and they as a forlorn hope, threw themselves upon our boasted humanity, they awoke but to find a myth; for we then displayed our so-called Christian virtues and high sounding hallelujahs of freedom to all mankind by cooping them up in isolated reservations, but more properly vestibules of the cemetery, the ante-rooms where the recruiting agents of death (woe and despair) assemble their conscripts to prepare them for the ranks whence there is neither desertion or discharge; and having thus and there caged them, now perform the honorable (?) and humane (?) task of watching them at the doors of their prisons, while our parasites keep a faithful record of the complaints of the unfortunate, helpless, hapless and hopeless sufferers, whose dire misfortunes few have the magnanimity to respect, while thousands scoff and mock and which they seem determined shall only cease in the silence of the last Indian's grave.

Can the Indians of to-day but cherish the greatest abhorrence toward those who forced them into those lazarettos where curses reply to their just complaints and blows and kicks to their dying groans, as each is tortured in his separate hell where all can hear but none will heed? Can they but shun, in their limited inch of freedom, as a blighting pestilence, those who still seek to debase them in the estimation of the world by falsely branding them as creatures to be feared and shunned, with no power to resent but only to weep in silence and hopeless despair, while their blighted spirits are being proved in this furnace like steel in tempering fire?

Once they were quick in feeling and fearless in resent-

ment—that is o'er. They are now the sons of silence; their wounds of mind and body are now callous, or long since they would have dashed their brains against their prison bars, as the rays of the sun of their remembered freedom and happiness flashed through them in seeming mockery of their woes. Neither are their slumbers sleep but only a continuance of enduring woes, a lingering despair whose envenomed tooth preventing truth, justice and humanity would still mangle the dead. Their hair is gray, but not from years; 'tis the impatient thirst for freedom parching the heart, and abhorred slavery maddening the soul with heaviness and woe as it battles with its agony under the knowledge that to them earth and air are banned and barred—a living grave of long years of oppression, abuse, calumny and outrage; yet they live, endure and bear the likeness of breathing men, while they bear the innate tortures of a living despair, becoming old in their youth, and dying ere middle age, some of weariness, some of disease, (the legacy of their destroyers) but more of withered hopes and broken hearts. Alas, that they should have found so few among the White Race with whom they could safely wear the chain of unassumed friendship and confidence; therefore have shunned their companionship and sadly sought as long as they could the solitude of the remote wilderness and there with its more congenial spirit divided the homage of their hearts, but alas, only to find even there no secure retreat from their restless foes. This fatalism, the assured certainly that nothing good can now be expected; the full conviction that even the United States government seems indifferent to protect them from the venality of its own unprincipled and seemingly law defying white subjects, is now deeply rooted in the minds of the aged Indians; while the younger receive their education in the high (so-called) schools of the States in learning by heart Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Darwin, and noted exotic philosophers, thus losing much of their respect for their own religion as taught them by the true missionaries of the gospel of the world's Redeemer, rendering their present a gloomy back-ground, a black shadow of a once bright picture; therefore they have become decrepit and have fallen down like a huge memorial of antiquity prostrate and broken to pieces, while the fragments only remain as a treasure belonging alone to the modern archæologist. Yet, a noble people whose memorials have long since been swept away by the hand of usurpation, and whose relics of their former greatness have alike crumbled to dust leaving no trace of their former existence, save here and there names of a few rivers and little streams, touching for their simplicity, but for whom

justice has long but vainly demanded an honorable place among Christian people, and for whom the time has surely (yea, years ago) arrived to be redeemed from the cruel and unjust bondage of that long, dark night of misrepresentation to which they have been so mercilessly subjected for so many long and weary years—a people good without a pretense and blest with plain reason and sober sense; whose traditional history, connected as it is with the Eastern Continent, abounded with many of those striking events which furnish modern history with its richest materials; as every tribe had its Thermopylae, and every village had produced its Leonidas. But the veil of centuries past now hides those events that might have been bequeathed to the admiration of the present age of the world. The opportunity was offered by the Red Man to the White two centuries ago but was rejected, though advancing years proved their merit. But too late was discovered the error. Our many unfortunate misunderstandings and contests with the ancient and modern Native Americans of this continent are as fertile as any of similar character that have afflicted man-kind; while many characters and scenes have been brought upon the theatre by the sanguine hand of war which history has not recorded. Many of such have been obtained and are recorded in this book; as it was my fate (whether good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate yet without cause for regret) to be born and reared among the Choc-taws; and having spent the bright morn of life to man-hood among that excellent people and sister-tribe, the Chickasaws, as well as my long and well known friendship and admiration entertained for them and their entire race, have influenced them to give me a hearing (not boasting but unvarnished truth) upon any and all subjects above that which generally falls to the lot of the White Man to obtain.

THE DISCOVERY OF THIS CONTINENT. ITS RESULTS TO THE NATIVES.

In the year 1470, there lived in Lisbon, a town in Portugal, a man by the name of Christopher Columbus, who there married Dona Felipa, the daughter of Bartolomeo o Monis de Palestrello, an Italian (then deceased), who had arisen to great celebrity as a navigator. Dona Felipa was the idol of her doting father, and often accompanied him in his many voyages, in which she soon equally shared with him his love of adventure, and thus became to him a treasure indeed not only as a companion but as a helper; for she drew his maps

and geographical charts, and also wrote, at his dictation, his journals concerning his voyages. Shortly after the marriage of Columbus and Felipa at Lisbon, they moved to the island of Porto Santo which her father had colonized and was governor at the time of his death, and settled on a large landed estate which belonged to Palestrello, and which he had bequeathed to Felipa together with all his journals and papers. In that home of retirement and peace the young husband and wife lived in connubial bliss for many years. How could it be otherwise, since each had found in the other a congenial spirit, full of adventurous explorations, but which all others regarded as visionary follies. They read together and talked over the journals and papers of Bartolomeo, during which Felipa also entertained Columbus with accounts of her own voyages with her father, together with his opinions and those of other navigators of that age—his friends and companions—of a possible country that might be discovered in the distant West, and the future fame of the fortunate discoverer. Thus they read, studied, thought and talked together concerning that which they believed the future would prove a reality, but of which no other had a thought. This opinion had found a permanent lodgment in the mind of Columbus and awakened an enthusiasm therein never experienced before in the breast of man upon a like subject, and which aroused him to that energy of determination which rebuked all fear and recognized no thought of failure. But alas, the noble Felipa, who alone had stood by him in their mutual opinions and shared with him the storm of thoughtless ridicule, lived not to learn of the fulfillment of their hopes, and the undying fame of her adored husband, even as he lived not to learn the extent of his discovery. But alas, for human justice and consistency. Instead of naming the "New World" in honor of his equally meritorious wife, the heroic Dona Felipa, or in honor of both, it was wrested from them by one Amerigo Vespucci, a pilot on a vessel of an obscure navigator named Hojeda, and the world acquiesced in the robbery. But such are its rewards!

But more than four-hundred years have been numbered with the ages of the past, since a little fleet of three ships, respectively named Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina, under the command of Christopher Columbus, were nearing the coast of that country that lay in its primitive grandeur and loveliness, even as when pronounced "good" by its Divine Creator, beyond the unknown waters that stretched away in the illimitable distance to the West where sky and sea, though ever receding, seemed still to meet in loving embrace, but whose existence was first in the contemplations of Columbus

and Felipa, and its reality, first in the knowledge of Columbus. At 10 o'clock, p. m., as it is recorded, Columbus discovered the feeble glimmerings of a distant light, to which he at once directed the attention of Pedro Gutierrez, who also saw it. On the next day, at 2 a. m., the distant boom of a gun was heard rolling along on the smooth surface of the tranquil waters, the first that ever broke the solitude of the night in those unknown regions of the deep. It came from the *Pinta*, and bore the joyful intelligence that land was found. But how little did these daring adventurers imagine the magnitude of their discovery; or that that midnight signal also heralded the extermination of old notions and the birth of new; the prelude to war and bloodshed with a people whose types were unknown to the civilized world! For man was there—man in his primitive state. Fiercely energetic, yet never demonstrative or openly expressing his emotions; uncultured, yet slow and deliberate in his speech; congenial, yet ever exhibiting a reserve and diffidence among strangers; hospitable, yet knowing his rights, knew no fear in maintaining them; trusting, yet welcomed death rather than endure wrong. Yet, in most of his characteristics and peculiarities seemingly to have a foreign origin from the known races of mankind; still indisputably of the human race—he, too, was man; though with no regular or consistent ideas of the Deity, religion or civil government, yet possessing correct views of a distinction between right and wrong, on which were founded very correct maxims or codes of morality; but whose penal code was a definite and fixed rule of personal retaliation—"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" thus they were gliding smoothly along on the tide of time, nor had a troubled wave ever risen to disturb the tranquility of their voyage, or shadows darkened their sky, and to whom the past had been so bright that the future held only fair promises for them. But, alas, how little did they realize how dark a future was in store for them! That midnight gun, as it momentarily flashed upon the deck of the *Pinta* and then sent its welcomed boom to the listening ears and watching eyes upon the decks of the *Santa Maria* and *Nina* proclaiming that their languishing hopes were realized and their declining expectations verified, was also the death signal, first to the distant Peruvians by the hand of Pizarro; next, to the Aztecs by the hand of Cortez; then last, but not least, to the North American Indians by the hand of De Soto—as an introduction of what would be—but the Old died hard to make way for the New.

Once the dominant power of this continent; but alas, through unequal wars: through altered circumstances,

through usurpation and frauds; through oppressions and trials; through misfortunes and hardships, sorrows and sufferings, of which none can know but themselves, they have been coerced by arbitrary power exerted, through treaty and cessions by open-handed tyranny and wrong, to surrender their country, their all, to make way for white civilization and that liberty that only seemed to prosper and rejoice in proportion to the destruction of their own; while they long but vainly looked for the expected day when the White Man's avarice would be satiated, and then the red and white races could walk together in harmony and peace each aiding the other in the development of the resources of their respective portions of the vast continent that lay between them, extending from ocean to ocean, to the mutual advantages of each in the noble and humane endeavors to attain the chief end of man—the glory of God and the enjoyment of Him in this world and the one to come—but the White Race would not.

But whence the origin of this peculiarly interesting and wonderful people? From what nation of people descended? Whence and at what date, how and by what route came they to this continent? Language has contributed its mite and the archaeologist handed in his little, concerning the infancy of this peculiar people, yet the veil of mystery still hangs around them shutting out all knowledge of the primitive past. Who shall rend the veil and tell whence they came to possess this continent in that distant long-ago before the dawn of history's morn? Alas, even the feeble glimmerings of vague traditions have not furnished a ray of light to penetrate the darkness of the long night that enshrouds their origin. It is a sealed book.

Such has been for two centuries past, and still is, the long drawn and doleful wail concerning the North American Indians' primitive land; romantic in affording an unlimited field over which the wild, dreamy speculations of the imaginative minds, of which the present age is so prolific in everything read or heard about the Red Race, may find abundant space to indulge in their visionary delights unrestrained, undisturbed, undismayed; the alpha and the omega of their knowledge of the North American Indian race in toto; since the causes that induced them to forsake and how they drifted from the shores of the eastern to the western continent, are today treasured in their ancient traditions still remembered by the few remaining of their aged and also written upon a few wampum — the archives of their historic past — that has escaped the white vandals' devilish delight in destroying all that is Indian, now forever buried in that night of darkness which precedes their known history.

But to those who knew them in their native freedom, when uncontaminated by the demoralizing influences of unprincipled whites, they were truly a peculiar and interesting people whose external habits, strange opinions, peculiar dispositions and customs, seemed to belong alone to themselves and to distinguish them from all known people of the human race; yet, wholly susceptible to as high moral and intellectual improvements as any other race of man-kind; while their distinct identity with the human race is a fact which has never yet been successfully disproved. Though severed by climate, language and a thousand external conditions, there is still one deep underlying identity, which makes all man-kind brothers; an instructive and interesting subject worthy the attention and consideration of all man-kind. It is neither new nor novel but is as ancient as the creation of Adam and Eve.

Though the Indians were without letters, chronology, or any thing by which correctly to denote their dynasties but that which may be inferred from their monumental remains, yet there is much in their recitals of ancient epochs to give great consistency to their legends and traditions, and fully sufficient to reunite the assumed broken link in the chain of their history, which, in the ages of the past, connected them with the Old World; and their history, antiquities and mythology are still preserved by many striking allegories, here and there, or in wild yet consistent romance. And we can but admit that there are many evident truths which we must acknowledge; for when viewed by the light of facts, we see in the North American Indians a peculiar variety of the human race with traits of character plainly oriental, but who long since have been lost to all ancient and modern history.

But the time and manner of their migration to the western continent, as before stated, are wrapt in impenetrable mystery. Those who have studied the physiology, language, antiquities, and traditions of this peculiar people, have alike concluded that their migration to this continent, judging from the ancient ruins found, probably extends back to within five hundred years of the building of Babylon. Dating from the discovery of Columbus, the western continent has been known to the European world upwards of four hundred years; yet it is now generally conceded (if not universally admitted) that the Scandinavians (or Northmen) discovered it long before Columbus, and had sailed along the Atlantic coast from Greenland early in the 10th century. Those ancient and daring sea-rovers of Norway, who ventured upon the pathless ocean without chart or compass guided

alone by the planetary worlds above, discovered Iceland in the year 850, upon which they established a settlement; and in the following century, stumbled upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of Greenland upon which was also founded a colony. But it has been awarded to Leif, the son of Eric the Red, as the first discoverer of the North American continent in the 10th century. He named the new country (now believed to be the coast of Massachusetts) Vinland, or Vine-land, from the abundance of wild grapes that were there found. It is said the records of this expedition state: "And when spring came they sailed away, and Leif gave to the land a name after its sort, and called it Vinland. They sailed then until they reached Greenland; and ever afterward, Leif was called 'Leif the Lucky.'"

The traditions of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creek, Cherokees, Seminoles, Delawares, Shawnese, as learned by the early missionaries, and, in fact, of all the tribes who formerly dwelt east of the Mississippi River, state that the White Race come to this continent from the East, but that their fore-fathers came from the North West.

It is also said, that a Mexican historian makes a new attempt to show that America was discovered in the fifth century, A. D., by a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan, of whom one, Hwai Shan, returned to Asia after an absence of forty one years. A short account of the land which he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. It is said, there is proof that Hwai Shan actually visited some unknown eastern regions, and the traditions of Mexico contain an account of the arrival of monks. But whenever seen or found, whether in the fifth, tenth, fifteenth, or eighteenth centuries, the North American Indians have possessed nearly all the leading traits that they now possess. And all admit, that of all the races of mankind upon earth that wandered from the native countries and have been thrown back into intellectual darkness, the North American Indians have undergone the least change, preserving their physical and mental type nearly the same, seemingly as if bound by the irresistible power of an unchanging decree; and who, in their unvarying individuality and universal idiosyncrasy, point back to no known race of the human family except the Jews. When regarded as a whole, they appear to have been composed of fragments of different tribes of the races of man, yet having a general affinity to each other, and, with here and there an exception, appearing to be parts of a whole. The majority of their languages are evidently derivative, and of a style of synthesis more ancient

than those even of Greece and Rome, but exhibiting no analogies to those of northern and western Europe.

Though Bancroft affirms "that their ancestors were, like themselves, not yet disenthralled from nature," yet the traditions of many of the tribes pointed back to an era in the distant past in which they lived in a better and happier condition, but that was all, nor have ever the fragmentary writings of the ancients thrown any light upon their history. The Nilotic inscriptions, the oldest known, are alike silent concerning them, but that they may be still more ancient, their language, strange idiosyncracies, and all that render them so peculiar and seemingly different from all the known human race, evidently denote and sustain the probability, if nothing more. Be this as it may, all evidence, yet obtained proves them to be of very ancient origin; and no known book goes far enough back into the past to date the period of their origin, unless it be the Sacred Scriptures. If we refer to them a proto-type may possibly be traced in the Eberites, a branch of the house of Almodad, the son of Joktan, of whom it is said, during all periods of their history, that they were reckless, heedless, impatient of restraint or reproof. Yet, this but adds to the affirmation, that history will ever vainly inquire, "whence their origin."

But that many of their traditions were based on facts is unquestionably true. Many tribes possess traditions of the first appearance of the White Race among them. The Mohicans and Lenni Lenapes have a tradition of the voyage, in 1609, of the great navigator and explorer, Hudson, up the river now bearing his name. Cartier's visit to the St. Lawrence in 1534, is remembered by tradition among the Algonquins, who still call the French, "People of the Wooden vessel." The Chippewas declared (1824) according to their traditions that seven generations of people had lived and died since the French first sailed upon the Lakes. Taking 1608 as the year of the settlement of Canada by the French, and allow thirty years to a generation, the accuracy of their tradition is certainly praiseworthy, to say the least of it. That their ancestors came from the Eastern continent there are many traditional evidences that seem founded on truth. In Sir Alexander Mackenzie's travels among the most northern tribes, he says the Chippewas had a tradition that they originally came from another country, which was inhabited by a very wicked people, that in their travels they suffered greatly in passing over a great lake, which was always frozen and covered with snow. McKenzie, page 387, says: "Their progress (the great Athapasca family) was easterly, and according to to their own tradition, they came

from Siberia ; agreeing in dress and manners with the people now found upon the coast of Asia." John Johnston, for many years an agent among the Shawnees, an Algonquin tribe, states that these Indians had a tradition of a foreign origin. In a letter of July 7th, 1819, (*American Archaeologist*, p. 273) he says: "The people of this nation have a tradition that their ancestors crossed the sea ; and that they migrated from Florida to Ohio and Indiana;" where they were located at the time of his agency among them. "They were the only tribe," he writes, "with which I am acquainted, who admit a foreign origin." The Cherokees also admit it. Oconostata, or the Big warrior, chief of the ancient Cherokees, claimed that his people's ancestors came from Asia, landing far to the north-west of this continent ; thence to Mexico ; thence to this country. (Milfort, p. 269.) Johnston further states respecting the Shawnees. "Until lately, they kept yearly sacrifices for their safe arrival in this country. Whence they came, or at what period they arrived in America, they do not know. It is a prevailing opinion among them, that Florida had been inhabited by white people, who had the use of iron tools. Blackhoof, a celebrated chief, affirms that he has often heard it spoken of by old people, that stumps of trees, covered with earth, were frequently found, which had been cut down with edged tools." But this, no doubt, was the work of De Soto and his army in 1541.

Many attribute to the Indians a Jewish origin, and not without some seemingly plausible reason. James Adair, a man, it is recorded, of fine erudition, and who lived more than thirty years among the ancestors of the present Chickasaws, and was often among the ancient Choctaws, Cherokees and Muscogeas, and thus became familiar with the customs and habits of these Southern Indians. Tradition states that Adair commenced living among the Chickasaws in 1844. He wrote and published a work; "*The American Indians*," in 1775. He was well versed in the Hebrew language, and in his long residence with the Indians acquired an accurate knowledge of their tongue, and he devoted the larger portion of his work to prove that the Indians were originally Hebrews, and were a portion of the lost tribes of Israel. He asserts that at the "Boos-Ketous" (the ceremony of initiating youth to manhood) "among the ancient Muscogeas and other tribes, the warriors danced around the holy-fire, during which the elder priest invoked the Great Spirit, while they responded Halelu! Halelu! then Haleluiah! Haleluiah!" He based his belief that they were originally Jews, upon their division into tribes, worship of Jehovah, notions of theocracy, belief in the ministrations of angels,

language and dialects, manner of computing time, their Prophets and High Priests, festivals, fasts and religious rites, daily sacrifices, ablutions and anointings, laws of uncleanness, abstinence from unclean things, marriages, divorces, and punishments for adultery, other punishments, their towns of refuge, purification and ceremony preparatory to war, their ornaments, manner of curing the sick, burial of the dead, mourning for the dead, choice of names adapted to their circumstances and times, their own traditions, and the accounts of our English writers, and the testimony which the Spanish and other authors have given concerning the primitive inhabitants of Peru and Mexico. He insists that in nothing do they differ from the Jews except in the rite of circumcision. The difference in food, mode of living and climate are relied on by Adair, to account for the difference in the color, between the Jew and the Indian. Abram Mordecai, an intelligent Jew, who dwelt fifty years in the the ancient Creek nation, confidently believed that the Indians were originally of his people, and he asserted that in their Green-Corn Dances he had heard them often utter in graceful tones, the word Yavoyaha! Yavoyaha! He was always informed by the Indians that this meant Jehovah, or the Great Spirit, and that they were then returning thanks for the abundant harvest with which they were blest.

I often heard the Choctaws, when engaged in their ancient dances at their former homes east of the Mississippi River, utter in concert and in solemn tone of voice Yar-vo-hah, Yar-vo-yar-hah! and when asked its signification, replied: "It is the name of the Great Spirit we worship." According to an ancient tradition of the Choctaws, as before stated, the ancient Choctaws, Chickasaws and Muscogeas (now Creeks) were once the same people, and today the Creeks have many pure Choctaw words in their language.

Other writers, who have lived among the ancient Indians, are of the same opinion with Adair and Abram Mordecai, forming this conclusion solely on the fact that many of the religious rites and ceremonies of the various tribes they regarded as truly Jewish, to that extent as to induce them to believe that the North American Indians are originally from the Jews.

Even the renowned Quaker, Wm. Penn, in expressing his views upon this subject, says: "For the original, I am ready to believe them the Jewish race, I mean of the stock of the ten tribes, and that for the following reasons:

"First. They were to go to a land not planted or known, which, to be sure, Asia and Africa were, if not Europe, and He that intended that extraordinary judgment upon them,

might make the passage not uneasy to them, and it is not impossible in itself, from the easternmost part of Asia to the westernmost part of America. In the next place, I find them of like countenance, and their children of so lively resemblance that a man would think himself in Duke's place or Berry street in London, when he seeth them. But this is not all. They agree in rites; they reckon by moons; they offer their first fruits; they have a kind of feast of tabernacles; they are said to lay their altar upon twelve stones; their mourning a year; customs of women; with many other things."

There was a belief among many of the ancient tribes of the North American Indians, that their earliest ancestors were created within or at least once lived within, the interior of the earth. The Lenni Lenape, now known as the Delaware Indians, "considered," says Heckewelder, in his "Manners and Customs of the Indians," page 249, "the earth as their universal mother. They believed that they were created within its bosom, where for a long time they had their abode before they came to live on its surface. But as to the form under which they lived in the interior of the earth, their mythologists differ. Some assert that they lived there in human shape, while others, with much more consistency, declare that their existence was in the form of certain terrestrial animals, such as the ground-hog, rabbit and the tortoise." Similar views respecting their origin were held by the Iroquois. The Rev. Christopher Pylroeus, who formerly lived among the Iroquois and spoke their language, was told, (according to Heckewelder) by a respectable Mohawk chief, a tradition of the Iroquois which was as follows: That they had dwelt in the earth when it was dark and where no sun ever shone. That, though they engaged in hunting for a living, they ate mice. That one of their tribe called Ganawayahhah having accidentally found a hole at which to get out of the earth, went out, and after looking around a while saw a deer, which he killed and took back with him to his home in the earth, and that, on account both of the flesh of the deer proving such excellent food, and the favorable description he gave of the appearances above, they concluded it best to change their homes from the inside to the outside of the earth, and accordingly did so, and immediately engaged in raising corn, beans, etc." Heckewelder does not state whether these traditions of the Lenni Lenape and Iroquois were associated by them with any particular localities. However, the place of origin was generally located in some suitable spot within the territory of the tribes, and which was regarded with much veneration by all. "We are told by Cussac, a later authority for the Iro-

gois tradition," says Schoolcraft (in his *Indian Tribes*, part 5, page 636) "that the place at which the first small band of Indians was believed to have issued from the earth was a certain eminence near the Oswego Falls. Also, (part 5, p. 682) "that the Caddos, Ionies, and Amaudakas believe that their original ancestors came out of the Hot Springs of Arkansas." Mercy, in his *Exploration of the Red River*, p. 69, states that the Wichitas, on the Red River, believed that their fore-fathers came out of the mountains which bear their name. Jones, in his *Traditions of the North American Indians*, v. 3. p. 187, says: The Minetories, on the Upper Missouri, pointed out two hills as marking the spot of the tribe's origin. Side by side with these of the "earth born" ancestry is another group of origin traditions, which represent the first of the human race as having their origin in and coming out of some body of water, a river, spring or lake, instead of the ground. Long, in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, v. 1. p. 336, said: One branch of the Omahas asserted that their founder arose out of the water, bearing in his hand an ear of red maize, for which reason the red maize was never used by them for food." De Smet, in his *Oregon Missions*, p. 178, states that, in the country of the Blackfoot tribe there are two lakes; one of them is known as the lake of men, and the other, as the lake of women. Out of the former came the father of the tribe and of the latter, the mother.

These two traditions of man's origin, the one that he came out of the ground, the other, that he came out of the water, have been regarded by some as distinct from one another both in origin and meaning; while by others, as identical, and both being the mutilated interpretations of a myth into which a cave and a body of water enter as prominent and essential features.

Very similar, says Schoolcraft, in his *Indian Traditions*, 4, pp. 89 and 90, is the tradition of the Navajoes, of New Mexico. According to their tradition as recorded by Dr. Ten Brock, all mankind and all the animals once lived in a gloomy cavern in the heart of the Cerro Naztarny mountains, on the river San Juan. A lucky accident led them to suspect that the walls of their prison-house were quite thin, and the raccoon was set to dig a way out. As he did not succeed the moth worm took his place and after much hard labor effected an opening. But when he reached the outside of the mountain, he found all things submerged under the sea, so he threw up a little mound of earth and sat down to ponder on the situation. Presently the water receded in four great rivers and left in their place a mass of soft mud. Four

winds arose and dried up the mud and then the men and animals came up, occupying in their passage several days. As yet there was no sun, moon nor stars; so the old men held a council and resolved to manufacture these luminaries. There were among them two flute players, who, while they had dwelt within the mountain, had been wont to enliven them with music; and when the sun and moon were finished, they were given into the charge of these musicians, who have been carrying them ever since. These are the main points of the Navajo legend as recorded by Dr. Ten Brock. It will be observed that the sea, which is nothing else than the primeval sea that forms so common a feature in cosmogonies, holds quite as prominent a place in the story as does the cavern itself, and the two might easily become separated in an incomplete version. Either the cave or the water might be dropped. In fact, there is another version of this legend, given by Col. J. A. Eaton, in which there is no mention of a cave. The Navajoes, according to Eaton's version of the story, came out of the earth in the middle of a certain lake in the valley of Montezuma, at some distance from their present location. The question which occurs first, upon surveying this group of legends so alike in their general tenor, is, are they historically connected with one another in the sense that they are the fragments of some primeval tale current among the Indians at a time when they were less widely scattered over the continent than at present, or have they sprung up at several centers independently of each other? This question is of great interest to American ethnologists, but one to which, in the present state of our knowledge respecting the mode of growth and diffusion of popular tales, it would, perhaps, be rash to attempt an answer. It may be said, however, in favor of the former hypothesis that the account of man's origin—at least, however, the story is circumstantially related—is, so far as I have been able to discover, peculiar to America. It is true it has sometimes been classed with those old World legends which represent man as of an earthly nature, either as having been fashioned out of clay by the hand of some Promethean potter, or as having sprung from a seed of stones or of dragon's teeth scattered over the soil, but a close inspection of any of its detailed versions will show that the story teller has in mind a thought essentially different from those embodied in these classic legends. The first men, according to the Indians' account, did not spring up as vegetable life from the surface of the earth; they came out of its interior in the human shape and afterward accompanied by the animals of the chase. Indeed, when closely scanned, the story is seen to be an account, not of man's origin, but

simply of a change in the scene of his existence. Except in a few cases in which we are told that the original men were created by the gods before being brought above ground, we receive no hint as to how their life began. We are merely told that they came a long time ago out of a cave or out of a lake, within which they have lived from the beginning. This is a characteristic feature which I have not met with distinctly portrayed in any legends outside of America. But whether or not these tales have any true kinship with one another, it hardly admits of doubt that they have a common basis, either of facts or of logic, and that they may be regarded as practically, if not actually, different versions of a single original tale. What is this basis, and what is the meaning of the story? This question has often been asked, and has been answered variously. From a number of proposed "interpretations," I select two, which seem the most worthy of consideration, as well from their inherent plausibility, as from the names by which they are endorsed. Mr. Herbert Spencer, speaking, in a recent work, with express reference to the Navajo tradition, of which an outline has been given above, says: "Either the early progenitors of a tribe were dwellers in caves or the mountains; or the mountains making most conspicuously the elevated region whence they came is identified with the object whence they sprung."—(Spencer Principles of Sociology, Vol. 1, p. 393.) And again: "Where caves are used for interments, they became the supposed places of abode for the dead; and hence develops the notion of a subterranean World."—(Ibid, p. 219.) Underlying the tradition of the Delawares and Iroquois, Heckewelder saw an admirable philosophical meaning—a curious analogy between the general and the individual creation. This view has been adopted by Dr. D. G. Brinton who presents it as follow: "Out of the earth rises life, to it all returns. She it is who guards all germs, nourishes all beings. The Aztecs painted her a woman with countless breasts; the Peruvians called her Mama Alpha, mother earth; in the Algonquin tongue the word for earth, mother, father, are from the same root. Home, Adam, Chomaigenes, what do all these words mean but earth—born, the son of the soil, repeated in the poetic language of Attica in *anthropos*, he who springs up like—a flower? As in Oriental legends the origin of man from the earth was veiled under the story that he was the progeny of some mountain fecundated by the embrace of Mithras or Jupiter, so the Indians often pointed to some height or some cavern, as the spot whence the first men issued, adult and armed from womb of All—mother earth. This cavern, which thus dimly lingered in the mem-

ory of nations, occasionally expanded to a mother-world, imagined to underlie this of ours, and still inhabited by beings of our kind, who have never been lucky enough to discover its exit. Such tales of an under-world are very frequent among the Indians, and are a very natural out-growth of the literal belief that the race is earth-born."—(The Myths of the New World, 2nd. ed., pp. 238 to 245.) The following is the version given by Lewis and Clark of the tradition of the Mandans, on the upper Mississippi:

"The whole nation resided in one large village underground near a subterraneous lake. A grapevine extended its roots down to their habitation and give them a view of the light. Some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine, and were delighted with the sight of the earth, which they found covered with buffalo, and rich with every kind of fruit. Returning with the grapes they had gathered, their country men were so pleased with the taste of them, that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region. Men, women and children ascended by means of the vine; and when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a corpulent woman, who was clambering up the vine, broke it with her weight and closed upon herself and the rest of the nation the light of the sun.

When the Mandans die, they expect to return to the original seats of their forefathers, the good reaching the ancient village by means of the lake, which the burden of sins of the wicked will not enable them to pass. We might conjecture upon general grounds that the idea of an under-world found among the Mandans, and many other American tribes sprang from the same sort of reasoning as has evidently given rise to it among other nations."

Prince Maximilian of New Wied, who visited the Mandans subsequently to Lewis and Clark, and learned additional particulars respecting their belief in an underground origin tells us that the Mandans, like so many other nations, supposed the world to be divided into stages and stories. These were eight in number, four of them were *above* the earth, and four *below*, the earth itself forming the fourth stage from the bottom. (Maximilian, Travels in North America, London ed. p. 336.) There seems, therefore, to be very little room for doubt as to the original character of the cave of the Mandan legend. Among the Navajoes we obtain equally satisfactory evidence touching the original of this legendary cave. Dr Ten Brock tells us that he often conversed with the Navajoes on the subject of their beliefs, and he gives us, among other particulars, this very impor-

tant item: "The old men say that the world (i. e. the earth) is, as it were, suspended, and that when the sun disappears in the evening, he passes under and lights up our former place of abode, until he again reappears at morning in the east. There can be no question as to the location and the real character of the cave into which the sun descends at evening, and from which at morning he comes forth. Under one disguise or another, this cavern occurs in legends the world over. It is the cave which the Polynesian Mani descends to visit his deserting mother, and into which Orpheus descends in search of Eurydice; it is the Latinian cave, in which Selene, the Moon, wooes Endymion, the Setting Sun. Nor need we be disconcerted because the Navajoes have located it within a particular mountain." It would seem that these Indian legends have been handed down by tradition through cycles of ages, founded upon the declaration of the Bible, that man is a child of the soil—that he is earth born. Professor Campbell, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, believes that he has found the key to the Hittite inscriptions, and has sent the result of his investigations to the Society of Biblical Archaeology. The most striking and important feature of this work is the identity established by Professor Campbell, as he believes, between the Aztecs and the Hittites. He concludes a statement of his discovery in the "Montreal Witness" as follows: "It is interesting to know that we have on this continent the remains of a people who played a great part in ancient history. It is also gratifying to learn that by the establishment of the Hittite origin of the Aztecs, evolutionism in philology and ethnology will receive its death blow."

There is a clan of Choctaws now living among the Creeks in the Creek Nation, who did not move in 1832 with the Choctaws east of the Mississippi River until the exodus of the Creeks and then came with them to the present Creek nation where they have remained to this day. They were known when living east of the Mississippi River as the Hitchiti or Hichitichi clan, both words (as given above) are corruptions of the two Choctaw words Hish-i (hair) It-ih (mouth.)

Now if the Aztecs be of Hittite origin, and the Choctaws of Aztec origin, of which there is great probability (if their ancient traditions may be relied on) may not the Choctaw words Hishi Itih, the name of one of their ancient Iksas (clans) be itself a corruption of the word Hittite, and pointing back to their ancient origin in the eastern world?

A few of the Iksas of the Choctaws, at the advent of the missionaries in 1818-20, claimed the earth to be their mother,

and connected a tradition of their origin with a certain artificial mound erected by their ancestors as a memorial of their arrival in Mississippi from the West (Mexico) of which I will more definitely speak elsewhere.

But though the remote history of this peculiar people is forever hidden in the darkness of by-gone ages, yet they had a true history, which, if only known, would have presented as many interesting and romantic features, as that of any of the races of mankind. Truly, would there not be found much in that distant period of their existence that precedes their introduction to the White Race, which, when placed in contrast to their now seemingly inevitable destiny (extermination) would loudly appeal to the hearts of the philanthropists and Christians of these United States. And even after their introduction to the Whites, had they possessed the same desire to learn their history, and also to elevate them in the scale of intelligence and morality, as they did in getting possession of their country and destroying them, in what a different condition would that race of people be to-day, and what interesting and instructive narratives would have been given to the world? What interesting narratives could have been written even of the Natchez in the days of their prosperity and power—those worshippers of the sun with Eastern rites! What too, of the Grecian figures, the letters and the hieroglyphics, which have been found represented on the earthen pottery of so many tribes of this peculiar people's work—a people which might have been better understood and more comprehended, but for shameful misrepresentation and calumnious falsehood! What, also, of the once powerful Choctaw; the invincible Chickasaw; the intrepid Muscogee and the peerless Seminole, when in the pride and strength of their respective nationalities! But it is to be greatly regretted that, of that history nothing will ever be learned—not even its alphabet, as the mists of ages have drawn their impenetrable curtain over all; and though the remote past has been questioned, still no response ever comes, except through the vague and unsatisfactory evidence of an ancient people, long antedating all historical information. But tribe after tribe have appeared upon the theater of life, acted their part in its drama, and then passed off into the silence of forgetfulness; and their ancient domains have passed from the hands of their long line of descendants into those of stranger of whom they never knew or even heard; and who have left behind no memorials but embankments of earth in the form of mounds and fortifications, separate and in combination, scattered all over the land in numbers and magnitude that awaken and excite the curi-

osity of the beholder, but fail to satisfy; yet giving numerous and satisfactory evidences of the foot-prints of a long vanished people and the prolonged occupancy of the North American continent by the Indian race whose few and feeble descendants still linger upon the stage of life, as the wretched and miserable words of oppression and cruelty—a living, breathing allegory of poverty and want; since, by the law of force we extended our possessions and made their restiveness our excuse for conquering them, and then plundering them of their lands and homes, and as each territory was added, a new tribe was encountered; and its fears and resistiveness, in like manner taken advantage of as our avarice dictated that it could be made profitable to our pecuniary interests. And that we may alike bury the remaining few in the grave of ignominy, every thing that is spoken, written, or published, concerning that now conquered, oppressed, impoverished, hopeless and unhappy people, is but a reiterated and prolonged mass of exaggerations, misrepresentations and falsehoods, sent broadcast over the land by government officials, landed experts, and, in fact, every other kind of unprincipled white skins; from constable to congressmen, and from land-sharks to governors, who ride across the Indians' country on railroads and gather their "wisdom" upon Indian matters from the car windows, or a moments chat upon the platforms with the white scums which infest every depot in their country—thus keeping the Indian between the devil and his imps—then return each to his retreat, there to disgorge their foul souls of the putrid mass.

Yet, that this noble but wrongfully abused people, to whom Christopher Columbus gave the name Indian, from their fancied resemblance to the people of India, but whose habits, customs and characteristics differed so widely that it may be truthfully affirmed, that no people could be more dissimilar, are one of the primitive races of man-kind, cannot be questioned; though it is admitted by all who are truly acquainted with them, that among all the races of man-kind, few have exhibited a greater diversity, or, if it may be so expressed, greater antithesis of character, than the native North American Indian warrior before humiliated by the merciless hands of his white conquerors. The office of the chief was not hereditary, but depended upon the confidence entertained in him by his warriors. His power also depended upon his personal merit and the confidence reposed in him as a skillful war-leader. His prerogative consisted in conducting negotiations of peace and war; in leading his warriors against the enemies of their country, in selecting the place of encampment, and in receiving and entertaining;

strangers of note. Yet, even in those he was controlled to a great extent by the views and inclinations of his warriors. The Indian warrior was indeed well fitted for the destiny to which nature seemingly had adapted him. He was light in form, yet sinewy and active, and unsurpassed in the endurance of protracted fatigue and hardship; strictly temperate even to abstemiousness requiring but little food when upon the war-path, and that of the simplest kind. He was endowed with a penetrating sagacity, subtle wit, quick conception, and brilliant imagination, with quick and acute sensibilities; a proud and fearless spirit was stamped upon his face and flashed from his black and piercing eye; easily aroused by the appeals of eloquence; his language, whose words might well be compared to gems and flowers made him truly nature's orator; and though a restless warrior, yet, he was generous and hospitable, and the door of his cabin was always open to the wayfarer; and his most inveterate enemy, having broken bread with him, could repose unharmed beneath the inviolable sanctity of his home. In war he was daring, cunning, reckless, self-denying, and self-devoted; in peace, strictly just, generous, proverbially hospitable to strangers as well as acquaintances, modest, revengeful, superstitious, and truthful to the greatest degree—ever faithful to the last to his promised word. Justly could the North American Indian claim as having no lineal descendant of Ananias and Sapphira among his race.

Such were some of the traits of this peculiar people. And even to day many tribes are the same as they were centuries ago, still clinging to their ancient habits and customs and adhering to the belief of their ancient theories, seeing and recognizing alone their Great Spirit both in animate and inanimate nature, And why? Because, in so few instnces, have the renovating principles of the Bible been presented to them as they should and could have been.

True the arts of civilization as possessed by us were unknown by the Indians prior to the discovery of the continent by the White Race, still its seemingly illimitable forests were alive with a free, independent and happy people, a war-like race, jealous of their rights; and its shades and glens rang with the wild hoyopa-tussaha (Choctaw-warcry), and the echoes of its hills and mountains threw back the defiant shout of many a gallant warrior, as he hurried along the war-path in the noon-tide of his joyous man-hood, but soon to slumber in the long night of oblivion, as the fatal result of his unrestrained zeal; while the more experienced veteran made his movements with that calm deliberation that scorned every appearance of haste. Though war-like, yet, they

were a devotional people, to their beliefs, founded alone upon the teachings of nature — their only light. They had their good "Great Spirit" and their evil "Great Spirit" between which there was continual strife for the mastery and possession of the human mind. What less or more have we? They acknowledged the mysterious power of these two antagonistic spirits, and that innumerable numbers of subordinate spirits waited upon both. In what do they differ from us in this? They believed a spirit governed the winds, guided the clouds, and ruled in all things that inspired fear; thus they regarded the elements, and all nature, as spirits, whose images were seen and whose voices were heard above, beneath, everywhere. Little differing from the mythology of the ancients Witchcraft swayed its sceptre over the mind of the poor Indian, whose intellectual light emanated alone from nature; yet he was not so much the object of just censure, as those who had the Bible and yet advocated the doctrine. Remember Cotton Mather, a licensed expounder of the Sacred Scriptures, and his numerous adherents, who advocated and taught the doctrine of Witchcraft, and persecuted their opposers, even to the burning of them at the stake. But for the delusive beliefs and fears, which seemed to the Indian as truth, that encompassed him on every side rendering him the ready victim of the wildest superstition and dread, he has been called "The Wild Man of the Woods," and though his religion involved the varying and confused belief in good and evil spirits in every imaginary creation of air, earth, and sky conceivable to the human mind, existing with not a ray of intellectual light shedding its healing beams through his soul, is it just that he should be reviled for his seeming apathy in moral and intellectual advancement by those who have ever lived within the circle of ever good and truthful influence, but who closed nearly every avenue by which the hapless Indian might return to the first principles of truth and intellectual light? Were not their traditions concerning the creation of the world, and those of their own origin; and their views and opinions of man, more worthy of praise than contempt? Was not their belief in the Great Good Spirit by whom all things were made; also in a Great Evil Spirit, who ever plans and labors to counteract all the good and benevolent designs of the Great and Good Spirit, so universal among all the North American Indians, and their great respect for, and undeviating and unwearied devotion to, the Great and Good Spirit, and hate, fear, and dread of the Great and Evil Spirit, a silent but pungent rebuke to their white scoffers and

defamers, who profess so much concerning the Deity, yet exercise so little of a devotional spirit?

But whence their universal belief in a future state of existence after death, though vague their ideas in regard to future rewards and punishments? Whence also their universal belief in a deluge at an ancient epoch, which destroyed all mankind but a few? Whence their belief that the earth was their mother, who sent them forth from caves, ravines, mounds and mountains? Whence the belief in fatality—that the fate of man is irrevocably fixed? to which, perhaps, may be attributed their stability and indifference to danger and death? Whence their belief in transmigration and thus claiming relationship with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air—expressive of an idea, it seems, of a foreign origin? Whence their belief that the race of animals was first created, then followed the creation of man? From what ancient fountain of knowledge obtained they these various views? Was it intuitive? How manifest their pride also, and great their delight in having their traditions and legends point back to local origin, even to that of mysterious revelation with all the quadrupeds that burrow in the hidden recesses of the earth, differing in this but little from the mythology of the ancients.

Their opinions concerning the departure of the spirit at death were various. Some believed that it lingered for a time near those earthly precincts which it had just left, and it continued still to be, in a certain manner, akin to the earth. For this reason, provisions were placed at the feet of the corpse during the time it lay on its elevated scaffold, exposed to the influence of light or air. The deceased had not as yet entered into the realm of spirits; but when the flesh had withered away from the bones, these were buried with songs and cries, terminating in feasts and dances peculiar to the ceremonies of disposing of the dead. Others believe that when the spirit leaves the body, it lingers for some time before it can be wholly separated from its former conditions; after which it wanders off traversing vast plains in the moonlight. At length, it arrives at a great chasm in the earth, on the other side of which is the land of the blessed, where there is eternal spring and hunting grounds supplied with great varieties of game. But there is no other way of crossing this fearful gulf but by means of a barked pine log that lay across the chasm, which is round, smooth and slippery. Over this the disembodied spirits must pass if they would reach the land of a blissful immortality. Such as have lived purely and honestly upon earth are enabled to pass safely over the terrific abyss on the narrow bridge to the

land of eternal happiness. But such as have lived wickedly, in their attempt to pass over on the log, are sure to lose their footing and fall into the mighty abyss yawning below. Surely this is not a very objectionable idea of retribution after death. However, their estimate of good and evil, in many respects, was imperfect and circumscribed; and their ideas of future rewards and punishments after death seemed merely the reflex of their earthly joys and sorrows, the natural consequence of minds not enlightened by the teachings of the Bible. Therefore, they beheld a transformed divinity in animate and inanimate nature, in every thing which lives or evinces an in-dwelling power, whom they sought to propitiate by gifts and sacrifices. Their "Medicine Men" were the mediators between themselves and their imagined deity; these "Medicine Men" were believed, by means of their knowledge of the mysteries of nature and the power of magic, to be able to invoke spirits, to avert evil, to heal sickness, and to obtain the fulfillment of human wishes. These men were held in high esteem among all Indians everywhere, and acted in the capacity of both priests and physicians. Their medical knowledge, even if classed with superstitious usages, is not to be despised, as they have large acquaintance with healing herbs and the power of nature. The virtues of the Indian race are well known to those who truly know them; and their fidelity in keeping a promise, their true hospitality, and their strength of mind under sorrow and suffering, merits the highest praise. They had no other government nor governors but through their chiefs and medicine men. The former had but little power and respect, only in their own individual character, and they dreaded the loss of their popularity in their tribe. Thus the Indian warrior was truly his own man, free and independent loathing all restraints.

What but sad forebodings can fill the souls of the feeble few, when contemplating the past and looking to the future walled up before them to that extent, that all action and energy of their lives seem at an end and their only hope of refuge in the grave?

But the peagant has fled, and the majority of those who gave it such depth of interest to their destroyers have long since passed away into humble and nameless yet honorable graves, into which the living few, in vacant desolation, are fast falling, bewildered and counfounded amid the toils that have been skillfully and successfully spread for them; and into which when fallen and hopelessly entangled, they appealed to our mercy but to find it amyth. Alas, whata cruel

and inconsistent system has been practiced toward the Red Race from the time we enticed them under our jurisdiction, as wards, to the present day—a system, calculated in its very nature to uncivilize rather than to civilize them,—destroying all confidence, all love and all respect; yea, stifling all the social affections of the heart and the generosity of every noble sentiment; spreading devastation and desolation among them—then to be cursed and pronounced a blotch upon the fair face of nature, while we, influenced alone by that degrading venality, that acknowledges no criterion but success, closed the heart and hand of our charity against them and shut our eyes on their woes—hearts, hands and eyes never to be opened until the last of the race is exterminated, and there will be left no Indian possessions to excite our avarice; and we be left to boast our achievements in exterminating a helpless people whom to conquer was cowardice—the checkered features of whose prehistoric history are still dimly shadowed in the memorials scattered around.

Yet their history, shorn as it is of its antique and romantic features by the march of civilization of the White Race with its accompanying vices and follies, which were presented before them in proportion to its virtues as ten to one, and thus rendered sad and mournful, is still interesting; and, I might justly add, instructive. But passing as they have through many changes of a long pre-historic age, as well as that of an imperfectly known history, the events of their fortunes seem like the incidents of a fairy tale; and while we regard with admiration the many known traits of their character, yet we can but be astonished that to so many of them natural refinement supplied the external deficiencies of accomplished instruction denied by their situation, while a sense of the proper, under every variety of circumstances, appeared intuitive; and many of their names and patriotic deeds are worthy of being transmitted to the remotest posterity, accompanied by those honorable and considerate epithets which flattery can never invest, and are never deceitful; and had they have had a written language, their native historians would have presented many things as interesting and dramatic as any of those of ancient or modern renown. But as it is, they may be justly styled martyrs—uncrowned and uncanonized; since they are still known to-day to millions of the people of these United States under stereotyped appellation of “savages,” and to an equal number of others, as “Heathen Barbarians;” though the Indians belong not to either department of that scientific knowledge in which they have been enrolled by those whose extreme ignorance is thus made manifest; and who feel it an impera-

tive duty to assume a countenance indicative of a holy horror and puerile fear at the very mention of the word Indian; and should they chance to meet one upon the high-way serious convulsions would inevitably be the result; while others, of somewhat greater intrepidity, have been known to venture even into the presence of an Indian, their so-called devil incarnate; and, to display their imagined heroic daring, they point the finger of scorn at him and question concerning him and his race in the language of ridicule and contempt (to which I have oft been an eye witness when passing through the Indian Territory) with that apparent instinct which makes one feel that humanity, at least that much of it as professed by such ignorant and imbecile yet highly self-conceited specimens of mortality, must be closely allied to Darwin's progenitor of man; and to whom the words of Schiller are justly applicable—"Heaven and Earth was in vain against a dunce."

Liberty, equality, and fraternity have ever been found to be cardinal principles among the North American Indians, from their first acquaintance with the White Race even to the present day. All stood, and still stand upon the same social level. No one regarded himself better, in any manner whatever, than his neighbor; none turned up the lip of scorn, or sneered at the misfortunes of one of his tribe. The members of each tribe lived in perfect harmony together, constituting, in every particular, one great, loving, confiding brother-hood. The clan was the unit of political and social life with all tribes. The individual was never considered. Hence to insult, wrong or injure a member of a tribe was actually to insult, wrong and injure the whole tribe; thus each tribe held the other responsible for the actions of its individual members according to the nature of the offence. In like manner were also construed all favors. Hence when a favor was bestowed upon any individual of a tribe, it was accepted as bestowed upon each member of the tribe. He who was a friend to one was regarded as equally a friend to all, and as such was received into the confidence and friendship of the entire tribe. What feature in the characteristics of any nation of people more commendable than this? Yet they are charged as being in want of a single redeeming trait of character.

Despotism, oppression, avarice, fraud, misrepresentation in trade, were things absolutely unknown in all their own tribal relations, and in their dealings with neighboring tribes. Therefore were they, at first, so easily swindled in trade by unprincipled white men; since the white man hid the defects of his article of trade under falsehoods, and the

Indian openly exposed the defects of his in truth. Though it was easy to cheat an Indian once, to accomplish it the second time was a more difficult task. His confidence was gone never again to be secured. I recollect a little incident of this nature among the Choctaws when living east of the Mississippi river. A young Choctaw was cheated in a trade with a white man, and when censured for making the trade, he calmly replied: "Pale-face cheat me, me sorry; pale-face cheat me twice, me big fool." After that as a matter of course, he would never believe a word that a white man would say.

Their tradition, always based on facts though abounding perhaps with many errors by misinterpretations and corruptions in the cycles of ages through which they have passed, were no less dear to him, making a stainless history such as few nations had, save in those pure days of yore when men love truth, justice and honor more than gold; but while all those ancient places are still thronged with traditions, they are over grown with the weeds of popular fancy like ruins of ancient castles covered with ivy; yet, the names of some of them are still remembered by the aged Indians and sometimes mentioned in their ancient traditions, but the names of their predecessors have completely disappeared from their memories, and the time will never come in which these secrets of the centuries will be remembered or ever known again.

As aids to memory they used various devices, among which belts of wampum were the chief. Wampum was truly the archives of the tribe among all North American Indians. It was made of dressed deer skin, soft and pliable as cloth, and interwoven with various shells cut into uniform size, carefully polished, strung together and painted in different colors, all of which were significant; white being the emblem of peace and friendship; red, the symbol of hostility and war. As the colors of the wampum were significant, so also were the length and breadth of these belts, and also the peculiar arrangements of the differently painted strings attached, each and all fully understood by the Indians alone. A belt of wampum was presented to one tribe by another as a remembrance token of any important event that was communicated. They had many and various kinds of wampum; some in the form of belts of different breadth and length; some in strings of various width and length, all reaching back in regular order to centuries of the remote past, with an accuracy incredible to the White Race.

The wampum was the Indians' history the chronicles of the past; and the readers of each clan of the tribe, from one

generation to another, were carefully and thoroughly instructed by their predecessors for that particular business and were held in the highest esteem by all Indians everywhere.

Bundles of small round sticks were also used to assist them in accurately keeping the number of days that would intervene between the day agreed upon that anything should be done, and the day upon which the bundle had been presented, one stick being drawn from the bundle at the termination of each day and thrown away; which duty was never forgotten nor neglected to be done by him to whom it was entrusted. A long string was also used, having as many knots tied in it as the number of days that were desired to be remembered; at the close of each day, as the withdrawing of a stick from the bundle, so a knot was untied. This custom of using a string was also practiced, it is said, by the ancient Persians, which is confirmed by Herodotus in his statement, that "Darius gave to his allies a string with sixty knots tied in it, and told them to untie one knot at the close of each day; and, if he had not returned by the time the last one was untied, they could go home."

Pictures, rudely carved on rocks and trees, were used to convey information, each figure being a true symbol understood and fully comprehended by the Indians wherever seen.

The Indians regarded their majestic forest trees with emotional pride; and, as they reclined under their broad expanding shades, they listened to their solemn whispers as possessing a mysterious connection with themselves, and as sharing with them their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, and they grieved to see them fall before the ax of civilization; since, between the Native American and the White Race, who only saw lumber in the forest tree and money in the lumber, there is the same difference existing that there is between the man who hears the most refined music only as a senseless noise and him who hears it in messages of divine import to his soul; thus it is that Nature bestows on man only that which he is able to receive from her; to one lumber and the jingle of money; to the other beauty and harmony. Oft have I been an eye witness to the sensibility of this people to the charms of natural objects, though accused of its utter want: and with emotions of pleasure listened to their expressive words of delight in admiration of the grand and beautiful in nature, as they pointed the finger of unassumed pride to their magnificent forests, and the majestic appearance of the old patriarchs of their woods—seeming to be charmed with their grand forests, the beauty of their flower bedecked prairies, the purity of their streams, the

brightness of their skies and the salubrity of their climate. To the peculiarly fascinating charms of which, as they appeared to my admiring gaze seventy years ago in the ancient domains of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, east of the Mississippi river, I can testify from personal observation, as it also was the home of my birth; nor can time nor distance ever erase from memory their grandeur and beauty; and, to-day, their seeming power is exercised over me in calling up the reveries and picturings of the past clothing reality with the illusions of the memory and imagination. But to many, nature, in her primitive grandeur, is but an indifferent beauty, though she stops to smile, to caress and entertain with exhaustless diversion her admiring and loving wooer.

So to the Indian also, the grandeur and beauty of his ancient forests left a memory which abides as a constant source of gratification, as he reflects upon their natural beauty upon which his eyes so oft had rested, and from which his soul had gathered a noble conception of the symphonies from which it drew its pure aspirations; and truly, no one who has any conception of the grand and beautiful, could have gazed upon the outstretched panorama of their forests as presented in their ancient domains, without being lastingly impressed with the marvelous picture, in which there stood forth most striking beauties in the form of majestic trees and green swards, on whose bosoms rested, in gentle touch; most inviting shades free of all under-growth of bushes but covered with luxuriant grass interspersed with innumerable flowers of great variety, rivaling the most beautiful flower garden of art. Never have I witnessed any thing more grand and impressive than the Mississippi forests presented when left by the Choctaws and Chickasaws as an inheritance to the Whites. Then and there nature, in all her diversified phases, from the finite to the infinite, and from the infinitesimal to the grand aggregate of knowledge, was full of instruction; by which she would teach man his duty to his God, to his fellow man and to himself. But alas, how few ever heed the symbolic whispers of her low, sweet voice!

It was truly a vast wilderness of trees entirely free of all undergrowth except grass with that peculiar stillness that attested the absence of man, and possessing a vastness and boundless extent, and uninterrupted contiguity of shade, which prevented the attention from being distracted, and allowed the mind to the solitude of itself, and the imagination to realize the actual presence and true character of that which burst upon it like a vivid dream. Truly that is

happiness that breaks not the link between man and nature.

The Indians of this continent openly acknowledged and sincerely believed in the One Great and Good Spirit, and also in the One Great and Evil Spirit; to the former they gave divine homage with a devotion that well might put to shame many of those who have lived a life time under the light of the Gospel dispensation, with scarcely a devotional emotion. Towards the latter they cherished the greatest fear and dread and sought continually the aid of the Good Spirit in averting the dreaded machinations of the Evil Spirit, therefore every warrior had his totem; i. e. a little sack filled with various ingredients, the peculiarities of which were a profound secret to all but himself; nor did any Indian ever seek or desire to know the contents of another's totem, it was sacred to its possessor alone. I have more than once asked some particular warrior friend concerning the contents of his totem but was promptly refused with the reply: "You would not be any the wiser thereby." Every warrior kept his Totem or "Medicine" about his person, by which he sincerely believed he would be enabled to secure the aid of the Good Spirit in warding off the evil designs of the Evil Spirit, in the existence of which they as sincerely believed, and to whom they attributed the cause of all their misfortunes, when failing to secure the aid of the Good Spirit. Therefore, each and every warrior of the tribe, with eager zeal, endeavored to put himself in direct communication with the Great and Good Spirit. There was but little difference between the "Indian Magician" and the Indian "Medicine Man," but when a warrior had attained to that high and greatly desired point of direct communication with the Great and Good Spirit, and had impressed that belief upon his tribe as well as himself, he at once became an object of great veneration, and was henceforth regarded by all his tribe, regardless of age or sex, as a great "Medicine Man," upon whom had been conferred supernatural powers to foretell coming events, to exorcise evil spirits, and to perform all kinds of marvelous works. But few attained the coveted eminence; yet he who was so fortunate, at once reached the pinnacle of his earthly aspirations. But before entering upon his high and responsible duties, and assuming the authority of a diviner—a graduated Medicine Man, in other words, with a recognized and accepted diploma, he must also have enlisted in his service one or more lesser spirits, servants of the Great and Good Spirit, as his allies or mediators, and to secure these important and indispensable auxiliaries, he must subject himself to a severe and testing ordeal. He now retires alone into the deep solitudes of his

native forest and there engages in meditation, self examination, fasting and prayer during the coming and going of many long and weary days, and even weeks. And all that for what end? That he might, by his supernatural power thus attained, be enabled to gratify his ambition in playing the tyrant over his people through fear of him? Or that he might be enabled the better to gratify the spirit of avarice that rankled in his heart? Neither, for both tyrant and avarice were utterly unknown among all Indians.

What then? First, that he might ever be enabled, by his influence attained with the great and Good Spirit, to ward off the shafts of the Evil Spirit, and thus protect himself from seen and unseen dangers, and also be successful in the accomplishment of all his earthly hopes and wishes.

Second. That he might be a benefactor to his tribe, by being enabled to divine future events, and thus forewarn them of approaching danger and the proper steps to take to successfully avoid it; also to heal the sick, etc. True, the fearful ordeal of hunger, thirst, fatigue wrought their part in causing his imagination to usurp the place of reason, filling his fevered mind with the wildest hallucinations and rendering him a fit subject to believe anything and everything. Yet, no doubt, when he left his place of prayer and self-examination and returned to his people, he sincerely believed that he had been admitted to the special favor of the great and Good Spirit and was fully prepared to exercise his newly acquired supernatural attainments for his own benefit and to the interest of his tribe. Smile not at this, perhaps, to you, seeming folly of one who thought, reasoned and acted as taught by the feeble light of nature alone; with such a devotional spirit, what would he have been if enlightened by the renovating influences of the precepts of the Son of God? But I ask, if this doctrine of the spiritual world, the disembodied spirits of our departed loved ones everywhere about us, and the power of communication with them, has not sprung into new life among us in this boasted enlightened age illumined by the glorious light of the Bible shining around us for centuries past? though the doctrine was discarded by the Indians at once and forever, so soon as the light of the Bible shone into their untutored minds. But alas, we still speak of them as savages and barbarians; yet should not emotions of shame fill our hearts, when the similarity of belief between the unlettered Indians of seventy-five years ago, and the boasted intelligence and Christian civilization of the "Anglo Saxon" of the present day, is so manifest? Need we try to deny that modern Spiritualism

has its counterpart in the philosophy of the North American Indians of three-quarters of a century ago?

May we justly scorn the Indian when not free ourselves of his ancient superstitious follies, but still have so large a portion, though long discarded by the civilized tribes, secretly hidden away in the strata of our boasted common sense, besides being greatly tinctured with the fashionable skepticism (unknown to all Indians) of the present civilized but fearfully corrupt age?

The Indians reasoned from the known to the unknown differing from us only in that they had no accumulated knowledge to guide them but their traditions. And when we take into consideration the great difficulties with which they had to contend and overcome in the struggle up the rugged hill of civilization and Christianity, as presented to them with all their manifested contradictions and enigmas by the "Pale-faces," it is a matter of profound astonishment that they have achieved as much as they have.

Alas, that our universal error, in all our dealings with that people, should consist in the deplorable yet inexcusable failure to perceive how greatly their ideas differed from our own in regard to every thing appertaining to our civilization, Christianity and love of gain; and at the same time forgetting that the idea of civil government was with us of long and slow growth, taking many ages to develop us from our own ignorant and savage ancestry to our present enlightened state; and how greatly to be regretted is the fact, that our feelings and actions are still so influenced and governed by deplorable ignorance of the true nature and characteristics of the Indian, and so swayed by a foolish prejudice against him, and so led captive by self-conceit and imagined superiority over him by nature, that we do not and will not justly and impartially weigh the evidence before us; through fear, it truly seems, that our preconceived opinions may be proved to be formed in error, if tested by the knowledge of the truth that would be gained by investigation.

The Indian is accused of stolidity. Wherefore? Is it because he can and does control his tongue when the white man would fly into a violent passion? Is it because the Indian never speaks evil of any one, not even of a personal enemy, but keeps his thoughts and opinions of others in the secret recesses of his own breast, while the reverse is an innate characteristic of the White Race? Is it because the Indian has learned never to talk to the purpose of what is not the purpose to talk of, but in which the white man has long since proved himself an adept to the entire satisfaction of himself and all man-kind? If all this, seemingly so mysterious to his

defamers who would search earth and heaven to find an accusation against an Indian, merits the title Stolidity, then indeed is the Indian meritorious, and that is the whole of it in a nut shell.

He has also been ridiculed as being an idiot for carrying with him his mystic Medicine-pouch, and relying on it for safety both in seen and unseen dangers. Yet in this how little did he differ from thousands of the White Race of even today with all their professed culture, among whom there can still be detected a foolish superstition, a lingering survival of Fetishism, for it can be nothing else. See the still lingering belief in Witchcraft and magic charms; behold the horse shoe still nailed over the door as a guarantee to "good luck" and the prevention of injury from the midnight carousals of witches; view the stigma placed upon the good names of one of the days of the week—unfortunate Friday! Contemplate the Charm-string composed of various childish gew-gaws dangling from the watch-chain of the empty and unbalanced head of the "pale-face" dude, and also its counterpart around the neck of the empty-headed little Miss of "sweet sixteen"! Think of the harmless little bug snugly ensconced in a crack of the wall humming its lulla-by in token of its happiness yet is stigmatized with the appellation of "Death-watch," the fore-runner of the grim monster so much feared and dreaded by frail humanity, and many more that might be mentioned! What are all these but a lingering spirit of superstition, legitimate offsprings of Fetishism, and differing in nothing from the Indian's totem. Yet the Indian is regarded as meriting condemnation in this world and damnation in the next because he still adheres, in some few instances where the truths of the Bible have never reached him, to his ancient superstitious belief and so-called savage folly, but the white man, cradled in the lap of Christianity and yet carrying secretly in his breast his totems, verily, might not the reproving language of Saul to Bar Jesus be justly applied to us in all our dealing with the Red Race from the Alpha to the Omega?—"O, full of all subtlety, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

Again: The Indians' passion for war, so erroneously proverbial among us, has ever been shamefully exaggerated. True, their passion for war, when engaged in it for the redress of real or imaginary wrongs, was unequalled: and, in defense of their country has few parallels in the history of nations, of which we have the full attestation of experience; though we fought them, taking all things into consideration,

the advantages of fifty to one. But they seldom made war upon each other actuated alone by the motives of ambitious conquests for national or personal aggrandizement, as far as has been ascertained from actual proof. They had no motive for such a war, as it is well known to all who have attained any true knowledge of the North American Indians worthy of notice, since avarice, in a national or personal point of view with all its baneful consequences, was utterly unknown to the ancient Indians of this continent, as it is to this day to their pure blooded descendants. Their desperation in resisting our encroachments upon their rights gave birth to the false charge that "they are a blood-thirsty race delighting in human gore;" but there is no proof based upon truth that they are meritorious to a greater extent than any other race of mankind to bear such reproach. Nor were their tactics of war, so loudly condemned by us, any more irreconcilable to justice and humanity, than our own. We stigmatize them with the name of "cowards" for limiting their fighting to ambuscade and surprise; and which we, if out-witted and defeated in a battle with them, pronounced, with assumed horror, a "cruel massacre;" yet, truth positively declares that we too have adopted equally with them the ambuscade, the surprise, and every art of war known to us to out-general them in cunning, in treachery, and in deceit; but call it, if we succeed, "a glorious military strategy," as if that would, make it appear more honorable or justifiable in the sight of truth, justice and humanity or that of a just God. Absolute necessity compelled the Indians to resort to ambuscade and surprise in their wars with us, on account of our vast superiority over them in numbers, skill, and instruments of warfare. What hope of success could they entertain by coming out in the open field with their feeble bows and arrows and few worthless old guns, and stand up before our deadly rifles and destructive batteries? They would simply have acted the part of fools in so doing. They fought as best they could, and just as we, or any other people, would have fought under similar circumstances.

We charge them with deception and being full of all manner of hypocrisy in all places and at all times, even in the social and business relations of life. A more false charge was never made against anyone; and it is but one among the thousands that have been unjustly used in justification of robbing them of their country and wiping them out as cumberers of the ground, wholly unfit any longer to inhabit the earth.

Who ever heard of the Indians adulterating their food with poisonous ingredients to add a dime more to their gains?

Who ever heard of them adulterating their medicines, thus endangering life to make a nickel more? Who ever heard of them banding together to oppress the poor of their own race by buying up certain articles of food or medicine and holding it to extort a higher price from the needy, and thus add a few more cents to their own coffers? And yet we see fit to falsely charge the Indians with deception and hypocrisy.

But to misrepresent in all that is said or written about the Red Race is an axiom of long standing. As an illustration, Ridpath, in his "History of the United States"—page 45, says:

"But the Red Man was, at his best estate, an unsocial, solitary and gloomy spirit. He was a man of the woods. He sat apart. The forest was better than the village." Let others speak that it may be known how near the above delineation of the Red Man's characteristics, as exhibited by the glare of imagined erudition, throws its light to the line of truth according to the positive declarations of the early writers who visited the Indians; and the missionaries who first preached the Gospel of the world's Redeemer to them. All, everywhere, and among all Indians back to the Pilgrims of 1620, affirm that the tribes everywhere lived in separate districts, in which each had numerous large and permanent towns and villages, and were the most social, contented and happy people they ever knew. La Salle, the renowned French explorer, states that he found numerous towns and villages everywhere. He affirms that the Indians lived in comfortable cabins of great proportions, in some cases, forty feet square with dome-shaped roofs, in which several families lived. De Soto, in his memorable raid through the territories of the Southern Indians in 1541-42, found towns and villages containing "from fifty to three hundred houses, protected by palisades, walls and ditches filled with water;" it is also stated, "every few miles he found flourishing towns and villages." So also, the early explorers of the head waters of the Mississippi river found the Indians everywhere dwelling in towns and villages: "The houses being framed with poles and covered with bark."

Lewis and Clark, when exploring the waters of the Columbia River in 1805, under the auspices of the United States Government, found the Indians in the valley of the Columbia living in villages in which there were many large houses. They mention some capable of "furnishing habitations for five hundred people." The Iroquois, whose territories lay along the southern borders of the Great Lakes, Erie and Ontario, when visited by the Jesuit priests and French traders in 1771, were found dwelling in large towns and

villages, some of which are described as having "120 houses, many of them from 50 to 60 feet in length, and affording ample room and shelter for twelve or fifteen families." The Indians of the Atlantic States were settled in permanent towns and villages. The Pokanokets, Narragansets, Pequods, and others, as stated by early writers, lived in towns and villages. The missionaries, when they established Chirstain missions among the Cherokees in 1815, the Choctaws in 1818, and Chickasaws in 1821, found them living in prosperous towns and villages scattered from two to six miles apart all over their then vast territories, and to which I testify from actual, personal knowledge; and no people with whom I was ever acquainted, or of whom I ever read, exhibited more real social virtues, true contentment and genuine social happiness than they; yet Ridpath's doleful and stereotyped edition of misrepresentation and ignorance says: "But the Red Man was, at his best estate, an unsocial, solitary, and gloomy spirit. He communed only with himself and the genius of solitude. He sat apart; the forest was better than the village."

The six nations, to whom the French gave the name Iroquois (Longhouses) were composed of the Senecas, Cayugas, Onandagas, Oneidas, Mohawks and Tuscaroras, inhabiting the northern part of the continent, and the Choctaws; Chickasaws, Cherokees, Muscogeas, Seminoles, Natchez and Yamasas, living in the southern part and known at an early day as the Mobela Nations, presented, no doubt, the highest type of the North American Indians, and were unsurpassed in point of native eloquence, unalloyed patriotism, and heroic bravery, by any ancient or modern race of people, civilized or uncivilized; in friendship faithful and true, in war not safe or comfortable to encounter; and whose highest bliss was found in national independence and absolute personal freedom from all restraint whatever; and of whose ancient history, if only known, it might truthfully be said, would be stranger and more interesting than the most thrilling fiction; abounding with hidden romances of which the civilized world never conjectured or even dreamed, if we may judge from the little that has escaped oblivion. The Iroquois, and the six Nations of the North have long since disappeared before the White Race as autumnal leaves before the wintry winds, except with here and there a few lonely wanderers who, like ghosts, still hover around the graves of their ancestors, feeble sparks yet lingering in the ashes of an exterminated race. The Natchez and Yamases of the Mobela Nations have also long since passed through the same ordeal, and Ichabod is written upon their urns with thousands of others

of their unhappy race; while a few still linger to justly rebuke our cruelty and avarice.

They know that they only can learn the present through the memory of the blood-stained past; that temple from which posterity draws its lessons of human life; yet they are not ashamed of their past; or do they undervalue it, but advocate, as they have many long years before, the great brotherhood of man; and still hope and expect, as in the years of the long past, great things from Christianity and intellectual culture; though oft have been doomed to that bitter disappointment which so loudly and justly rebukes and condemns that prejudice still cherished so bitterly but unjustly against them by the White Race, and so difficult to be reconciled to its published professions of Christian attainments, too deep for them or any other people, to understand or even rightly conjecture. But the question naturally arises, Why are they still distrusted by us? Is it because they still honor their past which they can never renounce nor forget as a brave and patriotic people? Must we forever hate them and eternally make them the subjects of our ridicule and contempt because, forsooth, they will not repudiate the memory of their ancient line of ancestry to them as honorable as to us is our own? And though self respect is all that we have left to them, except a few acres of begrudged land, do we now demand and expect them to so far forget themselves and to stoop so low in the scale of humanity as to adopt voluntarily, the impious and degrading estimate put upon them by the unprincipled of our own race, who through ignorance and prejudice have misjudged them? Then know we not the North American Indian; nor will our demand or expectation ever be realized.

We may exterminate them as we have millions of their race, for we have the power to do so; but we never can coerce them to voluntarily place a degrading estimate upon themselves. Never. I have heard the charge over and over again made against them, that they would stop the progress of the white man's civilization and the religion of Jesus Christ among them if they could. Without fear or favor, I here denounce the charge as a falsehood, begat by the devil, born in the regions of eternal night, thence escaped to find lodgement in the hearts of its miserably degraded author, and his congenial spirits, the foul mouthed promulgators; and into their teeth I fearlessly hurl it back. But I freely admit, if the "white man's civilization and the white man's Christianity" is meant the grim visage of infidelity with its abominable train of liberalism, socialism, secularism, nihilism, spiritualism, and whiskeyism with their legitimate

children, saloonism and boudy-houseism, and all other devilish isms presented in the white man's Christian civilization (so-called), they want none of it; and in proof of which they have warred, and still war and will ever continue to war against the foul brood, be they ever so protective to the white man's "Personal Liberty;" or ever so dearly cherished by him, as among the brightest lights along the horizon of his modern and advanced civilization. But let Christ's glorious Christianity and civilization, as it was presented to them eighty years ago in their ancient domains east of the Mississippi river by the pure minded, devoted, self-sacrificing, God approved missionaries, whose God-like teachings, both by precept and example, have been handed down by that generation to this, (of whom many old Choctaws of that day have frequently spoken to me during my sojourn among them, during the last five or six years, and as often drew the contrast between the white man's religion of those days and the white man's religion of to-day, the genuine fruits of which are so manifest) be rudely assailed or imperilled, and every warrior, old and young, would at once rise as one man in its defense, and freely give their lives as sacrificial offerings upon the altar of its protection. They had long walked in darkness, but they have seen the light as it shone in the daily life, conversation, and actions, of those old heralds of the Cross, who came to them in their ancient domains, four score years ago, as messengers of the Son of God, proclaiming Peace Good and Will to them. But they would see greater light and know more of that light; therefore, they who charge them with a hankering to still return to the customs of their ancestors, though in many respects more to be desired than the isms and degrading vices of the white man's modern civilization as presented to them, can lay no just claim to the right of judging or estimating the merits, or demerits of any one, as they measure every thing by the standard of their own imbecility so manifest to all.

There is today, and has ever been, as much talent found among the true Native Americans as among the Americans, or ever was found in any race of uneducated people; and the Indian is naturally as much of a religious being as the white man, yea, to a greater degree, which is fully sustained by his more faithful adherence and unassumed devotion to his newly adapted religion, as taught him by the missionary of the Gospel, than are we with all of our fine churches and noisy professions. The Sabbath day is regarded with much more reverence, and observed with greater emotions of unfeigned devotion, yet we call him a savage. Long before the light of the Gospel illuminated the mind of the Indian, and

the knowledge of his own dignity and destiny had dawned upon his understanding, his reason taught him a belief in the existence of a Superior Being whose wisdom and goodness he saw, acknowledged and revered in every leaf and flower that adorned the earth; in the rising and setting of the sun; in the storm of night and the calm of day. But the missionary came, and the Gospel of the Son of God then erected his altar among them and shed the benign influences of her oracles over them, leading their understanding from the intellectual darkness of that long starless night that had brooded over them during ages untold. Great indeed must be the reward in heaven for those men and women of God who carried the Bread of Eternal Life to the southern Indians of this continent, over three quarters of a century ago; when civilization and Christianity had never before found lodgement, and Nature was presented in all her seemingly newness of life, unchanged by the handi-work of man. The pride of ancestry may be just; to rehearse the deeds of illustrious predecessors may be laudable; but they, who devote life to the Glory of God and the benefit of their fellow men are truly the ones that make life illustrious and the grave glorious; for when time had silvered their heads with gray, and the summons came that bade them go hence; then it was their good deeds lighted up the gloom of the grave and soothed and softened the pangs of dissolution; and when they have long slumbered in the city of the silent, yea, when every trace of the unhappy Indian shall have been wiped out and forgotten in the oblivion of the past, still will the memory of their labors of love live, and their monuments be inscribed with characters of imperishable fame. Years hence, when the inquisitive shall ask what manner of people were the fallen and exterminated race of North American continent, and inquire concerning those who enlightened the minds that only here and there have left a monument of their independence, will some venerable patriarch point to the catalogue of renowned names, who disseminated the Gospel and the light of learning among the primitive inhabitants of the North American continent. But the question naturally arises here, will the mighty tide of humanity, now flowing like a great river into and over our country, bear to future posterity our virtues or our vices, our glory or our shame? Will the moth of immorality and the vampire of luxury transmit, as an inheritance, their natural results to our future posterity, and ultimately prove the overthrow of our Government, or shall our knowledge and virtue, as pillars of rock, support them against the whirlwind of ambition and corruption now overspreading the land? The little insect intrud-

ing upon our path is despised and wantonly crushed; yet united, they have destroyed nations and depopulated cities. "Coming events" cease not to "cast their shadows before."

The North American Indians, in symmetry of form, seemed perfect men and women; all were straight and erect; the men, of a proud, independent and manly bearing, with sinewy form that denoted great strength, agility and fleetness; with dark complexion, resolute, yet quiet in expression, except when agitated by emotion; frank in demeanor, and always courteous, never meeting you without a grave but polite and cheerful salutation; and whose confidence was not a sudden spark that shone for a moment then went out, but endured through life unless betrayed, then was never more regained, nor was their hatred impulsive but fixed in their judgment and their thoughts rather than in their passing feelings. And what is said of the characteristics of the men, as men, so it may be said equally of the women, as women. Their traditions, which form the connecting link between truth and romance, throw but a glimmering light, as before stated, upon the unwritten history of their past, which has so long been forgotten, as well as upon their ancient habits and customs, of which there can be no reliable information, therefore all must be left to conjecture. But I came in possession of many traditions seemingly to founded more in truth than in fiction, as I oft sat among the Choctaws and Chickasaws in youth and early manhood and listened with romantic emotions to the narrations of the aged, whose plurality of years had consigned them to the retired list of warriors, as unable longer to endure the hardships and dangers that begirt the war-path and the chase, and thus acquired much concerning their past history, not to be found in books, of which I will more fully speak in their proper place.

But alas, that the writings of so many of their White historians (so-called) seemingly through ignorance or prejudice, or both, should contain more fiction than truth, and diffuse more error than true information concerning this peculiar and so poorly comprehended race of people; hence it may be truly affirmed that there is no race of people that now exists upon the earth, or has ever existed, of whom so much has been said and written, yet of whom the world has been taught less true knowledge and correct information than of the North American Indians. But it should not be, perhaps, a matter of very great surprise that the majority of the writers of the present day, especially the sensational newspaper correspondents, as many of their predecessors of years ago, should give prejudiced accounts of this people;

since it is plainly manifest, when taken into just consideration, that they are utterly ignorant of the subject offered for their contemplation, yet fail to see their incapacity, since the ingredients are pure and have given abundant and unmistakable proof of their many valuable qualities; therefore, as a natural result, are lost to the blind observers whose compositions, regarding the unfortunate Indians, are made up of equal parts (well mixed) of self-conceit, ignorance, duplicity and falsehood; which, in their very nature, so utterly disqualify them of judging beyond the surface of anything except self; but seem extravagantly delighted when they have struck a new vein of precious metal in the mine of falsehood against the unoffending Indians, and foolishly imagine it has stamped them with a wisdom higher than man's, though difficulties arise in the minds of a majority from a failure to so comprehend it. Still it is diverting to see them strut about after a safe delivery, as if they were at the head of a new dispensation and waiting for unknown converts to kneel and pay homage to their imagined greatness.

It is a universally admitted that the color of the Indians is peculiar to themselves, and though some affirm that they have discovered indications of a Tartar origin in their cheek-bones, others assert that their eyes do not justify the affirmation. Their manner of life may have exerted, perhaps, some influence in regard to color, but it would be a difficult matter to satisfactorily explain how it could have produced the great difference that is so plainly manifest in that of the eyes. Still it is affirmed that "their imagery, both poetry and oratory, is Oriental, though suffering by the limited extend of their practical knowledge." Their metaphors were drawn from nature, the seasons, the clouds, the storms, the mountains, birds and beast, and the vegetables world. Yet in this, they only did what all other races of the human family have done, whose bounds to fancy were governed by experience. They also clothed their ideas in Oriental dress. They expressed a phrase in a word, and qualified the signification of a whole sentence by a syllable; and also conveyed different significations by the simplest inflections of the voice. Some philologists affirm that among all the North American Indians who once inhabited this continent, "there are, properly speaking, but two or three languages," and the difficulty which different tribes experience in understanding each other, is attributed to the corruptions in dialects. This may seem more plausible from the following incident. Shortly after the Choctaws were removed from their ancient domains east of the Mississippi River to their present places of abode, a small tribe

of strange Indians was discovered occupying a portion of their western territory, now the Chickasaw Nation. A party of Choctaws, under the command of Peter P. Pitchlynn, was sent out to ascertain who they were. When the delegation arrived at one of the villages of the unknown tribe, they were totally unable to communicate with them only through the sign language, so well understood by all the Indians, and them alone. However, it was soon observed that the villagers, in conversation with each other, used a few words that were decidedly of Choctaw origin, and now and then one or more purely Choctaw words. This but increased the interest of the now deeply interested delegates. Upon further investigation by means of the sign-language, it was ascertained that the name of the little tribe of strangers was Baluhchi, a pure Choctaw word, signifying hickory-bark (formerly used by the Choctaws in making ropes and whips when peeled from the hickory bush in the spring). It was also learned that they originally came from a country, to their pleasant place of abode, that lay beyond the "Big Waters," and this was all that could be learned concerning them. Being anxious to ascertain something more definite, the delegates, upon further inquiry, learned that there lived in another village a few miles distant, an aged man who was formerly their chief but owing to his advanced age he no longer acted in that capacity, but was regarded by the tribe as their national Seer or Prophet. To him the delegation immediately went, and found to their agreeable surprise that the venerable old patriarch, for such he truly was, could speak the Choctaw language fluently. He corroborated the statement of the villagers in regard to the migration, and also claimed that he and his tribe were Choctaws. When asked, How long since he left his people east of the "Big Waters," he replied: "Long ago, when a little boy," and further stated that he was the only survivor of the little company that had wandered away years ago from the parent stock. But to fully test the matter, he was questioned as to the name of the Choctaw Iksas (Clans) and their ruling chiefs at the time of his boyhood and the departure of the company to the far west. He readily gave the name of several clans and their then ruling chiefs, together with the names of the clan (Baluhchi) to which his parents belonged; also many memorable incidents connected with the Choctaws in his boyhood together with the general features and outlines of their territory. All of which was known to be true. The test was satisfactory. The delegates returned; made their report, and the Choctaw Nation at once received its long wandering prodigals into its paternal embrace, and without

hesitation took them into full fellowship as children of one and the same family. About fifty families of this once lost clan, numbering about two hundred souls still survive, with a few of whom I am personally acquainted. The little band, I was informed, still adheres to the ancient customs of their Clan with that tenacity peculiar to the North American Indians alone, but has returned to the use of the Choctaw language proper.

Here then, in this little band of strayed Choctaws, who had wandered from the parent stock scarcely a century before, is found a case in which their language had become so blended or mixed with that of the languages of other adjoining tribes, and thereby so corrupted and changed as not to be understood by their own people from whom they had wandered but a generation or two before. The ancient Baluhchi Clan of Choctaws was first made known to the whites by La Salle, who visited them on his voyage of discovery down the Mississippi River in 1682, and to which I will again refer.

Fenimore Cooper, in reference to the sign-language of the North American Indians, says, he was present at an interview between two chiefs of the western plains, and when an interpreter was present who spoke both languages of the two different tribes to which the two chiefs respectively belonged. The two warrior chiefs appeared to be on the most friendly terms, and apparently conversed much together; yet, according to the affirmation of the interpreter, each was absolutely ignorant of what the other said in his native tongue. Their tribes were hostile to each other, but these two chiefs had accidentally been brought together by the influence of the Government; and it is worthy of remark that a common policy influenced them both to adopt the same subject. They mutually exhorted each other to befriend the one the other in the event that the chance of war should throw either of them in the hands of his enemies.

But whatever may be the truth as respects the root and the genius of the Indian tongue, it is quite evident they are now so remote in their words as to possess most of the disadvantages of strange languages; hence, much of the embarrassment that has arisen in learning their history, and most of the uncertainty which exists in their traditions.

The North American Indians conform to rule as rigidly as any nation of people that ever existed. They regulated their whole conduct in conformity to some general maxims implanted in their minds in their youthful days. The moral laws by which they were governed were few, 'tis true. But they conformed to all of them most rigidly; while our moral

laws are many by which we assume to be governed, yet we frequently violate them with little compunction of conscience when conflicting with our real or imaginary interests. We accuse the Indians of stoicism and habitual taciturnity, without studying their characteristics; but if we had only informed ourselves, we would have learned that they are more firmly linked to us by mutual sympathies and affections than we have ever even imagined. But why do the Indians appear taciturn and unsocial to us? Because we have, from first to last, manifested toward them an unconcealed coldness, indifference, distrustfulness bordering largely on contempt; and never with that confidence, frankness and sincerity which are so indispensable to genuine love and true friendship. Let a little group of Indians be at a railroad station on the arrival of a passenger train. See the rush to the platform and the circle formed around them; hear the remarks of attempted wit made about them and the laugh of ridicule, as they stare at them as if they were a group of wild beasts, yet assuming themselves to be a people remarkable for their strict adherence to the rules and regulations of politeness! What feelings must pervade the Indians' breasts but emotions of manifold pity and mingled contempt for such an ill-mannered set, who profess so much yet display so little of common sense! Who, with any degree of justice, can blame the Indians for manifesting their wisdom and good sense by keeping themselves aloof from the company of the self-conceited and scornful, whose moral worth and highest attainments begin and end seemingly with the monkey? and, as a natural consequence, can exhibit no other disposition when in the presence of one or more Indians than that of gratifying an ignorant curiosity in beholding the so-called "red devils, red skin, Indian bucks," appellations having their origin in the depraved hearts of as corrupt and reckless specimens of humanity as ever cursed a land or country, and are a foul blot upon the fair face of nature, and the language of whose hearts is "justice, truth, honor, mercy, humanity depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." Thus, in all our intercourse with this unfortunate race of people, we have exhibited, in the majority of instances, every disposition toward them that was calculated to drive them far from even the sight of us, and to stamp indelibly upon their hearts the belief that our only desire is, and ever has been, to dispossess them of their hereditary possessions; and in which they are wholly confirmed by reading our publications in which we portray them as "red devils, red skins, blood-thirsty savages, Indian bucks," thus seemingly to attempt to justify ourselves, by

our calumniating epithets, in our cruelties and outrages upon them without any respect to their claims upon truth, justice, mercy and humanity whatever; and also, that they have no rights when conflicting with ours, but must succumb anywhere and everywhere to the nod of our interest be it at their sacrifice what it may; therefore we continue, as we have done for centuries past, to execute our verdict pronounced against them from the beginning: "It is easier and less expensive to exterminate the Indians, than to obey the mandates of the Son of God in attempting to Christianize them." Said an old chief: "We've been driven back until we can retreat no farther; our tomahawks have none to towield them; our bows have none to shoot them; our council fires are nearly burned out; soon the white man will cease to oppress and persecute us, for we will have perished and gone from the earth." Thus have their expectations darkened into anxiety, their anxiety into dread, their dread into despair and their despair into death.

Never in the history of man has the extermination of a people been more complete than that of the North American Indians within the last two and a half centuries. To the query, "Where are they"? Echo but responds, "Where"? Alas! all have disappeared from their ancient abodes, and hundreds of tribes have long since ceased to exist as nations, the majority not even leaving a name behind them; and even the former homes of the hapless remaining few refuse to acknowledge the feeble exiles but as vile intruders, while the names of mountains, hills and streams are all that remain as testimonials of their former occupancy, even as solitary heaps of drift-wood left far from the channel of the river bear testimony to the extent of its inundation. And to the query, Where are they? The best reply may be found in a book bearing the title "Shank's Report On Indian Frauds," made March 3d, 1873, to the 42d Congress, 3d Session, in the management of Indian Affairs. It is as follows: "In 250 years we have wasted their numbers from 2,500,000" (nearer the truth would be, 20,500,000) "down to 250,000 or a waste of a number equal to all their children born to them in the last 250 years, and 2,250,000, or 9-10 of their original number, residing in the limits of our Government, and have taken absolute ownership of 3,232,936,351 acres of their lands, prairies, forests, game and homes, leaving, to all their tribes collectively, only 97,745,000 acres of ground, generally not the best, and even that is sought after with a greed that is not worthy a Christian people." Nevertheless we boast of ourselves being a true Christian nation of the "Anglo Saxon" blood. Who can but pity the

unfortunate Cubans and the Filipinos! With what emotions of horror must they shrink from their prospective future, when contemplating the extermination of the North American Indians.

Even at an early day the Indians themselves believed, felt and acknowledged it. In 1611, all the Indians, then known to the whites, complained, according to the statements of the early writers, that from the time the French came to trade with them they began to decline and die off more rapidly than ever before. It is stated by the early explorers, that they would often fumigate their heads to avoid infection from the magic charms they believed the French carried about their persons, secret poison, harmless to themselves, but fatal to all Indians; at other times they would accuse the whites of selling them poisonous provisions. "In 1634," writes the French journalist, "the orphans were sadly numerous, for after the Indians began to use whiskey they died in great numbers." "Not so," said a chief in 1636, "It is not your drink which kills us, but your writings; for since you have described our country, our rivers, land and forests, we are all dying. This was not so before your coming." Unhappy chief! Thou wert honest in thy convictions, but erring in your judgment. Whiskey was the secret power employed by the pale-face to silently but effectually destroy thy race, as it has been from that day to this; and, as auxiliaries to that terrible destructive, the introduction of small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, mumps, whooping cough, unknown before to the Indians, did their fatal work, and hurried millions of that unfortunate people to premature graves, often depopulating entire towns and villages, and even tribes. These new and unaccountable diseases appearing among them with the coming of the whites, baffling their utmost powers in the healing art, and which it appeared no skill could obviate, nor remedy dispel the fearful infection, they very naturally attributed the cause of them to the writings of the Pale-face, so mysterious and incomprehensible to them. While some tribes attributed their mysterious dying to the anger of the Great Spirit, who thus punished them for permitting the Pale-faces to "describe their country, lands, rivers and forests."

A Huron convert told the Jesuit priests in 1639, that it was almost the universal opinion of his nation, that all the professed friendship of the whites for the Indians was but a blind to conceal their deep hidden hypocrisy and treachery; and that they were really aiming to the total destruction of the Indians, in order to secure their country for themselves. How truly prophetic, and how much more of truth than

fiction were their rational conclusions, and was there not manifested also, in their just reasonings, in regard to the secret designs of the whites, as far-sighted statemanship as was ever exhibited by any nation of people that ever existed, ancient or modern? Were the phillippics hurled against the ambitious Macedonian king and conqueror by the world-wide renowned statesman and orator of ancient Athens more prophetic than were the predictions of those ancient Hurons of North America? "You will see," said a relative of the above mentioned Huron convert, to whom he spoke of the kind words and friendly actions of the Jesuit priests towards the Indians, "your children die before your eyes; you yourself will soon follow, and if we listen to them, we all will go the same way." "Whether it is the work of the devil or the providence of God," adds the annalist, "we dare not say, but of five children in the family, but one remains. Soon after that speech, one was carried off by fever; another has been ill for months and cannot live; the oldest, who was one of our pupils, a lad of fourteen, died very suddenly; an adopted daughter has a dangerous cough; the youngest boy is dying too, while the Lord has seen fit to afflict the wife also, who, after losing four children, herself died of small-pox. Truly the poor Indian may say *Probasti me et cognovisti me.*" In 1657, Father Menard himself, while laboring among the Iroquois, wrote as follows: "The hostility to our faith and to our persons which the Hurons had transmitted to those aborigines, persuading them that we carried with us disease and misfortune to every country we approached, caused our reception to be cool and the presents to be spurned which we offered as a help to the introduction of our religion."

Could the Indians be justly censured, with such potent convictions resting upon their minds, that many, in wild despair and in blind revenge, if, peradventure, they might be able to turn back the fearful and destructive tide of disease and death that was so effectually and rapidly destroying them, by driving from their territories the pale-faces—seemingly the author of all their misfortunes and woes? and did not their hopes of success, their devotion to and love of country, and their irresistible idealism which stimulates the mighty effort, constitute the essence of true patriotism? But alas, our prejudice denies it to them. Wherefore? Because we, as a people, were blinded by our imagined superiority over them, and pre-conceived determination to convert their country to our own use—every foot of it—as is so manifest to-day; therefore refused to become properly acquainted with them lest we might see and learn of their many characteristic virtues. Their coun-

try was the philosopher's stone to us—the true secret that influenced our actions toward, and all our dealings with them, both of a peaceful and hostile nature. It was the sceptre that was to give us dominion over them, to their destruction, but our aggrandizement; the key that would unlock to us a store-house of national power and personal emolument, opening unto us the untold treasures of the western continent. Therefore, whatever in them appeared strange and forbidding to our disordered imagination; whatever did not agree in every punctilio to our self-conceited, “high-born,” civilized customs, we at once misjudged and underrated, haughtily condemned and pushed aside as unworthy our refined attention. Hence it is a lamentable truth, that all the impressions ever made by the whites upon the Indians, with few exceptions, from their earliest associations to the present day, have been contrary to every thing that had a tendency to secure their confidence, maintain their friendship, and induce them to forsake their primitive customs and adopt those of ours; and we have to-day the evidence on every side that the evil influences placed before the Indians, and the baneful impressions made upon their minds by unprincipled and lawless white men, who have always infested their country, from the beginning, have been deeply and lastingly made, and have long ago assumed the form of a justly bitter but silent hatred enduring as time, and, it is to be feared, forever to rankle in their breasts. This prejudice against and hatred of all that appertains to the white race has been widening and deepening from their first acquaintance with the whites, from whom they have received nothing but sneers, cuffs and kicks from the alpha to the omega, and now stands a yawning gulf between the confidence and friendship of the red man and the white, so broad and deep that all hope of its being bridged seems nearly if not entirely at an end. As the great and good Washington exclaimed, when informed of the treason of Benedict Arnold, “Whom can we trust?” so the Indians, long ago, have been entirely justifiable to exclaim of the white race “Whom can we trust?” Memory is, and always has been, the Indian's only record-book, their history of past events; and upon its pages, handed down through ages from generation to generation, are truthfully, faithfully and lastingly recorded in the archives of their respective nations, and the vicissitudes of their individual lives. Its instructions they never forget, be they of joy or sorrow, hope or fear, rights or wrongs, benefits or injuries; and to-day, could the heart of every Indian, whose blood is not contaminated with that of the white, male or female, old or young, now living within the jurisdiction of

these United States as their miserable and down-trodden wards, be read as an open scroll, I venture the assertion as being within the line of truth, though broad and inconsistent as it may seem, there would be found written, and with just cause approved and sustained by truth, against the white race, with pen dipped in the stream of as bitter hatred as ever flowed through the human soul, "Tekel." They would be superhuman if otherwise. But upon whom justly rests the cause of all this? At whose door lies the fearful wrong? Who has been the first and last cause? The voice of truth, as potent as that which fell upon the ears of Israel's guilty king, sustained now as then by the God of justice and truth, comes also to the white man, and declares in thunder tones, "Thou art the man."

The era (1492) in which Columbus discovered the western continent was unprecedented in the history of the world, awakening the long slumbering ambition of man-kind to an energy unknown before, and giving origin to numberless speculative enterprises, which resulted in a fierce struggle among the different nations of the Old World to secure a permanent foot-hold in the New, which offered such bright prospects for national power and glory and individual wealth, and soon the representatives of the different maritime powers were seen upon the wide and seemingly illimitable field disputing, quarrelling and fighting for supremacy upon the soil of the Native American, and adopting every art and device that ingenuity could suggest, right or wrong, so it did prove but successful in preventing the opposite from attaining its desired end, or displacing the fortunate one who had secured a coveted prize. Among the most conspicuous contestants were the representatives of Spain, France, England and Holland; who sent out corporations for colonizing purposes, establishing them at different points according to the inclinations of each, extending from the Great Lakes of the North to the Gulf in the South; each assuming the right based upon that of discovery and occupancy to possess, hold, occupy and retain any territory desired; but in reality, more by virtue of professed intellectual superiority over the Native Americans and the actual advantages in the munitions of war, than that of any right accrued by virtue of discovery; influencing the inexperienced and unlettered natives by cajolery and deception, and oft by compulsion, to dispose of their lands to them at nominal prices, a mere pittance under the name of "purchase," without any regard whatever to the claims of truth, justice and honor, or to the validity of the Indians' title by previous occupancy for ages unknown. But after many

years of disputation, wrangling and fighting, the greatest arena of contending disputants was cleared of all but two, the French and English, to whom was left the task of closing the bloody drama; but into which the two hostile and contending rivals continued to involve (as had been done from the beginning of their feuds) the bewildered Indians in their battles with each other, and also arraying them in deadly strife and prolonged warfare among themselves, tribe against tribe, that they might thus weaken their numerical strength, and thus the quicker and the more easily drive them from their ancient possessions; a scheme artfully adopted by us, after the dispossession of the English, in turn, in 1776 and the handing over of the Indians to us, to complete the destruction of that unfortunate race.

But truly has it been said, "The Father of Waters" has two epochs, and each with a romance, the one as different from the other as day and night. The first belongs to the northern Mississippi, and the second to the southern; the former has its pastor, Father Marquette; the latter its novelty, Hernando de Soto. France and England, long the ambitious rivals and zealous competitors for territorial acquisitions throughout the inhabited globe, were the first and only nations that disputed and contended for the entire possession of the North American continent at that early day; regarding which it has also been said that religious enthusiasm planted the Puritan colony on Plymouth Rock; religious enthusiasm planted the Cross on the shores of the St. Lawrence, among the Indians around Lake Superior, thence to the Great Valley of the Mississippi. Thus France and her Christianity stood in Canada and the Mississippi valley; England and her Christianity stood on the hills of the Hudson and in the Susquehanna valley, and invited the Indians each to their respective civilization and Christianity, while bloody conflicts and cruel scenes marked the footsteps of the introduction of the new order of things among the confused Indians.

In 1608, Quebec was founded by the intrepid explorer, Samuel Champlain, and whose name is perpetuated in that of Lake Champlain. From Quebec the French Jesuits penetrated and explored the vast solitudes of the Canadian wilderness to the Great Lakes of the West, then a terra incognita, to the civilized world. Following in their wake came the English in their representatives, known as the Pilgrims landing on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts in 1620, where the foot of the white man had never trod, though the adventurous and indefatigable La Salle had explored the Ohio River as far down as the present city of

Louisville, Ky., many years before, while other French adventurers and also Jesuit missionaries had penetrated the wild regions around the Great Lakes, thence southward along the various tributaries of the Mississippi which drained the vast and wild region between them and the Gulf of Mexico far to the south; there they planted the Cross in those seemingly illimitable forests, whose solitudes never before had been broken by the voice of anthems sang in praise to the one and only true God, and there left behind them many monuments scattered here and there, as memorials of their adventurous and perilous travels, which, in after years, would remind the passer-by of the names of La Salle, Allouez, Marquette, Joliet, Meynard, and other kindred spirits, whose energy and untiring efforts to convert to their religious creed the various tribes of the Native Americans, and to successfully and permanently secure all their territories for the French, has no parallel in the annals of the world's history. Quebec soon became the great and frequented mart of trade between the French and the Indians, to which the various tribes came from far and near in their canoes laden with the skins and furs of the various wild animals that roamed in countless numbers over the vast forests of those primitive days, to see the pale-face strangers, and to exchange their furs and skins for the new and strange articles that seemed so greatly to excel their own comforts of life, and especially the white man's wonderful gun, which they had quickly learned far surpassed their bows and arrows in killing game and in destroying their enemies.

In 1679, James Marquette, a French Jesuit, and Louis Joliet, a French Canadian merchant, entered the Mississippi river by way of the Wisconsin in two birch-bark canoes; thence down the Mississippi to a point below the mouth of the Arkansas. In 1682, Robert de Lasalle, a French Canadian officer, entered the Mississippi from the Illinois river, thence up to its source, thence down to its mouth, and gave the name Louisiana to that vast territory in honor of Louis XIV, king of France. In 1683, Kaskaskia, in the now state of Illinois, was founded by the French; in 1701, Detroit, in Michigan; in 1705, Vincennes, in Indiana. In 1699, the French, under the command of Lemoyne de Iberville, also a French Canadian, founded Biloxi, in Mississippi, which was named after a clan of the ancient Choctaws called Bulohchi (Hickory Bar), of whom I have already spoken. New Orleans was founded by the French under Bienville, in 1718. Fort Rosalie among the Natchez Indians, which was destroyed by them in 1729, who had be-

come exasperated by the oppressions of the French, of whom I will again more particularly speak. In 1722, Bienville also founded Mobile, in Alabama. A chain of forts was then built by the French between Montreal and New Orleans; the most important of which were, the one at Detroit, erected in 1701; the one at Niagara, 1726; and one at Crown Point, in 1730. However, De Monts, a French Huguenot, established the first permanent French settlement upon the continent, at Port Royal (now Annapolis) in Nova Scotia, calling the territory Acadia.

February 10th, 1763, witnessed the total subversion of French power in North America by the English, at which time peace was made between the belligerents, England, France and Spain, by which the North American continent and its native inhabitants were handed over to England.

Reader contemplate the following, which is only one of thousands. In the "California Illustrated," a book written in 1849, the Author, on page 111, says: "In passing through a slight gorge, I came upon the bodies of three Indians who had been dead apparently about two days, each bearing the mark of the unerring rifle; two of them were shot through the head; the sight was a sad one, and gave rise to melancholy reflections, for here these poor beings are hunted and shot down like wild beasts, and they no doubt fell by the hand of the assassin, not for lucre but to satiate a feeling of hate." "In an adjoining territory the Red Man had a quiet home; there he was always supplied with venison, their corn fields ripened in autumn, their rude trap furnished clothing for the winter, and in the spring they danced in praise of the Great Spirit for causing flowers to bloom upon the graves of their fathers, but the white stranger came and took possession of their hunting grounds and streams, and harvested their corn. They held a council and decided that the Great Spirit had sent the white stranger, and it would be wrong not to give him all he wished; they collected their traps, bows and arrows, and prepared to fall back in search of new streams and hunting grounds; they paid the last visit to the graves of their fathers. What were their feelings? The moon threw a pale, dim light through the foliage, the air breathed a mournful sigh as they reached the lonely mound; the stout hearted warrior drew his blanket to hide his tears as he bowed down to commune for the last time with the spirits that had so often blessed him in the chase; his heart was too full, and he fell upon his face and wept bitterly. But a last adieu; they rise, cross the arrows over the grave, walk mournfully away; the Great Spirit give them a new hunting ground, and the corn ripens on the plain, but

soon the white stranger comes and tells them to fall back. They are at the base of the mountain; there are no hunting grounds beyond; they hold a council and decide to defend their homes against further encroachments of the white stranger. The white was strong and drove the Red Man into the mountains, and for the crime of having tried to defend their homes and families, they are placed under a ban, and hunted down like beasts. No matter where they are found the crime of being a Red Man is a forfeiture, not only of all right to prosperity but to life itself.

"Will not some philanthropist rise above sectional prejudices and undertake the regeneration of this truly noble but down-trodden people? Had I the wealth of an Astor I would not wish a better or nobler field for immortality." Will not the philanthropists of these United States "rise above sectional prejudices, and undertake the regeneration of these truly" infamous, God-forsaken, white scoundrels, that so curse our land? "I would not wish a better or nobler field for immortality."

"The first man I met after my arrival in the interior was an Oregonian on horseback, armed with a revolving rifle in search of Indians. He had had a horse stolen, and presumed it was taken by an Indian; he swore he would shoot the first red skin he met; and I had no reason to doubt his word; still the chances were ninety-nine out of a hundred, that the horse was stolen by a white man, and the charges of the white man upon the Indians are like Nero's setting Rome on fire and charging it upon Christians. I have no doubt the three Indians above spoken of were wantonly shot while walking peacefully along their trail." But alas! who would undertake the task of regenerating the harpies that are, at the present day, pursuing the Indians, and howling at their heels.

Eugene V. Smalley, in his travels, says: "Near the town (Benton) we visited the camp of a dozen lodges of Piegan Indians, who had come to stay all winter for the sake of such subsistence as they could get from the garbage barrels of the citizens. A race of valorous hunters and warriors has fallen so low as to be forced to beg at back doors for kitchen refuse. In one of the tepees in the Piegan camp there was an affecting scene. A young squaw lay on a pile of robes and blankets, hopelessly ill and given up to die. In the lines of her face and the expression of her great black eyes there were traces of beauty and refinement not often seen in Indian women. Crouched on the ground by her side sat her father, an old blind man with long white hair and a strong, firm face clouded with an expression of stolid grief. The Piegans

and Blackfeet, who possess the great reservation north and east of Fort Benton, have suffered grievously for want of food, and hundreds have died from scrofula and other diseases induced by insufficient nourishment. In fact the government has kept them in a state of semi-starvation. Father Palladini told me that the speeches of Indian chiefs at the council, where they told of their suffering of their tribes and bared their emaciated arms and breasts to show what a condition they had been brought by hunger, were thrilling bursts of Indian oratory, even affecting listeners who could not, as he did, understand the spoken words." What a picture is here represented of our policy toward the Indians! What an illustration of the designs of that arch dissembler, the author of the "Severalty Bill," whose venal soul plunders a helpless people of the homes and little all through wilful misrepresentation and brazen-faced falsehood. What a true elucidation of the so-called "Indian Problem" which our congress has so long held up in imaginary suspension in mid air as a kind of Mohamet's coffin!

The ancient traditional history of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, (the former signifying Separation and the latter Rebellion—separation and rebellion from the Muskogees, now known as Creeks, who, according to tradition, were once of one tribe before their migration from some distant country far to the west, to their ancient domain east of the Mississippi river, which is of more than dubious authority) claims for them a Mexican origin, and a migration from that country at some remote period in the past, under the leadership of two brothers, respectively named Chahtah and Chikasah, both noted and influential chiefs, to their possessions east of the Mississippi. Adair, in his "American Indians," says: "The Choctaws and Chickasaws descended from a people called Chickemacaws, who were among the first inhabitants of the Mexican empire; and at an ancient period wandered east, with a tribe of Indians called Choccomaws; and finally crossed the Mississippi river, with a force of ten thousand warriors." It is reasonable to suppose that the name Choctaw has its derivation from Choccomaw, and Chickasaw, from Chickemacaw (both corrupted); as they claim, and no doubt justly, the names Choctaw and Chickasaw to be their ancient and true names.

Their tradition, in regard to their origin as related by the aged Choctaws to the missionaries in 1820, was in substance as follows: In a remote period of the past their ancestors dwelt in a country far distant toward the setting sun; and being conquered and greatly oppressed by a more

powerful people (the Spaniards under Cortez) resolved to seek a country far removed from the possibility of their oppression.

A great national council was called, to which the entire nation in one vast concourse quickly responded. After many days spent in grave deliberations upon the question in which so much was involved, a day was finally agreed upon and a place of rendezvous duly appointed whence they should bid a final adieu to their old homes and country and take up their line of march to seek others, they knew not where. When the appointed day arrived it found them at the designated place fully prepared and ready for the exodus under the chosen leadership of two brothers, Chahtah and Chikassah, both equally renowned for their bravery and skill in war and their wisdom and prudence in council; who, as Moses and Aaron led the Jews in their exodus from Egypt, were to lead them from a land of oppression to one of peace, prosperity and happiness. The evening before their departure a "Fabussa" (pole, pro. as Fa-bus-sah) was firmly set up in the ground at the centre point of their encampment, by direction of their chief medicine man and prophet, whose wisdom in matters pertaining to things supernatural was unquestioned and to whom, after many days fasting and supplication, the Great Spirit had revealed that the Fabussa would indicate on the following morning, the direction they should march by its leaning; and, as the star led the Magi to where the world's infant Redeemer and Savior sweetly reposed, so the leaning of the pole, on each returning morn, would indicate the direction they must travel day by day until they reached the sought and desired haven; when, on the following morn, it would there and then remain as erect as it had been placed the evening before. At the early dawn of the following morn many solicitous eyes were turned to the silent but prophetic Fabussa, Lo! It leaned to the east. Enough. Without hesitation or delay the mighty host began its line of march toward the rising sun, and followed each day the morning directions given by the talismanic pole, which was borne by day at the head of the moving multitude, and set up at each returning evening in the centre of the encampment, alternately by the two renowned chiefs and brothers, Chahtah and Chikassah. For weeks and months they journeyed toward the east as directed by the undeviating fabussa, passing over wide extended plains and through forests vast and abounding with game of many varieties seemingly undisturbed before by the presence of man, from which their skillful hunters bountifully supplied their daily wants. Gladly would they have accepted, as their future

asylum, many parts of the country, through which they traveled, but were forbidden, as each returning morn the unrelenting pole still gave its silent but comprehended command: "Eastward and onward." After many months of wearisome travel, suddenly a vast body of flowing water stretched its mighty arm athwart their path. With unfeigned astonishment they gathered in groups upon its banks and gazed upon its turbid waters. Never before had they even heard of, or in all their wanderings stumbled upon aught like this. Whence its origin? Where its terminus? This is surely the Great Father the true source of all waters, whose age is wrapt in the silence of the unknown past, ages beyond all calculation, and as they then and there named it "Misha Sipokni" (Beyond Age, whose source and terminus' are unknown).

Surely a more appropriate, beautiful and romantic name, than its usurper Mississippi, without any signification. But who can tell when the waters of Misha Sipokni first found their way from the little Itasca lake hidden in its northern home, to the far away gulf amid the tropics of the south? Who when those ancient Choctaws stood upon its banks and listened to its murmurings which alone disturbed the silence of the vast wilderness that stretched away on every side, could tell of its origin and over what mighty distances it rolled its muddy waters to their ultimate destiny? And who today would presume to know or even conjecture, through what mysterious depths its surging currents struggle ere they plunge into the southern gulf? But what now says their dumb talisman? Is Misha Sipokni to be the terminus of their toils? Are the illimitable forests that so lovingly embraced in their wide extended arms its restless waters to be their future homes? Not so. Silent and motionless, still as ever before, it bows to the east and its mandate "Onward, beyond Misha Sipokni" is accepted without a murmur; and at once they proceed to construct canoes and rafts by which, in a few weeks, all were safely landed upon its eastern banks, whence again was resumed their eastward march, and so continued until they stood upon the western banks of the Yazoo river and once more encamped for the night; and, as had been done for many months before, ere evening began to unfold her curtains and twilight had spread o'er all her mystic light, the Fabussa (now truly their Delphian oracle) was set up; but ere the morrow's sun had plainly lit up the eastern horizon, many anxiously watching eyes that early rested upon its straight, slender, silent form, observed it stood erect as when set up the evening before. And then was borne upon that morning breeze

throughout the vast sleeping encampment, the joyful acclamation, "Fohah hupishno Yak! Fohah hupishno Yak! (pro. as Fo-hah, Rest, hup-ish-noh, we, all of us, Yak, here.)

Now their weary pilgrimage was ended, and flattering hope portrayed their future destiny in the bright colors of peace, prosperity and happiness. Then, as commemorative of this great event in their national history, they threw up a large mound embracing three acres of land and rising forty feet in a conical form, with a deep hole about ten feet in diameter excavated on the top, and all enclosed by a ditch encompassing nearly twenty acres. After its completion, it was discovered not to be erect but a little leaning, and they named it Nunih (mountain or mound, Waiyah, leaning, pro. as Nunih Wai-yah). This relic of the remote past still stands half buried in the accumulated rubbish of years unknown, disfigured also by the desecrating touch of time which has plainly left his finger marks of decay upon it blotting out its history, with all others of its kind, those memorials of ages past erected by the true Native American, about which so much has been said in conjecture and so much written in speculation, that all now naturally turn to anything from their modern conjectures and speculations with much doubt and great misgivings.

Several years afterward, according to the tradition of the Choctaws as narrated to the missionaries, the two brothers, still acting in the capacity of chiefs, disagreed in regard to some national question, and, as Abraham suggested to Lot the propriety of a separation, so did Chikasih propose to Chahtah; but not with that unselfishness that Abraham manifested to Lot; since Chikasih, instead of giving to Chahtah the choice of directions, proposed that they should leave it to a game of chance, to which Chahtah readily acquiesced. Thus it was played: They stood facing each other, one to the east and the other to the west, holding a straight pole, ten or fifteen feet in length, in an erect position between them with one end resting on the ground; and both were to let go of the pole at the same instant by a pre-arranged signal, and the direction in which it fell was to decide the direction in which Chikasih was to take. If it fell to the north, Chikasih and his adherents were to occupy the northern portion of the country, and Chahtah and his adherents, the southern; but if it fell to the south, then Chikasih, with his followers, was to possess the southern portion of the country, and Chahtah with his, the northern. The game was played, and the pole decreed that Chikasih should take the northern part, of their then vast and magnificent territory. Thus they were divided

and became two separate and distinct tribes, each of whom assumed and ever afterwards retained the name of their respective chiefs, Chahtah and Chikasah. The ancient traditions of the Cherokees, as well as the ancient traditions of the Muscogeas (Creeks) and the Natchez also point back to Mexico as the country from which they, in a period long past, moved to their ancient possessions east of the Mississippi river. But whether they preceded the Choctaws and Chickasaws or came after, their traditions are silent.

Milfort, (p. 269) says: Big Warrior, chief of the Cherokees, as late as 1822, not only confirms their tradition that Mexico was their native country, but goes back to a more remote period for their origin and claims that his ancestors came from Asia; crossing Behring Straits in their canoes; thence down the Pacific coast to Mexico; thence to the country east of the Mississippi river, where they were first known to the Europeans.

Mr. Gaines, United States agent to the Choctaws in 1810, asked Apushamatahaubi (pro. Ar-push-ah-ma-tar-hah ub-ih), the most renowned chief of the Choctaws since their acquaintance with the white race, concerning the origin of his people, who replied: "A hattaktikba bushi-aioktulla hosh hopaki fenna moma ka minti" (pro. as Arn (my) hut-tark-tik-ba (forefather) hush-ih, ai-o-kah-tullah (the west) mo-mah (all) meen-tih (came) ho-par-kih (far) feh-nah (very)). And the same response was always given by all the ancient Choctaws living east of the Mississippi river, when the inquiry was made of them, whence their origin? By this they only referred to the country in which their forefathers long dwelt prior to their exodus to the east of the Mississippi river; as they also had a tradition that their forefathers come from a country beyond the "Big Waters" far to the northwest, crossing a large body of water in their canoes of a day's travel, thence down the Pacific coast to Mexico, the same as the Cherokees. In conversation with an aged Choctaw in the year 1884, (Robert Nail, a long known friend,) upon the subject, he confirmed the tradition by stating that his people first came from Asia by way of the Behring Straits. He was a man well versed in geography, being taught in boyhood by the missionaries prior to their removal from their eastern homes to their present abode north of Texas. The Muscogeas, Shawnees, Delawares, Chippeways, and other tribes also have the same traditions pointing beyond Behring Straits to Asia as the land whence their forefathers came in ages past. Some of their traditions state, that they crossed the Strait on the ice, the Chippeways for one; but the most, according to their traditions, crossed in their canoes. But

that the ancestors of the North American Indians came at some unknown period in the remote past, from Asia to the North American continent, there can be no doubt. Their traditions, pointing back to ancient historical events, and many other things, though vague by the mists of ages past, yet interestingly strange from proximity to known historical truths. Noah, who lived 350 years after the flood, which occurred 1656 years from the creation of man, or 2348 B. C., divided the earth, according to general opinion, among his three sons. To Shem, he gave Asia; to Ham, Africa, and to Japheth, Europe, whose posterity are described occupying chiefly the western and northern regions (Gen. x, 2-5); this well accords with the etymology of the name, which signifies widely spreading; and how wonderfully did Providence enlarge the boundaries of Japheth! His posterity diverged eastward and westward, from the original settlement in Armenia, through the whole extent of Asia north of the great range of Taurus distinguished by the general names of Tartary and Siberia as far as the Eastern Ocean: and, in process of time, by an easy passage across Behring Straits, over the entire continent; and they spread in the opposite direction, throughout the whole of Europe, to the Atlantic Ocean; thus literally encompassing the earth, within the precincts of the northern temperate zone; while the war-like genius of this hardy hunter race frequently led them into the settlements, and to dwell in the "tents of Shem," whose pastoral occupations rendered them more inactive, peaceable, and unwar-like.

There is much proof in favor of the belief that the Choc-taws, Chickasaws, Cherokees and Muscogeas, were living in Mexico when Cortez overthrew the Aztec dynasty.

But heavily has the hand of time, with its weight of years, rested upon the descendants of the people over whom the two brothers, Chahtah and Chikasah swayed the sceptre of authority as chiefs, counselors and warriors, in the unknown ages of the past; and from the time of their traditional migration to that of their first acquaintance with the White Race, what their vicissitudes and mutations; what their joys and sorrows; what their hopes and fears; what their lights and shadows, during the long night of historical darkness, was known to them alone, and with them has long been buried in the oblivion of the hidden past, together with that of their entire race. Truly, their legends, their songs and romances, celebrating their exploits, would form, if but known, a literature of themselves; and though their ghosts still ride through the forests and distant echoes of them are still heard in vague tradition, yet they afford but a slender

basis for a history for this broad fabric of romance, while around them still cluster all those wonderful series of myths which have spread over the land and assumed so many shapes. But what a volume of surpassing romance; of fondest hopes, of blighted aspirations; of glorious enthusiasms; of dark despair, and of touching pathos, would their full history make? They owned this vast continent, and had possessed it for ages exceeding in time the ability of the human mind to conceive; and they too speak of the long infancy of the human race; of its slow advance in culture; of its triumphs over obstacles, and of the final appearance of that better day, when ideas of truth, justice, and that advanced stage of enlightenment had been reached wherein we speak of man as civilized. They were of a cheerful and joyous disposition, and of a kindly nature, the croaking and snarlings of ignorance and prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding. Their civilization has been grossly underestimated. We have unjustly contemplated them to a ridiculous extent through our own selfish and narrow contracted spectacles, and have so loudly talked of and expatiated upon their forests, that we have forgotten their cornfields; and repeatedly spoken of their skill as hunters, until we have overlooked their labors as herdsmen; while, at the same time, it has been customary every where to look down upon them with emotions of contempt and to decry their habits and customs. I do not deny the existence of blemishes in many of their characteristics; nor deny that superstitions and erroneous opinions were prevalent, at which we have assumed to be greatly horrified; yet, do condemn the modern writers for their want of judgment on this point, and their unreasonable severity in their condemnation of the Indians, in whom they profess to have discovered so many defects without a redeeming virtue; and their disregard of the truth, that, to him alone who is without sin is given the right to cast the first stone. Therefore, how could it be otherwise than that, concerning the dealings of the White Race with the Red, there is a sad, fearful and revolting story to be told; while losing ourselves in the wild revelry of imagination, we dream of the time when our civilization and Quixotic ideas of human liberty shall embrace the entire world in its folds.

The Choctaws were first made known to the European world by the journalists of that memorable adventurer, Hernando De Soto, who invaded their territory October, 1540, and introduced the civilized (so-called) race of mankind to the Choctaws in the following manner: A manly young Indian of splendid proportions, and with a face extremely attractive and interesting, visited De Soto after he

had left Tallase. He was the son of Tuscaloosa (corruption of the Choctaw words Tushka, warrior, Lusa, black), a renowned chief whose territories extended to the distant Tombigbee in the west. (Tombigbee is a corruption of the Choctaw words Itombi, box, ikbi, maker), a name given to a white man, it is said, who, at an early day, settled on the banks of the river and made boxes for the Choctaws, in which were placed the bones of their dead, which will be particularly noticed elsewhere.

The young warrior bore an invitation from his father to De Soto to visit him at his capital. The next day De Soto, advancing to within six miles of where the great chief awaited him, made a halt, and sent Louis de Mascosso with fifteen horsemen to inform Tush ka Lusa of his near approach. Mascosso and his troopers soon appeared before Tush ka Lusa, who was seated upon an eminence commanding a broad and delightful view. He was a man of powerful stature, muscular limbs, yet of admirable proportions, with a countenance grave and severe, yet handsome. When De Soto arrived Tush ka Lusa arose and advanced to meet him with a proud and haughty air, and said: "Great Chief; I receive you as a brother, and welcome you to my country. I am ready to comply with your requests." After a few preliminaries, in company with Tush ka Lusa and his followers, De Soto took up his line of march for Mobila the capital of the mighty chief. (Mobila is a corruption of the two Choctaw words moma, all, binah, a lodge, literally a lodge or encampment for all.)

On the third day of their march from Piache, (a corruption of the Choctaw word Pi-a-chih, to care for us), they passed through many populous towns, well stored with corn, beans and other provisions. On the fourth morning, De Soto, with a hundred cavalry and as many infantry, made a forced march with Tush ka Lusa in the direction of Mobila, leaving Mascosso to bring up the rear. At eight o'clock the same morning, October 18th, 1540, De Soto and Tush ka Lusa reached the capital. It stood by the side of a large river, upon a beautiful plain, and consisted of eighty handsome houses, each large enough to contain a thousand men, and all fronting a large public square. Dodge says in his book styled "Our Wild Indians" that "The aboriginal inhabitants of the North American continent, have never at any time exceeded half a million souls;" yet according to De Soto's journalists who were with him in his memorable raid, Mobila alone, "consisted of eighty handsome houses, each large enough to contain a thousand men;" and if each house contained Dodge's "several families consisting of men, with

two or three wives, and children of all ages and sexes, occupy for all purposes one single lodge of 12 or 15 feet in diameter what must have been the number of inhabitants in Mobila with "80 handsome houses, each large enough to contain a thousand men" with two, three, or more wives, and children occupying "for all purposes," a space only "12 or 15 feet in diameter"? The reader can make the calculation at his own leisure; though it seems Mobila alone contained over half the number of souls that Dodge allows for the entire continent, "at one time."

A high wall surrounded the town, made of immense trunks of trees set close together and deep in the ground, and made strong with heavy cross timbers interwoven with large vines. A thick mud plaster, resembling handsome masonry, concealed the wood work, while port-holes were abundant, together with towers, capable of holding eight men each, at the distance of fifteen paces apart. There were two gates leading into the town, one on the east, the other on the west. De Soto and Tush ka Lusa were escorted into the great public square with songs and chants, and the dancing of beautiful Indian girls. They alighted from their horses, and were given seats under a canopy of state. Having remained seated for a short time, Tush ka Lusa now requested that he should no longer be held as a hostage; to which De Soto giving no heed, the indignant chief at once arose and walked off with an independent attitude to where a group of his warriors stood. De Soto had scarcely recovered from his surprise at the independent conduct of Tush ka Lusa, when Jean Ortez followed the chief and stated that breakfast awaited him at De Soto's table; but he refused to return, and added, "If your chief knows what is best for him, he will immediately take his troops out of my territory." At this juncture De Soto secretly sent word to his men to be prepared for an attack. Then, hoping to prevent an attack until he could again get in possession of the chief, De Soto advanced toward him with assumed smiles and words of friendship, but Tush ka Lusa scornfully turned his back upon him, and was soon hidden among the multitude of now highly excited warriors. Just then a warrior rushed out of a house, denouncing the Spaniards as robbers and murderers and declared that they should no longer impose on their chief, by holding him as a prisoner. His words so enraged Baltaser de Gallagas, that he cut the warrior in twain with one sweep of his broad sword. At the sight of their slain warrior, the Choctaws, with their defiant war-whoop, at once rushed upon De Soto and his men. De Soto, placing himself at the head of his men, fighting and retreating,

slowly made his way out of the town into the plain; and continued to retreat until he had reached a considerable distance upon the plain. In the mean time the troopers rushed to secure their horses, which had been tied outside of the walls. The Choctaws at once knocked the chains from the hands and feet of the Indian prisoners whom De Soto had brought with him, giving them weapons bade them help destroy the perfidious strangers. In the first rush the Choctaws killed five of the Spaniards, who had been left outside of the walls, and were loudly exulting over their seeming good fortune in dense masses before the gate. At that moment, De Soto with his cavalry, closely followed by his infantry, made a fearful charge upon the disordered mass of the Choctaws, who were still on the outside of the enclosures, and with a terrible slaughter drove them back into the town. Immediately the Choctaws rushed to the port-holes and towers, and hurled clouds of arrows and spears upon the Spaniards, and again drove them from the walls. Seeing the Spaniards again retreat, again the Choctaws rushed through the gate and fearlessly attacked the Spaniards fighting them hand to hand and face to face. Three long hours did the battle rage, the Spaniards now retreating, then the Choctaws. Like a spectre De Soto seemed every where hewing down on the right and left, as if his arm could never tire. That sword, which had been so often stained with the blood of the South American, was now red with that of the North American, a still braver race. Above the mighty din was heard the voice of Tush ka Lusa encouraging his warriors; his tomahawk, wielded by his muscular arm, ascended and descended in rapid strokes, like a meteor across a starry sky. But could the feeble bow and arrow and the tomahawk avail against the huge lance and broad-sword? What the unprotected body of the Choctaw warrior against the steel clad body of the Spanish soldier? At length the Choctaws were forced to make a permanent retreat within the enclosure of their town, closing the gates after them; and at the same time the Spaniards made a desperate charge against the gates and walls, but were met with showers of arrows and other missiles. But the infantry, protected by their bucklers, soon hewed the gates to pieces with their battle-axes, and rushed into the town, while the cavalry remained on the outside to cut to pieces all who might attempt to escape. Then began a carnage too awful to relate. The Choctaws fought in the streets, in the square, from the house top, and walls; and though the ground was covered with their dead and dying relatives and friends, still no living one entreated for quarter. Hotter

and hotter, and more bloody waxed the desperate conflict. Often the Choctaws drove the Spaniards out of the town, but to see them return again with demoniac fury. To such a crisis had the battle now arrived, that there could be no idle spectators; and now were seen women and girls contending side by side with the husbands, fathers and brothers, and fearlessly sharing in the dangers and in the indiscriminate slaughter. At length the houses were set on fire, and the wind blew the smoke and flames in all directions adding horror to the scene. The flames ascended in mighty volumes. The din of strife began to grow fainter. The sun went down, seemingly to rejoice in withdrawing from the sickening scene. Then all was hushed. Mobila was in ruins, and her people slain. For nine long hours had the battle raged. Eighty-two Spaniards were killed and forty-five horses. But alas, the poor Choctaws, who participated in the fight were nearly all slain.

Garcellasso asserts that eleven thousand were slain; while the "Portuguese Gentleman" sets the number at twenty five hundred within the town alone. Assuming a point between the two, it is reasonable to conclude that six thousand were killed in and outside of the town. Tushka Lusa perished with his people. After the destruction of Mobila, De Soto remained a few days upon the plains around the smoking town; sending out foraging parties, who found the neighboring villages well stocked with provisions. In all these foraging excursions, females of great beauty were captured, and added to those taken at the close of the battle. On Sunday the 18th of November, 1540, this monster and his fiendish crew took their departure from the smouldering ruins of Mobila, and its brave but murdered inhabitants; and with the poor Mobila girls, at whose misfortunes humanity weeps, resumed their westward march."

Thus the Europeans introduced themselves to the Native Americans nearly four centuries ago as a race of civilized and Christian people, but proving themselves to be a race of fiends utterly void of every principle of virtue known to man. And thus the Native Americans introduced themselves to the Europeans as a race unknown to civilization and Christianity, yet proving themselves possessed of many virtues that adorn man, together with a spirit of as true and noble patriotism, martyrs upon the altar of liberty, that has never been surpassed.

I challenge history to show a nation whose people ever displayed a more heroic courage in defense of their country and homes than did Tushka Lusa and his brave people in defending their town Mama-binah. They exposed their

naked breasts to the keen lances and swords of those iron-clad Spaniards with but stone and bone-tipped spears and the feeble bow and arrow, which were but as toy pistols against the deadly winchester rifle of the present day; and heroically stood face to face with their terrible foes with their frail weapons and disputed every inch of ground, and yielded only when none was left to fight. That they should have killed eighty two of the Spaniards with their feeble weapons is truly astonishing, proving conclusively that had they been on equal footing with the Spaniards, not a Spaniard would have survived to tell the tale of their complete destruction.

That the Mobilians, as they have been called by the early writers, were a clan of the ancient Choctaws there can be no doubt whatever. The early French colonists established in the south under Bienville called the Choctaws, Mobilians and Pafalaahs (corruption of the Choctaw words pin, our, okla, people, falaiah, tall), and also called the Chickasaws Mobilians; they also state that the Choctaws, Pifalaiahs or more properly, Hottak falaiahs (long or tall men) and Mobilians spoke the same language. The present city of Mobile in Alabama was named after the Mobila "Iksa," or clan of Choctaws by Bienville at the time he laid its foundation. Moma binah, or Mobinah (from which Mobile is derived) and Pifalaiah are pure Choctaw words. According to the ancient traditions of the Choctaws, and to which the aged Choctaws now living still affirm, their people were, in the days of the long past, divided into two great Iksas; one was Hattak i holihtah (Pro. har-tark, men, i, their holihta, ho-lik-tah, fenced; i, e. Their men fortify). The other, Kashapa okla (as Ka-shar-pau-oke-lah): Part people. i. e. A divided people. The two original clans, subsequently divided into six clans, were named as follows: Haiyip tuk lo hosh, (The two lakes.) Hattak falaiah (as, Har-tark fa-lai-yah hosh. The long man or men. Okla hunnali hosh (as Oke-lah hun-nar-lih hosh. People six the. Kusha (Koon-shah) Being broken. Apela, (A help.) Chik a sah ha, (A Chickasaw.)

In 1721, a remnant of the Mobilians were living at the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, but finally united with other clans of the Choctaws, their own people, and thus became extinct as an iksa. The laws of the great Iksas or families, Hattak i holahta and kash ap a okla, forbade the marriage of any person, either male or female, belonging to the same clan; which, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, were unchangeable; and to this day, the same laws relating to marriage are strictly observed.

From the destruction of Mobila by De Soto, a long, starless night of nearly two centuries throws its impenetrable

veil over the Choctaws shrouding their history in the oblivion of the past. But that they, with other southern tribes, were a numerous and also an agricultural people as far back as the fifteenth century there is no doubt; though agricultural to a small extent in comparison with the whites; yet to a sufficient degree to satisfy the demands of any people to who avarice was an entire stranger, and who adhered to the maxim "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

When De Soto passed through Georgia, his route was lined with towns, villages and hamlets, and many sown fields which reached from one to the other. The numerous log pens were full of corn, while acres of that which was growing bent to the warm rays of the sun and rustled in the breeze. "On the 18th of September, 1540, De Soto reached the town of Tallase, a corruption of the Choctaw words Tuli, rock, and aisha, abound, i. e. the place of rocks."

It stood upon a point of land almost surrounded by a main river. Extensive fields of corn reached up and down the banks. On the opposite side were other towns, skirted with rich fields laden with heavy ears of corn. On the third day of the march from Piache, they passed through many populous towns, well stored with corn, beans, pumpkins, and other provisions."

But the six great southern tribes, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Muscogeas, Seminoles and Natchez possessed too grand a country not to attract the eyes of the fortune hunters of all Europe, and excite their cupidity to the highest degree; therefore, the French in Louisiana, the Spaniards in Florida, and the English in Virginia and the Carolinas, early sought to establish a foothold in the territories of those warlike and independent tribes by securing, each for himself, their trade, with a view of ultimately conquering them and thus getting possession of their territories and country. As early as 1670 the English traders and emissaries had also found their way to the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Muscogeas; and but few years had passed before their designs, together with those of the French and Spaniards, were plainly manifested.

By each exciting the Indians and influencing them to drive the others from their territories; each hoping thus to ultimately secure these regions for their own country and their personal interests. As the French had artfully gained and held the friendship and confidence of the Choctaws, so had the English secured and held that of the Chickasaws; hence those two brave, and then powerful tribes, were induced to make frequent wars upon each other, and thus each foolishly but ignorantly furthering the designs of their

mutual foes against themselves, the Choctaws weakening and destroying the Chickasaws for the benefit of the French alone, and the Chickasaws for the benefit alone of the English; neither caring a fig for either the Choctaw or Chickasaws, only so far as prosecuting their designs the one against the other; each with the hope of driving the other out of the country, and then, being enabled easily to subjugate the Indians by their weakened condition, they would soon secure their country; therefore, the more Indians killed, no matter by whom or by what means, the better. Thus were the grasping hands of the two unscrupulous rivals manifested as long as they possessed any power or authority upon the North American continent now forming the United States.

In 1696, Bienville convened the chiefs of the Choctaws and Chickasaws in council, that he might conciliate their good will by presents; and, with a view of impressing them with his power and greatness by an imposing display, he also called together all the colonists within his reach; but his effort to impress the Choctaws and Chickasaws with an idea of his greatness proved more humiliating than flattering to the pride of Bienville, as they manifested to him their utter contempt of such a farcical evidence of power and greatness, by propounding a question to him, through one of their chiefs, which was a humiliating proof of the low estimation in which they held him as well as the entire French people; it was, "If his people at home were as numerous as those who had settled in their country"? In reply, Bienville, who had learned to speak their language to some extent, attempted to describe to them by various comparisons the great numbers and power of the French. But still the chiefs proved not only to be doubting Thomases, but wholly established in the belief that all he had said was false, by finally propounding the following questions: "If your countrymen are as thick, as you say, on their native soil as the leaves on the trees of our forests, why have they not sent more of their warriors here to avenge the death of those whom we have slain in battle? When they have the power to avenge their death and then fail to do so, is an evidence of great cowardice or a mean spirit. And why is it that the places of the strong and brave soldiers that first came with you, but now dead, are filled by so many little, weak and bad looking men, and even boys? If your nation is so great and your people so numerous, they would not thus act, and we believe that our white brother talks with a forked tongue." Thus was Bienville fully convinced that the Choctaws and Chickasaws did not tremble through fear of his boasted power; and that they also well knew that he

only had about fifty soldiers at his command, and that his attempted display of power had but convinced them of his weakness. And had the Choctaws and Chickasaws been so disposed, they could, with a little handful of their warriors, have wiped out the French colony, Bienville, soldiers and all.

In 1702, Bienville, then commander of the French at Mobile, secretly sent out a small party to the Choctaws and Chickasaws to solicit their friendship, and thus secure their trade. A few chiefs returned with the party to Mobile, whom Bienville welcomed and entertained with affected friendship and assumed hospitality, bestowing presents and soliciting their friendship; yet, "In January, 1704," says Barnard de la Harpe, pp. 35, 83, "Bienville induced several war parties of the Choctaws to invade the country of the Indian allies of the English, and having taken several scalps, they brought them to Bienville, who rewarded them satisfactorily;" thus involving the Choctaws, whose interests he professed to have so much at heart, in destructive warfare so greatly detrimental to their national interests; and proving the shallowness of his professed friendship for the Indians and the perfidy of his nature, in a letter to the French minister, October 12, 1708, in which he suggested the propriety of the French colonists in North America, being allowed the privilege of sending Indians to the West India Islands to be exchanged as slaves for negroes, and asserting that "those Islanders would give two negroes for three Indians."

There was a tradition of the Choctaws related to the missionaries over seventy-five years ago by the old warriors of the Choctaws of that day, who for many years before had retired from the hardships of the war-path, which stated that a two years' war broke out between their nation and the Chickasaws, over a hundred years before (about 1705) the advent of the missionaries among them, resulting in the loss of many warriors on both sides and finally ending in the defeat of the Chickasaws; whereupon peace was restored to the mutual gratification of both nations wearied with the long fratricidal strife. This war had its origin as the tradition affirms, in an unfortunate affair that occurred in Mobile, (then a little French trading post) between a party of Chickasaw warriors (about seventy) who had gone there for the purpose of trade, and a small band of Choctaws who had preceded them on the same business. While three together, a quarrel arose between some of the different warriors resulting in a general fight, in which, though several Chickasaws were killed and wounded, the entire little band of Choctaws was slain as was supposed; but unfortunately for the Chickasaws a Choctaw happening to be in another part of

the town at the time of the difficulty, escaped; and learning at once of the killing of his comrades, fled for home, where arriving safely he informed his people of the bloody tragedy at Mobile. Without delay the Choctaws adopted measures of revenge. Knowing that the company of Chickasaws would have to return home through their country, they laid their plans accordingly. The Chickasaws, not without fears, however, lest the Choctaws might have heard of the unfortunate affair, secured an escort from Bienville of twenty-five Canadians under the command of Boisbriant. As they approached a village, the Choctaws sent a small company to invite and escort them to a council pretendedly to be in session; which the Chickasaws, feeling safe under their escort, accepted. They were escorted to the sham council, and were given, as was customary on such occasions, the inside circles, all seated on the ground; while the Choctaws formed a circle completely hemming them in. A Choctaw chief then arose and advanced with great solemnity and dignity to the speaker's place in the centre, with a tomahawk concealed under his dress, which, when he drew from its place of concealment, was the signal for the work of death to begin. The speaker went on for a few minutes in a strain of wild eloquence, but saying nothing that would awaken the least suspicion in the minds of his still unsuspecting guests; when suddenly he snatched the fatal tomahawk from its concealment and in an instant hundreds of tomahawks, heretofore concealed, gleamed a moment in the air and then descended upon the heads of the doomed Chickasaws, and, ere they had time for a second thought, all were slain. The Choctaws knowing that the Chickasaws would hear of the destruction of their brethren and would retaliate upon them, rushed at once into their country and destroyed several villages ere the Chickasaws could recover from their surprise. But the brave and dauntless Chickasaws, ever equal to any and all emergencies, soon rallied from their discomfiture, and presented a bold and defiant front. Then commenced a two years' war of daring deeds and fatal results between those two nations of fearless warriors, known and to be known to them alone. The creek, dividing that portion of their territories that lay contiguous to the place where the band of Chickasaws were slain on their return from Mobile, now in the northern part of Oktibbiha county, Mississippi, and known as Line Creek, was named by the Choctaws, after the two years' war, Nusih (sleep or slept, Chiah, yau-yau slept, that is, you were taken by surprise) in memorial of those two tragical events, the surprise and destruction of the Chickasaw warriors, and the disquiet and

discomfiture of their nation at the unexpected attack upon them by the Choctaws, Nusi Chia has been erroneously interpreted by some as meaning "Where acorns abound." Nosi aiasha—means where acorns abound;

The killing of this little band of Chickasaws under the circumstances, together with that of being under the escort and protection of the French, caused the Chickasaws to believe it was done through the connivance of the French, and ever afterwards they were the most inveterate and uncompromising enemies of the French, among all the Indian tribes, north and south, except the Iroquois, and in which, as a matter of course, they were encouraged by the Carolina traders from the English settlements.

That the southern Indians were friendly to their foreign intruders and disposed to live in peace with them, and were not such a bloodthirsty people as they have been represented, is clearly demonstrated by the fact that, in 1810 there was such a scarcity of provisions, that Bienville had to scatter his men among the Indians in order to obtain food for them, and so informed his government; a plan to which he had been driven before; and had not the Indians preferred peace to war with the whites, they surely would have embraced such favorable opportunities to destroy the unwelcome invader of their country.

In 1711, through the machinations of the English, who were ever ready to embrace every opportunity to enhance their own interests, though at the destruction of the Indians', the Choctaws and Chickasaws, were again involved in a fratricidal war, at the beginning of which, there was a little company of thirty Chickasaw warriors instead of Choctaws, in Mobile, and fearing to return home through the Choctaw nation, they too earnestly requested Bienville to send a company of his soldiers with them for protection. Bienville, seeing so favorable opportunity of winning the friendship of the Chickasaws, and hoping thus to seduce them from their alliance to the English to that of the French, cheerfully complied to their request by sending his brother, Chateaugne, to escort them through the Choctaw nation, which he safely did. But the cause and result of this war have long since passed with its participants into the silence of the unknown past.

Charles Gayarre (Vol. 1, p. 91) says: "In 1714 twelve English men, with a large number of Muskogeas, came among the Choctaws, and were kindly received by all the towns except two, who fortified themselves and, while besieged by the Muskogeas, one night made their escape to Mobile." From the above, it appears that the visit of the

twelve Englishmen to the Choctaws was attributed to an invitation extended to them by a Choctaw chief; since in the following year, July 1715, Bienville sent messengers to the Choctaws, demanding the head of Outoct-chito"(a corruption of his true name, Oktak (oketark) (Prairie) Chitoh (Big or Big Prairie)) "who had persuaded the English traders to visit their nation, and had thereby caused to be driven off the inhabitants of two Choctaw towns, who were still in Mobile. The messengers returned to Mobile with the head of the unfortunate Oktark Chitoh, which had been stricken off by the Choctaw chiefs, who now were afraid of Bienville."

How different the Choctaws then from what they were in 1696, when they closed their interrogatories to him with the bold assertion, "We believe our white brother talks with a forked tongue." Alas! how rapidly had they fallen from a state of perfect independence to that of servile dependence within the period of three quarters of a century; the dupes at first, only to become the abject slaves of a heartless tyrant. Thus did the rivalry of France and England for the possession of the North American continent, encouraged and emboldened by their national jealousy and innate hatred long cherished each for the other, involve the deceived Indians in continued war-fare with each other, as their respective traders and emissaries throughout the length and breadth of the Indian territories to contend for the patronage of the Indians, and to drive each the other from those positions where they had established themselves, ultimately to end in ruin and destruction of the Indians. But the Choctaws, though reduced to such servile extremities and seemingly wholly under the arbitrary power of the French, were still dreaded by many of the neighboring tribes, and even by the English themselves. As an illustration, in 1727, the English, being at war with the Spaniards, used every means in their power to influence the Indians to make war upon them, and by their instigation a tribe, then known as Talapauches, had laid siege to Pensacola (corrupted from the Chahtah words Puska, bread, and Okla, people, Bread People, or people having bread); but Pirier, who had succeeded Bienville in the governorship at New Orleans, sent word to the Talapauches (corrupted from the Choctaw words Tuli, rock or iron, and Poo-shi, dust; and no doubt an ancient off-shoot of the Choctaws) to return to their homes without delay, or he would put the Choctaws after them; and they at once sought their homes with much more alacrity than when they left them. Such was the dread of the Choctaws and such the terror inspired by their name alone.

In 1733, the Choctaws, as allies to the French, engaged

in a war with the Natchez. of which I will more particularly notice in the history of that tribe.

On January 13th, 1733, the truly Christian philanthropist, Oglethorpe, with a hundred and twenty emigrants landed at Charleston, South Carolina. Afterwards sailing down the coast, he anchored his vessel, "Anne," for a few days at Beaufort, while he, with a small company ascended the Savannah river to a high bluff on which the present city of Savannah, Georgia, now stands, which he selected as the place for the establishment of his little colony. And there, February 1st, 1733, he laid the foundation of the oldest English town south of the Savannah river. In a few days the great chief of the Yamacaws, Tam-o-chi-chi, called upon the strangers who had thus unceremoniously taken possession of that portion of his people's territories; and then and there two congenial spirits, the one of European, the other of an American, first met and formed a friendship each for the other that was never broken; and at the departure of the venerable old man, he presented to Oglethorpe a magnificent buffalo robe upon the inside of which was painted with elaborate Indian skill, the head and feathers of an eagle, and said: "Accept this little token of the good will of myself and people. See, the eagle is bold and fearless, yet his feathers are soft; as the eagle, so are my people bold and fearless in war; yet as his feathers, so are they soft and beautiful in friendship. The buffalo is strong, and his hair is warm; as the buffalo, so are my people strong in war; yet, as his robe, they are warm in love. I and my people would be your friends, beautiful in our friendship and warm in our love. Let this robe be the emblem of friendship and love between me and you, and mine and thine." Oglethorpe accepted the present with its tokens; nor was the purity of those emblems ever tarnished by a dishonorable act of Tomochichi and his tribe or Oglethorpe and his colony, the one toward the other.

It is evident that the Yamacaws were an ancient offshoot of the Choctaws from the similarity of their language, habits and customs. The very name of the tribe is plainly a corruption of the Choctaw words yummakma (that one also) Ka-sha-pah, (to be a part).

Also the name of their chief, Tamochichi, is also a corruption by the whites of the Choctaw words, Tum-o-a-chi (wandering away, from the Choctaws in the pre-historic of the past).

How well did the North American Indians read and comprehend the symbolic language of Nature in all its different phases! What white man, whether illiterate or

boasting the comprehensive genius of a United States Colonel (Dodge) who was enabled to discover one race of God's created intelligences (the North American Indians) to be "absolutely without conscience," could have drawn such grand sentiments from a buffalo robe and a bunch of eagle feathers, since "the money that was in them" would have absorbed every other consideration of his soul! Alas! that "The love of money" should so engross every noble faculty of our souls, that we could not, or would not, comprehend those beautiful symbols found in nature, on earth and in heaven, everywhere, and would not, or did not, heed them, as they call with their ten thousand voices to the discharge of our duty to the Indians and plead for the perfection of the character of both the red and white race, as illustrated in those grand sentiments of the no less grand old chief of the Yummak ma kashapas. "I and my people would be your friends, beautiful in our friendship and warm in our love!" How sad! how humiliating the reflection that, during four centuries, the North American Indians have found no responsive sentiment in the White Race, except in Penn and his followers, Oglethorpe and his colony, the self-sacrificing missionaries and a few noble philanthropists, though the same earnest and sincere plea was heard from the mouths of every tribe, when first visited by the whites, echoing from the Atlantic's stormy shores in the east to the Pacific's rock-bound coast in the distant west, "I and my people would be your friends, beautiful in our friendship and warm in our love;" but only to fall upon the ear of our avarice as a tinkling cymbal, since deaf to all else but the gratification of our love of greedy gain, (that stranger to truth and justice, and untouched by any emotion of humanity) which demanded the extermination of the Indians, as the only guarantee to sure possession of their country and homes; and then called for obloquy to cover their memory as an honorable justification for that extermination. And though Nature, everywhere in all its phases from the finite to the infinite, and the infinitesimal to the grand aggregate of knowledge, is full of instruction, by which she would teach us our duty to God, our fellow-men, and to ourselves, yet we heeded not the symbolic whispers of her low, sweet plaintive voice pleading in behalf of the Red Race; and in so doing, forfeited a privilege that heaven's angels would have embraced with eagerness and joy, for the gratification of our frenzied avarice.

On the 29th of May following, Oglethorpe held a council with the Muscogeas at Savannah; for whom and all their allies, Long Chief of the Ocona clan of Muscogeas spoke and welcomed Oglethorpe and his little colony to their coun-

try in the name of peace and friendship by presenting to him large bundles of the skins and furs of wild animals in which their territories then abounded. And soon so great and wide extended became the fame of Oglethorpe and his followers as true and sincere friends to the Indian race, that the chiefs of the Cherokees, from their distant mountain homes, came to see and confer with Oglethorpe and his colony, to them a prodigy, a white man and great chief and yet a true man to his word pledged to an Indian. Naught like this had been known since the days of Penn and his Quakers. Was the bright morn of a glorious future about to dawn upon their race dispelling the long night of darkness that had for ages obscured their moral and intellectual vision? Was the White Race truly to prove their benefactor, once so brightly shadowed forth in the precepts and practice of the noble Penn and his colony? Indeed it appeared as the second dawn of hope; but alas, only to flicker a moment as the feeble, and expiring taper, and then to go out to be seen no more, an illusive dream even as the first had proven to be.

In August, 1739, a great council was convened at Coweta in the Muscogee Nation by Oglethorpe, the Indians' undeviating friend, in which the Muscogees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Yummakmakashapahs and many others were represented, and in peace and harmony equally participated. The faithful and honest old Tumochi stood among the most conspicuous of the various and distinguished chiefs. Coweta was, at that time, one of the largest towns of the Muscogee Nation, and many days' travel from Savannah through the deep solitudes of a vast wilderness, untrodden by the foot of a white man since the days of De Soto's march, two hundred years before; but through which Oglethorpe and his little band of followers fearlessly and safely traveled, to fulfill his engagement with the unknown Indians there in council to assemble. When it was learned that he had arrived near Coweta, a deputation of chiefs, representatives of the respective tribes assembled, met and escorted him to the town with unfeigned manifestations of pride and joy. The next day the council convened, and remained in session several days, during which stipulations of peace and friendship were ratified, and free trade and friendly intercourse to all established, to the mutual satisfaction and delight of both red and white; after which the Grand Finale was performed, the solemn ceremony of drinking the "Black drink," and smoking the Pipe of Peace; in all of which the noble Oglethorpe participated, to the great delight and satisfaction of the admiring Indians; then, after the closing ceremony of bidding adieu, all to their respective

homes returned delighted with the happy results of the council. Oglethorpe was ever afterwards held in grateful remembrance, and loved and honored by all the southern Indians; and was known everywhere as the Indians' friend, and everywhere regarded and received as such with implicit confidence. How so? Because he was never known to wrong them in a single instance; therefore their admiration and confidence for and in him had no limits.

The morn of the southern Indians' Christian era, as professed by the Protestant world, dawned, according to ancient Choctaw tradition, at the advent of Oglethorpe to this continent and the establishment of his colony on the banks of the Savannah; and was heralded by the two brothers who so justly rank among earth's illustrious modern great as preachers of the Gospel of the Son of God; viz: John and Charles Wesley, who came with Oglethorpe in 1733, and accompanied him to his councils with the Indians, and there preached the glad tidings of "Peace and Good will toward men." Shortly after, John Wesley influenced the renowned preacher, George Whitfield, to also come to America. In a letter to Whitfield, John Wesley thus wrote: "Do you ask what you shall have? Food to eat, raiment to wear, a house in which to lay your head such as your Lord had not, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Upon the reception of which, Whitfield said his heart echoed to the call, and to which he at once responded; and upon the return of the Wesleys to England, he says in his journal. "I must labor most heartily since I came after such worthy predecessors."

In 1734, Tumoahchi, with his wife and son and seven Muscogee warriors accompanied Oglethorpe to George II. and before whom Tumoahchi made a speech in that shrewd and captivating manner so characteristic of the North American Indians; which so pleased the king that he caused the American chief and warriors to be loaded with presents and even sent him and his wife and son in one of the royal carriages to Grovesend when he embarked to return to his native forest home. Shortly after his return home, the noble old chief was taken sick, and was at once visited by Whitfield, who says: "He now lay on a blanket, thin and meager, little else but skin and bones. Senanki, his wife, sat by fanning him with Indian feathers. There was no one who could talk English, so I could only shake hands with him and leave him." In a few days after, Whitfield returned to the couch of the dying chief and was rejoiced to find Tooanoowe, a nephew of Tumoahchi present, who could speak English. "I requested him," says Whitfield, "to ask his uncle whether he thought he should die? He answered 'I cannot tell.' I

then asked where he thought he would go after death? He replied, 'to heaven.' But, alas, how can drunkards enter there? I then exhorted Tooanoowe, who is a tall, proper youth, not to get drunk, telling him that he understood English, and therefore would be punished the more if he did not live better. I then asked him whether he believed in a heaven, 'yes,' said he. I then asked whether he believed in a hell, and described it by pointing to the fire. He replied, 'No.' From whence we may easily gather how natural it is to all man-kind to believe there is a place of happiness, because they wish it to be so; and on the contrary, how averse they are to believe in a place of torment because they wish it not to be so." But if the poor, unlettered, yet, generous and noble hearted Tumoahchi, who knew nothing of the sin of drunkenness, was unfit for heaven because "how can a drunkard enter there"? How unfit must be he who made him such, by making the whiskey, then taking it thousands of miles to the before temperate Indian and teaching him to drink it! and how inconsistent with reason and common sense, and how insulting to the God of justice it must be, for us to call ourselves Christians and the Indians savages! And if Tooanoowe "would be punished the more if he did not live better," since "he understood English" a little, what will be the fate of us whose native tongue is English, and who, with all our boasted attainments, led, influenced and taught them to adopt and practice, by precept and example, our "civilized" vices, but seldom instructed them in the virtues of the religion of the Bible! Does not the just and merciful Redeemer of the world of man-kind regard with much less approbation all external professions and appearances, than do thousands of his professed followers found among our own White Race? Did he not prefer the despised but charitable Samaritan to the uncharitable but professed orthodox priest? And does He not declare that those who gave food to the hungry, entertainment to the stranger, relief to the sick, and had charity (all of which are to-day, and ever have been, from their earliest known history, the noted characteristics of the North American Indians, though they never heard of the name of Jesus) shall in the last day be accepted? When those who boisterously shout Lord! Lord, valuing themselves upon their professed faith, though sufficient to perform miracles, but have neglected good works shall be rejected. And though we have scarcely permitted the Indians, though starving and pleading for moral, intellectual and spiritual food, to pick up the crumbs that fell from our tables loaded with professed virtues, yet we have displayed a wonderful talent in traducing them and manifest a strange desire that

they should be falsely handed down to posterity as creatures not embraced in the fiat of Him who said "Let us make man."

Never did a North American Indian acknowledge that he recognized in the white man a master; nor was ever an emotion of inferiority to the white man experienced by an Indian. Nearly four centuries of unceasing effort by the White Race have utterly failed to make the Indian even feel, much less acknowledge, the white man as master.

In 1741, Bienville was superseded by Marquis de Vandreuil, to whom the Chickasaws sent a delegation to New Orleans to treat for peace. But Vandreuil refused to treat unless the Choctaws, allies of the French, were made parties to the treaty. The Chickasaws then made an effort to induce the Choctaws to form an alliance with them, supported by the English, against the French. But their design was discovered and thwarted by the secret intriguing of Vandreuil with Shulush Humma, (Red Shoe), then a noted Choctaw chief and shrewd diplomatist, and belonging to the clan called Okla Hunnali, (Six People and living in the present Jasper county, Mississippi, who had been favorably disposed toward the English for several years; and finally, in 1745, through personal interest alone it was thought, he went over to the English; and, at the same time, influencing a chief of the Mobelans (properly, Moma Binah, or Mobinah, a clan of the ancient Choctaws) to do the same with his warriors, and also some of the Muscogeese, all of whom were, at that time, allies of the French. Shortly after, Vandreuil went from New Orleans to Mobile, and there met twelve hundred Choctaw warriors in council assembled, with whom he made renewed pledges of friendship bestowing upon them many presents of various kinds. But Shulush Humma stood aloof and refused to participate in any of the proceedings; and to place beyond all doubt the position he occupied, he, a few weeks after, slew a French officer and two French traders, who unfortunate ventured into his village.

Thus the Choctaws were divided into two factions; at first peaceable, but which finally culminated into actual civil war through the instigations and machinations of both the French and English. And thus the Chickasaws and the Choctaws, blinded to their own national interests, were led to destroy each other, the one in behalf of the English and the other of the French; while both the English and French under an assumed friendship, used them as instruments alone to forward their own selfish designs and self-interests, though to the destruction of both the misguided Choctaws and Chickasaws. Truly misfortune seems to

have set her fatal seal upon the North American Indians, and doomed them to eternal misery while upon earth, in contending with the White Race for the right to live and enjoy life with the rest of mankind. Unhappy race! What heart so lost to every emotion of sympathy but weeps at the rehearsal of your woes!

In 1750, still infatuated with the belief that the White Race sought their interests, the Choctaws still remained in two hostile factions, thirty of their villages adhering to the French, and only two to the English, who, in a terrible battle which ensued, had one hundred and thirty of their warriors slain, and soon after, were again defeated by the French, with a party of Choctaws, and compelled to sue for peace, while the English stood aloof and left them to fight alone against fearful odds, though their accepted friends.

Three years after (1753), De Vandreuil was succeeded by Kerleree, who, in one of his dispatches, thus spoke of the Choctaws: "I am satisfied with them. They are true to their plighted faith. But we must be the same in our transactions with them. They are men who reflect, and who have more logic and precision in their reasoning than is supposed."

How true it is, that the above assertion of Kerleree, in regard to the Choctaws, may be as truthfully affirmed of the entire North American Indian race. And had that truth been admitted and acted upon by the White Race in all their dealings with the Red Race from first to last, the bloody charges that to-day stand recorded against us in the volume of truth would not have been written.

November 3rd, 1762, the King of France ceded to the King of Spain his entire possessions in North America known under the name of Louisiana; and at which time, a treaty of peace was signed between the Kings of Spain and France of the one party, and the King of England of the other, by which France was stripped of all her vast landed possessions to which she had so long and tenaciously laid claim at the useless and cruel destruction of thousands of helpless Indians who alone held the only true and just claim. When the Indians learned of this treaty of cession, and were told that they had been transferred from the jurisdiction of the French to that of the English, whom they feared and dreaded ten fold more than they did the French, they were greatly excited at the outrage, as they rightly termed it; and justly affirmed that the French possessed no authority over them by which to transfer them over to the English, as if they were but so many horses and cattle. Truly, as human beings, as a free and independent people and as reasoning

men, how could they but feel the degradation of being thus bartered away as common chattels, and feel the deep humiliation that followed the loss of their national character and national rights. Yet, how little did they imagine the still deeper humiliation, degradation and woe that were in store for their race! How little did they believe that they were soon to be driven away by merciless intruders, from their ancient and justly owned possessions and the cherished graves of their ancestors, to wander, they knew not where, in the vain search of a pity and commiseration, never to be found among their heartless oppressors and conquerors! Alas! how else but broken-hearted can the surviving little remnant be, when no words of consolation and hope ever greet their ears! How can they be industrious when that industry but brings them in contact with the authors of all their misfortunes and woes! How can they forget their wrongs and sow, unless it be to sow dragon's teeth with the hope that warriors might spring up to avenge their blood, that vengeance justly claimed! Did they not in all sincerity believe themselves wrongfully oppressed? which they truly were; and in resisting that oppression, did they do more than any other Nation, under similar circumstances, has done and will ever do, that claims the right to exist as a Nation? They contended for that which they honestly believed to be their birthright, and it was, both by the laws of God and man. Could they have done otherwise, when they desired and sought our civilization and Christianity; but we would grant it to them only upon the terms of yielding up to us their country, their nationality, their freedom, their honor, their all that makes life worth living? Have we not treated them from first to last as inferior beings, and in our bigoted egotism scorned them and pushed them from us as creatures below our notice? Can we establish a just plea upon the broad foundation of truth to sustain the right to treat them as we have treated them, take their country from them by the strength of arbitrary power, and call it honorable purchase, and then annoy them by reiterated extortions and oppress them to extermination?

In November, 1763, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Muscogees were, through their representative chiefs, assembled in council at Augusta, Georgia, with the representative Governors of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. But two years later, August, 1765, the Choctaws and Muscogees—inveterate enemies—commenced a fearful and devastating war, which, according to their traditions, continued six years with unabated hostility; and during which many battles were fought and heavy losses sus-

tained on both sides, yet each displaying the most undaunted and heroic bravery. But as they had no native historians, the cause, the progress, the successes, the defeats, as Dame Fortune alternately bestowed her favors upon the one and the other, will never be known; for the long period of those six years of bloody strife is wrapt in the silence of the unknown past, and all that now may be written is contained in "They lived; they fought." Nor has much more been recorded concerning the vicissitudes of the North American Indian race, by their white historians; though "they killed, they robbed" is but a counterpart of the mutations of the White Race also.

Be it as it may, we find the Choctaw people, amid all their vicissitudes and misfortunes, occupying, all along the line of their known history, a prominent place as one of the five great southern tribes, who have been justly regarded as being the most to be dreaded in war of all the North American Indians, for their skill and invincible bravery; and the most to be admired in peace for the purity of their friendship and fidelity to truth. And to compare the present enfeebled, oppressed, broken-hearted, down trodden, the still surviving little remnant, to their heroic, free, independent, and justly proud ancestors of two centuries ago, or even less than one century ago, is to compare the feeble light of the crescent moon lingering upon the western horizon to the blaze of the sun in the zenith of its power and glory. But what has wrought the fearful change? Who hurled them from their once high and happy state down to this low and wretched state of humiliation and slavery? Truth points its unerring finger to these United States, and says as he to Israel's ancient king, "Thou art the man." What the difference? None in principle. The one, Israel's king, a murderer, to gratify a beastly lust; the other, America's people, tyrant, to gratify a beastly avarice. And yet we claim to advocate the right of freedom and self government to all nations of people; and boldly hurl our anathemas against the iron heel of England's oppression of Ireland, and curse the greedy avarice of a heartless and grasping landlordism that for years has sapped the vitals of that unfortunate country and broken the spirit of its noble people; while we are guilty of the same greedy avarice that has broken the spirit of as noble a people as ever lived; and against whom we have exercised the aggressive tyranny, and made it a point to preserve towards them an attitude the most commanding and supercilious, and against whom we have long cherished and still cherish the basest and most unjust prejudice. Alas, how inconsistent are we.

Many other tribes living in the same regions are men-

tioned by the early writers, but who, in comparison to numbers and prominence as a people, fell far below the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Muscogees, Seminoles and Natchez; though it is reasonable to conclude that many of them were offshoots of the above mentioned. But the cruel and bloody scenes that marked the conflicts of the whites with the brave warriors of these five nations of the North American Indians, before they overpowered them by superiority in numbers, skill and weapons of warfare and drove them from their ancient homes under the false plea of "fair and honorable purchase," scattering along the whole line of their known history, fraud, dissimulation, oppression, destruction and death, clothe the character of this wonderful people in the wildest romance and truly render them worthy heroes of fable and song; of whom it may truly be said that, in point of numbers; in the magnitude and grandeur of their territories abounding in every variety of game that could render them truly the paradise of the Indian hunter; in their far sighted sagacity; in their peculiar native eloquence; in their legends and traditions handed down from generation to generation through cycles of ages unknown; in their strange and mysterious religious rites and ceremonies; in all that strange and peculiar phenomena, that stamp the true Native Americans as the independent and fearless sons of the forest, unsurpassed in daring and heroic deeds in defense of their country, the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Muscogees, Seminoles and Natchez stand unsurpassed by any other of the North American Indians, or any other unlettered race of people on earth.

Pickett, in his History of Alabama states: "In 1771, the eastern district of the Choctaw Nation was known as Oy-pat-oo-coo-la, signifying the 'Small Nation;' and the western district was called Oo-coo-la Falaya, Oo-coo-la Hanete and Chickasaha," The four names are fair samples of the miserable corruption of the languages of the North American Indians every where, by the whites.

And in the above, Pickett is greatly in error in the word Oy-pat-oo-coo-la signifying "Small Nation," if he uses it as a Choctaw or Chickasaw word. In the first place there is no such word in either of their languages. and even admitting there is, it cannot signify "small nation." The words of both for small nation are Iskitini Pehlichika, small nation or kingdom. "And the western district was called Oo-coo-la Falaya, and Oo-coo-la Hanete and Chickasaha." It is evident also that these three names are corruptions from Choctaw words. The first being a corruption of the words Okla

Falaiah, Tall People; the second, "Oo-coo-la Hanete," from Okla Hunnali, People Six, or Six People.

The third, Chickasaha, from Chikasah, Rebellion, all of which were names of different clans of the ancient Choctaws. There was also an ancient clan named Okla-Isskitini, People Small, or Small People. which, no doubt, was corrupted to Oy-pat-oo-coo-la; if not, some linguist, other than a Choctaw, or Chickasaw, will have to give its signification.

Alas; If the errors of our race were confined alone to the orthography, orthoepy and signification of various Indian languages, though as inconsistent and absurd as they are in that of the Choctaw, we might be excusable; but when they enter into every department of our dealings with that people, there can be no excuse whatever offered in justification of them.

See the gross errors set forth in the publications regarding the Indians from first to last, clothed in scarcely a word of truth to hide their hideous deformity, so humiliating to justice, and all in direct opposition to known truth and common sense. The newspapers and periodicals of the present day are full of the same old stereotyped edition of vile calumniations and base falsehoods against that helpless people, the latter of which stand in close and worthy proximity to that of the devil's to the mother Eve. Even that class of literature devoted to the instruction of the young, books and papers bearing the title of "School History of the United States," "Youth's Companion," etc., are contaminated with falsehoods and defamatory articles against the Indians; the writers of which seem determined that the memory of the North American Indians MUST and SHALL descend from generation to generation to the one which shall be the fortunate one to hear the tones of Gabriel's mighty trumpet sounding a truce to longer defamation of the Red Race; and thus escape the nauseating dose which its predecessors have been forced to swallow; and though justice calls upon these white slanderers of the Red Race to turn their attention from the arduous labor attending the successful finding of a few defects in the Indians, to the correction of the hideous sins of their own race, yet they heed not her voice.

Before me lies a book bearing the title, "School History of the United States," under the signature of "W. H. Venable." by which its author would stuff the minds of the present generation, and those to follow, with the false assertions and self-imagined erudition, in which he has displayed as much knowledge of the North American Indians as might reasonably be expected to be found in a Brazilian monkey if

writing its views upon the characteristics of the Laplanders in their icy homes. On page 17 of this so-called "Illumination of the Youthful Mind," in the matter of Indian characteristics, is found the following absurdities: "The American Indians were fit inhabitants of the wilderness. Children of nature, they were akin to all that is rude, savage, and irredeemable. Their number within the limits of what is now the United States was at no time, since the discovery of America, above four hundred thousand individuals, for the Indian, hopelessly unchanging in respect to individual and social development, was as regarded tribal relations and local haunts, mutable as the wind."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," therefore his "Ipse dixit."

Again, (page 19) he affirms: "Stratagem, surprise, and the basest treachery were approved and practiced even by the bravest." But what of the White Race? Did not Washington and his generals "approve and practice deception, surprise and stratagem" upon the British in fighting for the independence of these United States? Did not Oglethorpe "approve and practice stratagem and deception" upon the Spanish fleet, when he gave a Spanish prisoner his liberty if he would deliver a letter to one of his own men who had deserted and fled to the Spanish ships, the particulars of which are too well known to be repeated here? Did not Lee and Grant, yea, every officer from general down to captain, "approve and practice stratagem, deception and surprise," during our Civil war? and when an advantage, by these means, was gained, was it not acknowledged as a grand display of superior generalship and dubbed "Military Skill?" When "practiced and approved" by the whites, they are virtues; but when by the Indians, in their wars of resistance against our oppression and avarice, they at once become odious characteristics. But when and upon whom, did the Indians approve and practice stratagem, surprise and the basest treachery? alone upon their enemies in war; never elsewhere. But we have alike "approved and practiced stratagem and surprise" in our wars with them always and everywhere; and have, in numerous instances, approved and practiced the basest treachery," upon them by false promises, misrepresentations and absolute falsehoods of such hideous proportions as to cause the devil to blush at his own impotency in the art, when trying to influence them to enter into treaties with us by which we would secure for ourselves their landed possessions, and all under the disguise of declared disinterested friendship, and deep-felt interest in their prosperity and happiness; and I challenge

anyone to successfully refute the charge. Yet this man would contribute his mite of misrepresentation and falsehood to assist others of his own congeniality, to hand down the Indians to the remotest posterity as a race of people the most infamous; but would have it remembered that he and his fall below their merits—the white “children of the Lord.”

Therefore, he thus continues his lecture to the children, as set forth in his ephemeral history: “Language cannot exaggerate the ferocity of an Indian Battle, or the revolting cruelty practiced upon their captives of war.” Surely this sensitive educator of the young, never perused that truthful little volume, bearing the name of “Our Indian Wards” as written by a Christian philanthropist, W. Manypenny! But thus he continues; “The very words tomahawk, scalping knife, and torture scaffold fill the fancy with dire images; and to say ‘as savage as an Iroquois warrior’ is to exhaust the power of simile.” But in impressing the youthful “fancy with dire images” while studying his “School History of tomahawks, scalping knives and torture scaffolds” and indelibly stamping upon their memories his emphatic “to say as savage as ‘an Iroquois warrior’ is to exhaust the powers of simile,” he is scrupulously careful not to mention, or even drop a hint, in regard to the foul massacre of the friendly Cheyenne chief, Black Kettle and his band by Gen. Custer and his soldiers, Nov. 27th, 1868; of which Superintendent Murphy, after the diabolical massacre, wrote the commissioner of Indian affairs; “It was Black Kettle’s band of Cheyennes. Black Kettle, one of the best and truest friends the whites ever had among the Indians of the plains;” and of the “horrible” butchery of the Piegan Indians, on the 23rd of January, 1870, who were helplessly afflicted with the small pox, and guilty of no offense except being Indians, but in which assassination, one hundred and seventy-three Indians were slaughtered in cold blood by the whites, without the “loss of a man; ninety of whom were women, and fifty-five of them children, none older than twelve years, and many of them in their mothers’ arms;” and though the butchery of these unoffending and helpless human beings merits the execration of all men, yet the actors in the bloody scene lived to boast among their fellows “I too have killed an Indian,” though that Indian was an infant in its mother’s arms; while their head was honored as the “Great” General Sheridan, backed by General Sherman, at whose feet sycophants bow and humbly solicit a smile from his august personage, then die happy, if obtained, but in despair, if refused. Merciful God! If the very words “tomahawk,

scalping knife and torture fill the fancy with dire images; and to say as savage as an Iroquois warrior is to exhaust the powers of simile," does not the butcher of helpless and unoffending Indian women and children by civilized whites equally "fill the fancy with dire images"? and to say as savage as a Sheridan and Sherman in the blood-thirsty wars of exterminating the Indians of the western plains, to protect the white desperadoes in their depredations upon that helpless people, and thereby stick another feather in their cap of war fame to conciliate shouts of the rabble, music more sweet to their bloody senses than that of heavenly angels, "is to exhaust every power of simile." In the name of truth, justice and humanity, if what Mr. Manypenny has revealed in his "Our Indian Wards," a copy of which every lover of truth, justice and humanity should purchase and read, as due to the interests of truth, justice, religion and humanity, is not enough to cause an indignant God to visit these United States with his avenging hand, then indeed they have nothing to fear in regard to what they must do. Be it as it may, there is abundant reason to tremble, if we would reflect that God is just.

On the 16th of February, 1763, the whole of Louisiana, for which they had so long struggled, passed entirely from under the dominion of the French to that of the English; and all evidences of their occupancy of the sea coast of Mississippi, since Iberville first landed there on the 16th of February, 1693, are now only remembered as matters of history and traditions of the long past.

In 1765, through the solisitation of Johnstone, then acting as governor, the Choctaws and Chickasaws convened in general council with him at Mobile, at which time were confirmed the former treaties of peace and friendship, and also regulations of trade were established between them and the English; and in 1777, the Choctaws, the first time ever before sold a small portion of their country then known as the Natchez District, to the English Superintendent of Indian Affairs, which lay on the Mississippi river and extended north from the bluff then known as Loftus Cliffs to the mouth of the Yazoo river, 110 miles above.

In June, 1784, the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Muscogeas convened in council at Pensacola, (corrupted from the Choctaw words Puska Okla, People with abundant bread) and there made a treaty of peace with Spain.

Soon after, Alexander McGilliveray, the famous chief of the Muscogeas, as representative of the Coweta claim of the Muscogeas, together with the Seminoles, Mobelans (properly, Mobinahs) and Talapoosas (corrupted from the Choctaw

Words Tuli Pushi, Iron Dust) concluded a treaty of peace and friendship with the same nation.

At this time, the United States set up her claim over the entire territories of the southern Indians by virtue of the English title, though the Cherokees, Choctaws Chickasaws and Muscogeas, whose landed possessions were more extensive than all the southern tribes combined; but out of which she finally ousted them, though they had replenished the feeble ranks of her army with their warriors, and helped her out from under the yoke of British oppression fighting under Gen. Wayne and Gen Sullivan, only to have her yoke of oppression placed upon their necks in turn as a recompense of reward for their services and as a memento of our "distinguished" gratitude to them; while Spain claimed, at the same time, the lion's part of their territories by virtue of her treaties, not with the Indians, the legal owners, but with England and France; while the Indians in whom rested the only true and valid title, gazed upon the scene of controversy over their ancient domains, as silent but helpless spectators.

That the Choctaws were once a numerous people, even years after the destruction of Mobinah, the chief town of Tushkalusas Iksa or clan, by De Soto, there can be but little room for doubt. Their ancient traditions affirm they were at one time one hundred and fifty thousand strong, but some allowance perhaps should be made upon that statement, however, their territory, as late as 1771, extended from Middle Mississippi south to the Gulf of Mexico; and from the Alabama river west to the Mississippi river, embracing as fine a country as the eye could possibly desire to behold; and De Soto states he passed through towns and villages all along his route through their territory, as well as through the territories of other southern tribes. Roman states, in his travels through the Choctaw Territory in 1771, he passed through seventy of their towns. Rev. Cyrus Byington, who was a missionary among the Choctaws for many years previous to their exodus to the west, and had traveled all over their country in his labors of love and mercy, computed their number, all told, at the time of their removal, at forty thousand, but at which time six thousand died en route many with cholera, and others with various other diseases contracted on the road, as is well authenticated. I was informed, when traveling over their country in 1884, by an old Choctaw with whom I was personally acquainted when living east of the Mississippi, that many, when they first moved to their present homes, settled contiguous to the pestilential Red river, and in a few years four hundred of the colony

had died, and the rest moved away from that stream of death to other parts of their territory.

Picket, in his History of Alabama, says: "In 1771 there were two thousand three hundred warriors registered upon the superintendent's books at Mobile, while two thousands were scattered over the country, engaged in hunting." But that did not weigh the value of a poor scruple in sustaining the seemingly advanced position, that the Choctaws at that time only numbered about forty-three hundred warriors; as it is safe to say, the French did not register a fifth of the warriors, for several reasons: First, from their great aversion to their numbers being known to the whites; second, their dread and superstitious fear of having their names written in the "white man's books;" third, the great distance that the homes of thousands lay from Mobile, but few of whom ever saw the place; fourth, the missionaries who traveled all over their country found their villages and towns everywhere. And if the French had twenty-three hundred Choctaw warriors' names registered upon the pages of their books, I feel confident, from my own knowledge of the Choctaws over seventy years ago, in saying very few; if any, of the owners of those registered names knew they were recorded there. And if all be taken into consideration, the six thousand, the lowest estimate, slain in the destruction of Mobinah, then the great number that must have perished in their wars with the English and French, as allies first to the one and then to the other; and their wars with various other tribes; and the many that were killed and died from disease when engaged in our Revolutionary war; and the six thousand that died on their removal to the west in 1832-33; and the multiplied hundreds that died soon after their arrival to their present place of abode, from diseases contracted en route and from not being acclimated to their new country; and in addition to all this, the many depressing influences they have labored under since they have had to do with the White Race, and the terrible dispensation under which they have lived, they must, at an early period have been a numerous people, or long since they would have become totally extinct.

"The Severalty Bill!" I was in the Indian Territory and read a letter from an Indian delegate in Washington City, to a friend in the Territory and was forcibly struck with the shameful truth of one sentence "Congress can and will pass any bill to destroy the Indians." Yet nothing strange in this, since rascality and debauchery characterize that once pure and noble body, if even half be true that is said about it, by those who have seen behind the curtains. I

also read another letter written by an Indian in the Territory to a delegate of his people, then (Feb. 15, 1887,) in Washington from which, by request and permission, I copied the following without alteration :

"Dear old friend:"

"Wounded and grieved over the action of Congress and the President, who gave the Indians his word (which should be as his bond) to stand by us, when our rights were trepassed upon. Behold now, his actions in the severalty bill. Are there no honest men, citizens of the United States? Alas, even the highest in power has no regard for his word! There must be very little honesty among them, and if God forsakes us, we will soon be remembered only in story. God knows, if we had only the power that the United States have I would be willing to resent the wrong and insult, if it should be at the sacrifice of every drop of Indian blood that is circling in our race." (All praise to that noble and patriotic spirit), "Cleveland thinking he might lose the next nomination for President, is willing to sacrifice his word or honor (whatever you may choose to call it) to be on the popular side. Away with such hypocrisy! He should be a man of some principle and stamina, but he lacks all of it.

"Dawes, when here, said he would do everything to advance our cause; that he was surprised to see the intelligence and evidences of progress existing among us. See too, what he has done! God will surely damn such hypocrites. Poor Mr. Brown, I feel sorry for him, standing alone, as it were, in the cause of humanity and justice; but I hope he will not feel disheartened in the good cause, but will gather strength from the ruins of broken treaties and shattered pledges made and violated by his so-called great and magnanimous government. All honor and peace be his.

"We will ever feel grateful to him for the active part he took in our behalf. Had there been a few more honest and fearless men like him in Congress, we might have fared better. Inch by inch, does Congress trespass upon and violate the solemn vows it has made. Surely such an outrage is almost enough to drive us to raise the tomahawk, and die, every one of us, in fighting for justice against such high-handed tyranny and insupportable oppression of our helpless and hopeless race."

What patriotic heart but leaps with emotions of pride at the heroic sentiments expressed in the above. Truth, justice, humanity, Christianity, our honor and integrity as a professed Christian people, backed by a just and righteous God above, demand of us to proclaim our fiat to the scoun-

drels that to-day so curse our country and disgrace us as a people, in a tone of voice that shall be heard and obeyed, in the imperative command, Halt!

On June 22nd, 1784, the Spaniards convened a council at Mobile, Ala., in which the Choctaws and Chickasaws were largely represented, also a few other smaller tribes came with their families. As usual on all such occasions, the Spaniards, unexcelled only by the Americans afterwards, lavished upon the Indians their flattery and presents, each of equal value, with unwearied tongues and unsparing hands, thus to induce them to form a treaty of alliance and trade, which was successfully consummated. The last article of this treaty then entered into, confirmed, in the name of the Spanish King, the Indians in the peaceable possession of all their territories within the King's dominions; and further more, it was stipulated, should any of them be deprived of their lands by any of the King's enemies, he would repossess them with other lands within his territories equal in extent and value to those lost. But as stipulations and promises, never intended to be fulfilled, and cajolery and flattery to deceive them into a trusting belief of true friendship, were the means adopted and practiced by the foreign nations that contended with each other for a portion of the North American Continent, so they, as the vicissitudes of war dictated, withdrew their interest in and protection from the confiding Indians to whom they had made so many fair promises of protection, and manifested such high pretensions of sincere and disinterested friendship, and unhesitatingly assumed the right of transferring them to any nation which their interest demanded without a care, or even a thought, of the interests and welfare of the Indians; thus conclusively proving that they, each haunted with the fear of the other, using every effort to secure and maintain the good will of the Indians only for the purpose of interposing them between themselves and their encroaching rivals, when it was to their interests so to do.

The Spaniards again induced thirty-six of the most prominent and influential chiefs of the Choctaws and Chickasaws to visit them at New Orleans in 1787, where they were received and entertained with the greatest manifestations of sincere respect and friendship, by escorting them to public balls and military parades, and the usual bestowal of presents and flattery; nor did it ever occur to the Choctaws and Chickasaws that all this was but for the purpose of rendering them, their more easy prey, and their assumed friendship designed but to throw them off their guard, and thus conceal their real intentions; thus they were induced to renew their

pledges of peace and friendship to the Spaniards, by smoking the pipe of peace in confirmation of their former treaty, by judging the actions of the Spaniards from the standpoint of the integrity and honesty of their own hearts.

The first treaty made with the Choctaws by the United States was at Hopewell, on January 3rd, 1786; and between this and January 20th, 1825, seven additional treaties were made with them; the second being December 17th, 1801, in which it was mutually agreed between the Choctaw Nation and the United States Government, "that the old line of demarcation heretofore established by and between the officers of his Britannic Majesty and the Choctaw Nation, shall be retraced, and plainly marked in such a way and manner as the President may direct, in the presence of two persons to be appointed by the said nation; and that the said line shall be the boundary between the settlements of the Mississippi Territory and the Choctaw nation."

James Wilkerson, as commissioner of the United States; and Push-kush Miko, (Baby Chief), and Ahlatah Humma, (Mixed Red, i. e. Mixed with Red), as commissioners of the Choctaw nation, did run and make distinctly this division line, and made a report of the same, August 31st, 1803, as follows: "And we, the said commissioners plenipotentiary, do ratify and confirm the said line of demarcation, and do recognize and acknowledge the same to be the boundary which shall separate and distinguish the land ceded to the United States, between the Tombigbee, Mobile, and Pascagoula rivers, from that which had not been ceded by the said Choctaw nation."

The names of the ancient Choctaws, as well as their entire race, as far as I have been enabled to learn, were nearly always connative referring generally to some animal, and often predicating some attribute of that animal. Such names were easily expressed in sign language; as the objectiveness of the Indian proper names with the result, is that they could all be signified by gesture, whereas the best sign talker among deaf mutes, it is said, is unable to translate the proper names in his speech, therefore resorts to the dactylic alphabet. The Indians were generally named, or rather acquired a name, and sometimes several in succession, from some noted exploit or hazardous adventure. Names of rivers, creeks, mountains, hills, etc., were given with reference to some natural peculiarity; for the Indian had a literature of his own, which grew every year in proportions and value; it was the love of Nature, which may be developed in every heart and which seldom fails to purify and exalt.

Ignorance and prejudice call the Indians savages. I call them heroes. You and I, reader, may not know where or how they live. God does.

As before stated, the first treaty was made by the United States with the Choctaw Nation on Jan. 3d, 1786. The following Articles of this treaty were concluded at Hopewell, on the Keowee River, near a place known as Seneca Old Town between Benjamin Hawkins, Andrew Pickens, and Joseph Martin, commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States of America, of the one part, Yockenahoma, (I give the names of the Choctaws as recorded in the treaty, and also give their corrections and significations), corruption, Yoknahoma; Orig., Yoknihumma Land, Hoommar Red, great medal chief of Soanacoha, corruption of Sanukoah, pro. as Sar-nook-o-ah (I am mad); Yackehoopie, corruption of Yakni Hopaii pro. as Yark-nih, (Land) Ho-py-ye (Land of the war chief, leading chief of Bugtoogoloo, corruption of Bok Tuklo, pro. as Boke (Creek) Took-lo (Two); Mingohoopari, corruption of Miko Hopaii, pro. as Mik-o (Chief) Ho-py-ye (Leader as War Chief), leading chief of Hashooqua, corruption of Hashokeah, pro. as Harsh-oh-ke-ah (Even the aforesaid); Tobocoh, corruption of Tobih Eoh, pro. as Tone-bih Eoh (All Sunshine) great medal chief of Congetoo, utterly foreign to the Choctaw language; Pooshemastuby, corruption of Pasholih-ubih, pro. as Par-sha-lih (To handle) ub-ih (and kill) gorget captain of Senayazo; cor. of Siah (I am) Yo-shu-ba (as ah) Lost; and thirteen small medal chiefs of the first-class, twelve medal and gorget captains, commissioners plenipotentiary of all the Choctaw nation, of the other part.

The commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States of America give peace to all the Choctaw Nation, and receive them into favor and protection of the United States of America, on the following conditions:

Article 1st.—The commissioners plenipotentiary of all the Choctaw Nation, shall restore all the prisoners, citizens of the United States (useless demand, as the Choctaws were never at war with the United States, and never held any citizen of the United States as a prisoner, but always were their faithful allies) or subjects of their allies, to their entire liberty, if any there be in the Choctaw Nation. They shall also restore all the negroes, and all other property, taken during the late war, from the citizens, to such person, and at such time and place, as the commissioners of the United States of America shall appoint, if any there be in the Choctaw Nation.

Article 2nd.—The commissioners plenipotentiary of all the Choctaw Nation, do hereby acknowledge the tribes and

towns of the said Nation, and the lands with the boundary allotted to the said Indians to live and hunt on, as mentioned in the Third Article, to be under the protection of the United States of America, and of no other sovereign whatsoever.

Article 3rd.—The boundary of the lands hereby allotted to the Choctaw Nation to live and hunt on, within the limits of the United States of America, is and shall be the following, viz.: Beginning at a point on the thirty-first degree of north latitude, where the eastern boundary of the Natchez district shall touch the same; thence east along the thirty-first degree of north latitude, being the southern boundary of the United States of America, until it shall strike the eastern boundary of the lands on which the Indians of the said nation did live and hunt on the twenty-ninth of November, 1782, while they were under the protection of the King of Great Britain; thence northerly along the said eastern boundary, until it shall meet the northern boundary of the said lands; thence westerly along the said northern boundary, until it shall meet the western boundary thereof; thence southerly along the same, to the beginning; saving and reserving for the establishment of trading posts, three tracts or parcels of land, of six miles square each, at such places as the United States, in Congress assembled, shall think proper; which posts, and the lands annexed to them, shall be to the use and under the government of the United States of America.

Article 4th.—If any citizen of the United States, or other person, not being an Indian, shall attempt to settle on any of the lands hereby allotted to the Indians to live and hunt on, such persons shall forfeit the protection of the United States of America, and the Indians may punish him or not as they please.

Article 5th.—If any Indian or Indians, or persons residing among them, or who shall take refuge in their nation, shall commit a robbery or murder, or other capital crime, on any citizen of the United States of America, or person under their protection, the tribe to which such offender may belong, or the nation, shall be bound to deliver him or them up to be punished according to the ordinances of the United States in Congress assembled: provided, that the punishment shall not be greater than if the robbery or murder, or other capital crime, had been committed by a citizen on a citizen.

Article 6th.—If any citizen of the United States of America, or person under their protection, shall commit a robbery or murder, or other capital crime, on any Indian,

such offender or offenders shall be punished in the same manner as if the robbery or murder, or other capital crime, had been committed on a citizen of the United States of America; and the punishment shall be in the presence of some of the Choctaws, if any will attend at the time and place; and that they may have an opportunity so to do, due notice, if practicable, of the time of such intended punishment shall be sent to some one of the tribe.

Article 7th.—It is understood that the punishment of the innocent, under the idea of retaliation, is unjust, and shall not be practiced on either side, except where there is a manifest violation of this treaty; and then it shall be preceded, first by a demand of justice; and if refused, then by a declaration of hostilities. (But wherein is this to benefit the Choctaws, if, to the best of their judgment, "this treaty" was violated by us, and their demand of justice was refused? Could they hope to obtain justice "by a declaration of hostilities"? What a farce is such a futile attempt to display our wonderful generosity to the Choctaws, when we have openly violated every treaty made with them, whenever it was to our interest so to do, a truth we cannot deny, knowing the folly they would be guilty of in declaring war against us when we were as a thousand to one of them in every particular as to advantage. Nor have we neglected to use those advantages from 1786 down the passing years to the present, to the utter impoverishment and final extermination of the too confiding Indians).

For the benefit and comfort of the Indians, and for the prevention of injuries or oppressions on the part of the citizens or Indians, the United States in Congress assembled shall have the sole and exclusive right of regulating the trade with the Indians, and managing all their affairs in such manner as they think proper.

Then was inaugurated a system of fraud by which the Choctaws were completely given into the hands of a few soulless white traders who fleeced their victims at will.

Article 9th.—Until the pleasure of Congress be known, respecting the 8th article, all traders, citizens of the United States of America, shall have liberty to go to any of the tribes or towns of the Choctaws, to trade with them, and they shall be protected in their persons and property and kindly treated.

Article 10.—The said Indians shall give notice to the citizens of the United States of America, of any designs which they may know or suspect to be formed in any neighboring tribe, or by any person whomsoever, against the peace, trade, or interest, of the United States, of America.

Article 11.—The hatchet shall be forever buried, and the peace given by the United States of America, and friendship re-established between the said States on the one part, and all the Choctaw nation on the other part, shall be universal, and the contracting parties shall use their utmost endeavors to maintain the peace given as aforesaid, and friendship established.

In witness of all and every thing herein determined, between the United States of America and all the Choctaws, we, the underwritten commissioners, by virtue of our full powers, have signed this definitive treaty, and have caused our seals to be hereunto affixed.

Done at Hopewell, on the Keowee, third day of January, 1786 L. S. (Locus Sigilli) Place of the Seal.

BENJAMIN HAWKINS,
ANDREW PICKENS,
JOSEPH MARTIN.

Corruption: Yockenahoma, his x mark. Original: Yok-ni Humma, pro. Yak-nih Hoom-mah Land Red.

Corruption: Yokehoopoie, his x mark. Original: Yak-ni hopaii (as, hopy ye). Land of the Oar-chief.

Corruption: Mingo hoopaii, his x mark. Original: Mikohopaii. Leader, as War-chief.

SECOND TREATY.

CONCLUDED DECEMBER 17TH, 1801, BETWEEN THE CHOCTAW NATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America, by James Wilkerson, of the State of Maryland, brigadier general in the army of the United States, Benjamin Hawkins, of North Carolina, and Andrew Pickens, of South Carolina, commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States, on the one part,, and the Mingoies, principal men and warriors of the Choctaw Nation, representing the said Nation in council assembled, on the other part, have entered into the following articles and conditions, viz.:

Article 1st.—Whereas, the United States in Congress assembled, did, by their commissioners plenipotentiary, Benjamin Hawkins, Andrew Pickens, and Joseph Martin, at a treaty held with the chiefs and head men of the Choctaw Nation at Hopewell, on the Keowee, June 30th, 1786, give peace to the said Nation, and receive it into the favor and protection of the United States of America; it is agreed by the parties to these presents respectively, that the Choctaw

Nation, or such part of it as may reside within the limits of the United States, shall be and continue under the care and protection of the said United States; and that the mutual confidence and friendship which are hereby acknowledged to subsist between the contracting parties, shall be maintained and perpetuated.

Article 2nd.—The Mingoës, principal men, and warriors of the Choctaw Nation of Indians, do hereby give their free consent that a convenient and desirable wagon-way may be explored, marked, opened, and made, under the orders and instructions of the President of the United States, through their lands; to commence at the northern extremity of the settlements of the Mississippi Territory, and to extend from thence, by such route as may be selected and surveyed under the authority of the President of the United States, until it shall strike the lands claimed by the Chickasaw Nation; and the same shall be and continue forever, a high-way for the citizens of the United States and the Choctaws; and the said Choctaws shall nominate two discreet men from their Nation, who may be employed as assistants, guides, or pilots, during the time of laying out and opening the said high-way, or so long as may be deemed expedient, under the direction of the officer charged with this duty, who shall receive a reasonable compensation for their services.

Article 3rd.—The two contracting parties covenant and agree, that the old line of demarkation heretofore established by and between the officers of his Britanic Majesty and the Choctaw Nation, which runs in a parallel direction with the Mississippi river, and eastward thereof, shall be retraced and plainly marked, in such a way and manner as the President may direct, in the presence of two persons to be appointed by the said Nation; and that the said line shall be the boundary between the settlements of the Mississippi Territory and the Choctaw Nation. And the said Nation does, by these presents, relinquish to the United States and quit claim forever, all their right, title, and pretension, to the land lying between the said line and the Mississippi river, bounded south by the thirty-first degree of north latitude, and north by the Yazoo river, where the said line shall strike same; and on the part of the commissioners it is agreed, that all persons who may be settled beyond this line shall be removed within it, on the side toward the Mississippi, together with their slaves, household furniture, tools, materials, and stock, and the cabins or houses erected by such persons shall be demolished.

Article 4th.—The President of the United States may, at his discretion, proceed to execute the Second Article of

this treaty; and the Third Article shall be carried into effect as soon as may be convenient to the Government of the United States, and without unnecessary delay on the one part or the other, of which the President shall be judge; the Choctaws to be reasonably advised, by order of the President of the United States, of the time when, and the place where, the re-survey and re-marking of the old line referred to in the preceding Article will be commenced.

Article 5th.—The commissioners of the United States for and in consideration of the foregoing concessions on the part of the Choctaw Nation, and in full satisfaction, do give and deliver to the Mingoes, chiefs, and warriors, of the said Nation, at the signing of these presents, the value of \$2,000 in goods and merchandise, net cost at Philadelphia, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and they further engage to give three sets of blacksmith tools to the said Nation.

Article 6th.—This treaty shall take effect and be obligatory on the contracting parties, as soon as the same shall be ratified by the President of the United States of America, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof.

In testimony whereof, the commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States, and the Mingoes, principal men, and warriors of the Choctaw nation, have hereto subscribed their names and affixed their seals, at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, this the 17th day of December, 1801, and of the independence of the United States the 26.

JAMES WILKERSON,
BENJAMIN HAWKINS,
ANDREW PICKENS.

Corruption: Tuskana Hopia, his x mark. Original: Tushka hopaii, Warrior of the War Chief.

Corruption: Toota Homo, his x mark. Original: Tobu humma, made red.

Corruption: Mingo Hom Massatubby, his x mark. Original: Miko humma ubi (i, as ih) Red chief killer.

This treaty was also signed by twenty-two other Choctaws, whose names are omitted.

AGREEMENT.

CONCLUDED OCTOBER 17TH, 1802, BETWEEN THE CHOCTAW NATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

A provisional convention, entered into and made by Brigadier General James Wilkerson, of the State of Mary-

land, commissioner for holding conferences with the Indians south of the Ohio river, in behalf of the United States, on the one part, and the whole Choctaw Nation, by their chiefs, head men, and principal warriors, on the other part.

Preamble: For the mutual accommodation of the parties, and to perpetuate that concord and friendship, which so happily subsists between them, they do hereby freely, voluntarily, and without constraint, covenant and agree:

Article 1st.—That the President of the United States may, at his discretion, by a commissioner or commissioners, to be appointed by him, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, retrace, connect, and plainly re-mark the old line of limits, established by and between his Britannic majesty and the said Choctaw nation, which begins on the left bank of the Chickasaw-hay river, and runs thence in an easterly direction to the right bank of the Tombigbee river, terminating on the same, at a bluff, well-known by the name of Hacha Tiggeby (corruption of Hacha toh bichi. You are very white,) but it is to be clearly understood, that two commissioners, to be appointed, by the said nation, from their own body, are to attend the commissioners of the United States, who may be appointed to perform this service, for which purpose the said Choctaw Nation shall be reasonably advised by the President of the United States, of the particular period at which the operation may be commenced, and the said Choctaw commissioners shall be subsisted by the United States, so long as they may be engaged on this business, and paid for their services, during the said term, at the rate of one dollar per day.

Article 2nd.—The chiefs, head men, and warriors, of the said Choctaw nation, do hereby constitute, authorize, and appoint, the chiefs and head men of the upper towns of the said nation, to make such alteration in the old boundary line near the mouth of the Yazoo river, as may be convenient, and may be done without injury to the said Nation.

Article 4.—This convention shall take effect, and become obligatory on the contracting parties, as soon as the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall have ratified the same.

In testimony whereof, the parties have hereunto set their hands and affixed their seals, at Fort Confederation, on the Tombigbee, in the Choctaw country, the 17th, of October 1802, and of the independence of the United States the twenty-seventh.

JAMES WILKERSON.

In behalf of the lower towns and Chickasaw-hay.

Corrupted: Tuskona Hoopoio, his x mark. Original: Tushkahopaii. Warrior of the Prophet.

Corruption: Mingo Hoopoio, his x mark. Original: Mikohopaii. King of the War-chief.

The names of twelve Choctaws are omitted who signed this treaty.

AGREEMENT.

CONCLUDED AUGUST 31st, 1803, BETWEEN THE CHOCTAW NATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

To whom these presents shall come:

Know ye, that the undersigned commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States of America, of the one part, and the whole Choctaw Nation of the other part, being duly authorized by the President of the United States, and by the chiefs and head men of said Nation, do hereby establish, in conformity to the convention of Fort Confederation, for the line of demarkation recognized in said convention, the following metes and bounds, viz: Beginning at the channel of the Hatche at the point where the line of limits between the United States and Spain crosseth the same, thence up the channel of said river to the confluence of the Chickasaw-hay (corruption of Chikasahha) and Buckhatanee (corruption of Buchchah, a range of hills) and Hantah (to be bright) rivers, thence up the channel of the Buchhatanee to Boque Hooma (corruption of Bokhumma, Red Creek, thence up said creek to a pine tree standing on the left bank of the same, and blazed on two of its sides, about twelve links southwest of an old trading path, leading from the town of Mobile to the Hewanee towns, much worn, but not in use at the present time. From this tree we find the following bearings and distances, viz: south 54 degrees 30 minutes west, one chain. one link, a blackgum, north 39 degrees east, one chain, 75 links, water oak; thence with the old British line of partition in its various inflections to a mulberry post, planted on the right bank of the main branch of Santee Bogue, (cor. of Sinti Bok and pro. as Seen-tih Boke, Snake Creek) where it makes a sharp turn to the south east, a large broken top cypress tree standing near the opposite bank of the creek, which is about three poles wide, thence down the said creek to the Tombigbee and Mobile rivers to the above mentioned line of limits between the United States and Spain, and with the same to the point of beginning; and we, the said commissioners plenipotentiary, do ratify and confirm the said line of

demarkation, and do recognize and acknowledge the same to be the boundary which shall separate and distinguish the land ceded to the United States, between the Tombigbee, Mobile and Pascagola rivers, from that which has not been ceded by the said Choctaw Nation. (Tombigbee, corruption of Itombiikbi, Boxmaker; Mobile, corruption of Momabinah, A lodge for all; Pascagola, corruption of Puskaokla, Bread people). In testimony whereof, we hereunto affix our hands and seals, this 31st, day of August, 1803, to triplicates of this tenor and date. Done at Hoe-Buck-intoopa, (corruption of Hoburk, coward intakobi lazy) the day and year above written, and in the 27th year of the independence of the United States.

JAMES WILKERSON.

Corrupted: Mingo Pooscoos, his x mark; Original: Mikopuscus (pro. Mik-o Poos-koosh) Infant King.

Corrupted: Alatala Hooma, his x mark. Original: Alatalihhumma, (pro. Ar-lah-tah-lih hoom.mah.)

Witnesses present: Joseph Chambers, U. S. Factor.

Young Gaines, Interpreter,

John Bowyer, Capt. 2nd U. S. Regt.

We the commissioners of the Choctaw nation, duly appointed, and the chiefs of the said nation who reside on the Tombigbee river, next to Sintee Bogue, do acknowledge to have received from the United States of America, by the hand of Brigadier General, James Wilkerson, as a consideration in full for the confirmation of the above concession, the following articles, viz.; fifteen pieces of strands, three rifles, one hundred and fifty blankets, two hundred and fifty pounds of powder, two hundred and fifty pounds of lead, one bridle, and man's saddle, and one black silk handkerchief. (Thus we have an exhibition of the wonderful generosity expressed in the Government's reiterated "To give peace to all the Choctaw nation," and the meaning of "and receive them into favor and protection of the United States of America," Wonderful protection! to take advantage of their ignorance in the value of their lands, and disposes them of hundreds of thousands of acres for a few pounds of powder and lead, a few blankets, a saddle and bridle, and lastly though not least, "one black silk handkerchief.")

Mingo Pooscoos, his x mark.

Alatala Hooma, his x mark.

Commissioners of the Choctaw nation.

Corrupted: Pio Mingo, his x mark Original: Pin Miko. Our chief.

Corrupted: Pasa Mastubby Mingo, his x mark. Original:

nal: 'Pisahmiahubih Miko, (pro. Pe-sah-me-ah-ub-ih Miko. To see, go ahead and kill the chief.)

In November, 1805, another portion of their country was ceded to the United States; and in October, 1816, still another portion; and October 18, 1820, another portion was ceded for and in consideration of a tract of country west of the Mississippi river, being between the Arkansas and Red rivers, the lines of which were to be ascertained and distinctly marked, by commissioners for that purpose, to be accompanied by such persons as the Choctaws might select. Again, January 20th, 1825, they ceded another portion of their lands, east of the Mississippi river, to the United States. Then in September, 1830, the climax of the white man's greediness as far as the Choctaws were involved, was reached, by forcing that people to cede the last acre of land they possessed east of the Mississippi river. And thus by hypocrisy, deception, fraud, misrepresentation and unblushing falsehood, has the octopus arm of white avarice seized in its insatiable embrace the Indians' country from Maine to California, until scarcely enough is left them upon which to eke out a miserable existence; and yet, year by year, generation by generation, the grasp widens and tightens, and creeps further and further upon them until with its stiff-necked, incorrigible brutishness, its hissing is heard, throughout the length and breadth of the land, vibrating upon that harp of a thousand strings that still remains in tune to the same old howl "Open to white settlement, open up to white settlement."

A TREATY OF LIMITS.

CONCLUDED NOVEMBER 16TH, 1805, BETWEEN THE CHOCTAW NATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

- Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America, by James Robertson, of Tennessee, Silas Dinsmore, of New Hampshire, agent of the United States to the Choctaws, commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States, on the one part, and the Mingoës, chiefs, and warriors of the Choctaw Nation of Indians, in council assembled on the other part, have entered into the following agreement, viz.:

Article 1st.—The Mingoës, chiefs, and warriors, of the Choctaw Nation of Indians, in behalf of themselves and the said Nation, do, by these presents, cede to the United States of America, all the lands to which they now have or ever had

claim, lying to the right of the following lines; to say, Beginning at a branch of the Humecheeto (Cor. of Humma chitoh, being greatly red), where the same is intersected by the path leading from Natches to the county of Washington, usually called McClary's path, thence eastwardly along McClary's path, to the east or left bank of Pearl river, thence on such a direct line as would touch the lower end of a bluff on the left bank of Chickasaw bay river, the first above the Hiyoo wunnee (corruption of Hiohlih, Standing, uni, berries) towns, called Broken Bluff, thence in a direct line nearly parallel with the river, to a point whence an east line of four miles in length will intersect the river below the lowest settlement at present occupied and improved in the Hiyoo wunnee town, thence still east four miles, thence in a direct line nearly parallel with the river to a point to be run from the lower end of the Broken Bluff to Falukta bunnee (corruption of Falakna, a fox squirrel, and bunna, one who wants) on the Tombigbee river, four miles from the Broken Bluff, thence along the said line to Falukta bunnee, thence east to the boundary between the Creeks and Choctaws on the ridge dividing the waters running into the Alabama from those running into the Tombigbee, thence southwardly along the said ridge and boundary to the southern point of the Choctaw claim. Reserving a tract of two miles square, run on meridians and parallels, so as to include the houses and improvements in the town of Fuket chee poonta, (corruption of Fakit chipinta, and pró. as Fah-kit che-pin-tah, Turkey very small), and reserving also a tract of 5120 acres, beginning at a post on the left bank of Tombigbee river opposite the lower end of Hatch a tigbee (corruption of Hachotukni—pro. Har-cho-tuk-nih, Loggerhead turtle) Bluff, thence ascending the river four miles front and two back; one half for the use of Alzira, the other half for the use of Sophia, daughters of Samuel Mitchell, by Molly, a Choctaw woman. The latter reserve to be subject to the same laws and regulations as may be established in the circumjacent country; and the said Mingoes of the Choctaw, request the government of the United States to confirm the title of this reserve in the said Alzira and Sophia.

Article 2nd.—For and in consideration of the foregoing cession on the part of the Choctaw Nation, and in full satisfaction for the same, the commissioners of the United States do hereby covenant and agree with the said Nation, in behalf of the United States, that the said States shall pay to the said Nation fifty thousand and five hundred dollars for the following purposes, to wit, forty-eight thousand dollars to enable the Mingoes to discharge the debt due to their merchants and

traders (thus went the poor Choctaws' land and money, to a set of white sharpers;) and also pay for the depredations committed on stock and other property, by evil disposed persons of the said Choctaw Nation; (but who were the "evil disposed persons of the said Choctaw Nation"? No other than the white refugees from the violated laws of the States, who had fled to the Choctaw Nation, and of whose character the Choctaws were wholly ignorant; they stole horses and killed cattle, not belonging to the Choctaws for they feared them, but belonging to the white traders, who charged up their losses, duly exaggerated, to the Choctaws, thus they were swindled and robbed by the shrewd, but not too honest, white traders through a credulous government—the truth in a nut shell.); twenty-five hundred dollars to be paid to John Pitchlynn, to compensate him for certain losses sustained in the Choctaw Country, and as a grateful testimonial of the Nation's esteem. And the said States shall also pay annually to the said Choctaws, for the use of the Nation, three thousand dollars, in such goods (at net cost in Philadelphia) as the Mingoes may choose, they giving at least one year's notice of such choice.

Article 3d.—The commissioners of the United States, on the part of the said States, engage to give to each of the three great medal Mingoes Puckshunnubbee (corruption of Apucksheubih) Mingo Hoomastubbee (corruption of Hummabi, Red Killer) and Poosshamattaha (corruption of Anumaishtayaubih, a messenger of death), five hundred dollars, in consideration of past services in their Nation, and also to pay to each of them an annuity of one hundred and fifty dollars during their continuance in office. It is perfectly understood, that neither of those medal Mingoes is to share any part of the general annuity of the Nation.

Article 4th.—The Mingoes, chiefs, and warriors of the Choctaws, certify that a tract of land not exceeding fifteen hundred acres, situated between the Tombigbee river and Jackson's creek, the front or river line extending down the river from a blazed white oak, standing on the left bank of the Tombigbee, near the head of the shoal, next above Hobukenloopa (corruption of Hobachit Yukpa, a laughing echo), and claimed by John McGrew, was, in fact, granted to the said McGrew by Opiomingo Hesmitta, (corruption of the words Hopoamikohimittah, The hungry young chief) and others, many years ago, and they respectfully request the government of the United States to establish the claim of the said McGrew to the said fifteen hundred acres.

Article 5th.—The two contracting parties covenant and agree, that the boundary, as described in the second article,

shall be ascertained and plainly marked, in such way and manner as the President of the United States may direct, in the presence of three persons to be appointed by the said Nation; one from each of the great medal districts, each of whom shall receive for their service two dollars per day for his actual attendance; and the Choctaws shall have due and reasonable notice of the place where, and time when the operation shall commence.

The first article is presumed to be meant. The second does not designate a boundary:

Article 6th.—The lease granted for establishments on the roads leading through the Choctaw country, is hereby confirmed in all its conditions; and, except in the alteration of boundary, nothing in the instrument shall affect or change any of the pre-existing obligation of the contracting parties.

Article 7th.—This treaty shall take effect and become reciprocally obligatory so soon as the same shall have been ratified by the President of the United States of America, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

Done on Mount Dexter, in Pooshapukanuk (corruption of Pashiakona, Unto the dust) in the Choctaw country, this the 6th of November, 1805, and of the independence of the United States of America the thirtieth.

JAMES ROBERTSON,
SILAS DINSMORE,
Commissioners.

Puchunnubbee, his x mark
Mingo Hoomastubbee, his x mark,
Pooshamattah, his x mark,
Great Medal Mingoes.

Chiefs and Warriors:—

Corruption Ookchummee, his x mark; original, Okchulih, Tiller of the land,

Corruption Tushamiubbee, his x mark; Tusuhahmutubih, to whoop and also kill, and thirty-one others.

A TREATY OF CESSION

CONCLUDED, OCTOBER 24TH, 1816, BETWEEN THE CHOCTAW NATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

A treaty of cession between the United States of America and the Choctaw Nation of Indians.

James Madison, President of the United States of America, by General Coffee, John Rhea, and John McKee,

Esquires, commissioners on the part of the United States, duly authorized for that purpose, on the one part, and the Mingoes, leaders, Captains, and warriors, of the Choctaw Nation, in general council assembled, in behalf of themselves and the whole Nation, on the other part, have entered into the following articles, which, when ratified by the President of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall be obligatory on both parties:

Article 1st.—The Choctaw Nation, for the consideration hereafter mentioned, cede to the United States all their title and claim to land lying east of the following boundary, beginning at the mouth of Oaktibuha (corruption of O-ka, water, it-tib-ih, having fought) river, the Chickasaw boundary, and running thence down the Tombigbee river, until it intersects the northern boundary of a cession made to the United States by the Choctaws at Mount Dexter, on the 16th of November, 1805.

Article 2nd.—In consideration of the foregoing cession, the United States engage to pay to the Choctaw Nation the sum of six thousand dollars annually, for twenty years; they also agree to pay them in merchandize, to be delivered immediately on signing the present treaty, the sum of ten thousand dollars.

Thus we again see the Choctaws swindled out of their lands, by getting only as many thousands of dollars for their lands as they were worth in as many millions. But we had taken them under our fatherly protection, and, as a matter of course, they must pay for so great a favor and so great a blessing.

Done and executed in full and open council, (but by much misrepresentation and dissimulation, as will be hereafter shown) at the Choctaw trading house, October 24th, 1816, and of the independence of the United States the forty-first.

JOHN COFFEE,

JOHN RHEA,

JOHN MCKEE,

Mushoolatubbe, his x mark,

Pooshamallaha, his x mark,

Pukshunnubbee, his x mark,

TREATY.

CONCLUDED, OCTOBER 18, 1820, BETWEEN THE CHOCTAW NATION AND THE UNITED STATES.

A treaty of friendship, limits and accommodation, between the United States of America and the Choctaw Nation

of Indians, began and concluded at the treaty ground, in said nation, near Doak's Stand, on the Natchez road.

Preamble: Whereas, it is an important object with the President of the United States, to promote the civilization of the Choctaw Indians, by the establishment of schools amongst them; and to perpetuate them as a nation, by exchanging, for a small part of their land here, a country beyond the Mississippi river, where all, who live by hunting, and will not work, may be collected and settled together: And whereas, it is desirable to the State of Mississippi, to obtain a small part of the land belonging to said nation; for the mutual accommodation of the parties, and for securing the happiness and protection of the whole Choctaw nation, as well as preserving that harmony and friendship which so happily subsists between them and the United States, James Monroe, President of the United States of America, by Andrew Jackson, of the State of Tennessee, Major General in the army of the United States, and General Thomas Hinds, of the State of Mississippi, commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States, on the one part, and the Mingoes, head men, and warriors, of the Choctaw Nation, in full council assembled, on the other part, have freely and voluntarily entered into the following articles, viz.: to promote the civilization of the Choctaw Indians, by the establishment of schools among them, and to perpetuate them as a Nation, and securing the happiness of the whole Choctaw Nation:

Article 1st.—To enable the President of the United States to carry into effect the above grand and humane object, the Mingoes, head men, and warriors, of the Choctaw Nation in full council assembled, in behalf of themselves and said Nation, do, by these presents, cede to the United States of America, all the land lying and being within the boundaries following, to-wit: Beginning on the Choctaw boundary, east of Pearl river, at a point due south of the White Oak spring, on the old Indian path; thence north to said spring; thence northwardly to a black oak, standing on the Natchez road, about forty poles eastwardly from Doak's fence, marked A. J. and blazed; thence, a straight line to the head of Black Creek, or Bogue Loosa (original Bok Lusa), thence, down Black Creek, or Bogue Loosa, to a small lake; thence, a direct course, so as to strike the Mississippi one mile below the mouth of the Arkansas river; thence, down the Mississippi to our boundary; thence, around and along the same to the beginning.

Article 3rd.—To prevent any dispute upon the subject of the boundary mentioned in the First and Second Articles, it is hereby stipulated between the parties, that

the same shall be ascertained and distinctly marked by a commissioner, or commissioners, to be appointed by the United States, accompanied by such person as the Choctaw Nation may select; said Nation having thirty days previous notice of the time and place at which the operation will commence. The person so chosen by the Choctaws, shall act as a pilot or guide, for which the United States will pay him two dollars per day, whilst actually engaged in the performance of that duty.

Article 4th. The boundaries hereby established between the Choctaw Indians and the United States, on this side of the Mississippi river, shall remain without alteration until the period at which said Nation shall become so civilized and enlightened as to be made citizens of the United States, and Congress shall lay off a limited parcel of land for the benefit of each family included in the Nation.

Yet, that "period at which said nation shall become so civilized and enlightened as to be made citizens of the United States," never was realized, since "the boundaries" did not "remain without alteration" by the open violation of said 4th, article on the part of the United States, as will be fully shown and established; proving that our professed desire and vociferous declarations, concerning the civilization, the moral and intellectual interest of the Choctaws, were myths, palpable falsehoods, assumed and practised to deceive the Choctaws and thereby take advantage of their credulity, as it is manifested even unto the present day with unblushing boldness in our dealing with the entire Indian race, feeling the reproof of conscience in our injustice and inhumanity to that unfortunate and helpless people, and our determination to rob them of their last acre of land, as a wave separated for a moment by the course of a ship that passes through it.

Article 5th.—For the purpose of aiding and assisting the poor Indians, who wish to remove to the country hereby ceded on the part of the United States, and to enable them to do well and support their families, the commissioners of the United States engage, in behalf of said States, to give to each warrior a blanket, kettle, rifle gun, bullet mould and nippers, and ammunition for hunting and defence, for one year. Said warrior shall also be supplied with corn to support him and his family, for the same period, and whilst travelling to the country above ceded to the Choctaw Nation." (Mirabile dictu! When before, in all the annals of time, was there such a display of munificence in the simple manifestation of an expressed desire "to promote the civilization of the Choctaw Indians, and for securing their happiness and protection." The bestowal of "a blanket, kettle, rifle gun, bullet

mould and nippers." Wonderful! Indeed, did not the angels of heaven look with profound astonishment at such a display of human magnanimity in its effort "to promote the civilization of the Choctaw Indians," and bring them into the folds of Christianity? Surely the devil may give up his chase after the souls of the Choctaws, since they have such a loving and powerful protector in the United States of America. Magnanimous United States! Well may we make the welkin ring with our huzzas of Liberty, freedom and equal rights to all people of earth's remotest bound, when in the magnanimity of our Christian zeal "to promote the civilization of the Choctaws," we made that munificent bequest of "a blanket, flap, kettle, rifle gun, bullet moulds and nippers." and then drove them to that distant wilderness, as far from the means of being benefitted by the influences of Christianity as we could drive them, there to be civilized and Christianized by our remarkable munificent gifts.)

Article 6th.—The commissioners of the United States further covenant and agree, on the part of said States, that an agent shall be appointed, in due time, for the benefit of the Choctaw Indians who may be permanently settled in the country ceded to them beyond the Mississippi river, and, at a convenient period, a factor shall be sent there with goods, to supply their wants. A blacksmith shall also be settled amongst them, at a point most convenient to the population; and a faithful person appointed, whose duty it shall be to use every reasonable exertion to collect all the wandering Indians belonging to the Choctaw Nation, upon the land hereby provided for their permanent settlement.

Article 7th.—Out of the lands ceded by the Choctaw Nation to the United States, the commissioners aforesaid, in behalf of said States, further covenant and agree that fifty-four sections of one mile square shall be laid out in good land, by the President of the United States, and sold, for the purpose of raising a fund, to be applied to the support of the Choctaw schools, on both sides of the Mississippi river. Three-fourths of said fund shall be appropriated for the benefit of the schools here; and the remaining fourth for the establishment of one or more beyond the Mississippi; the whole to be placed in the hands of the President of the United States, and to be applied by him, expressly and exclusively, to this valuable object. (But what was the result of this appropriation "fifty-four sections" of their land to the establishing and supporting "of the Choctaw schools, on both sides of the Mississippi river." In ten years after, when hundreds of dollars, proceeds of the sale of the fifty-four sections of their

own lands, had been used in establishing schools, and these schools were flourishing all over their country, I speak of that east of the Mississippi river, and though, in spite of embarrassments, adversities and misfortunes, they were making the most rapid progress in civilization and Christianity, a quietus was placed upon everything by the United States forcing them to sell their entire land possessions to them, and driving them, by the unmerciful hand of arbitrary power, to the distant wilderness in the west where they had driven the former, there to civilize themselves by means of a "blanket, flap, kettle, rifle gun, moulds and nippers," while their schools and the "fifty-four sections of land" became things of the past to the Choctaw, to be heard of no more by them; and thus we sacrificed this trusting people, our faithful allies, to our avarice, more odious in all its features than even the nefarious proposal which Themistocles suggested to Aristides, of burning the ships of the allies at the very time in which they were engaged in fighting for the common liberties of Greece; since he was blinded by the glare of military glory, but we by a sordid, debasing and degrading avarice.

Article 8th.—To remove any discontent which may have arisen in the Choctaw Nation, in consequence of six thousand dollars of their annuity having been appropriated annually for sixteen years, by some of their chiefs, for the support of their schools, the commissioners of the United States oblige themselves, on the part of said States, to set apart an additional tract of land, for raising a fund equal to that given by said chiefs, so that the whole of the annuity may remain in the Nation, and be divided amongst them. And in order that exact justice may be done to the poor and distressed of said Nation, it shall be the duty of the agent to see that the wants of every deaf, dumb, blind, and distressed Indian, shall be first supplied out of said annuity, and the balance equally distributed amongst every individual of said Nation.

Article 9th.—All those who have separate settlements, and fall within the limits of the land added by the Choctaw Nation to the United States, and who desire to remain where they now reside, shall be secured in a tract or parcel of land one mile square, to include their improvements. Any one who prefers removing, if he does so within one year from the date of this treaty, shall be paid their full value, to be ascertained by two persons to be appointed by the President of the United States.

Article 10th.—As there are some who have valuable buildings on the roads and elsewhere, should they remove, it is further agreed by the aforesaid commissioners, in behalf

of the United States, that the inconvenience of doing so shall be considered, and such allowance made as will amount to an equivalent. For this purpose, there shall be paid to the Mingo Puckshenubbe (original, A-pak-foh-li-chih-ubih), five hundred dollars; to Harrison, two hundred dollars; to Captain Cobb, two hundred dollars; to William Hays, two hundred dollars; to O'Gleno, two hundred dollars; and to all others who have comfortable houses, a compensation in the same proportion.

Article 11th.—It is also provided by the commissioners of the United States, and they agree in behalf of said States, that those Choctaw chiefs and warriors, who have not received compensation for their services during the campaign to Pensacola, in the late war, shall be paid whatever is due them over and above the value of the blanket, shirt, flap, and leggings, which have been delivered to them.

Article 12th.—In order to promote industry and sobriety amongst all classes of the Red People in this Nation, but particularly the poor, it is further provided by the parties that the agent appointed to reside here, shall be, and he is, hereby, vested with the full power to seize and confiscate all the whiskey which may be introduced into said Nation, except that used at public stands. or brought in by the permit of the agent, or the principal chiefs of the three districts.

Thus was the law of the Choctaws forbidding the introduction of any kind and all kinds of spirituous liquors into their country virtually abrogated, and their strenuous efforts to keep the hideous hydra in its proper place, among its makers and worshippers (the white man) proved unavailing as the door was thus opened for the white smugglers—of whom the agents were leaders.

Article 13th.—To enable the Mingoes, chiefs, and head men, of the Choctaw Nation, to raise and organize a corps of light horse, consisting of ten in each district, so that good order may be maintained, and that all men, both White and Red, may be compelled to pay their debts, it is stipulated and agreed, that the sum of two hundred dollars shall be appropriated by the United States, for each district, annually, and placed in the hands of the agent, to pay the expenses incurred in raising and establishing said corps; which is to act as executive officers, in maintaining good order, and compelling bad men to remove from the Nation, who are not authorized to live in it by a regular permit from the agent.

Article 14th.—Whereas the father of the beloved chief Mushulatubbee (original Mosholatubil, with whom I was personally acquainted), of the lower towns, for and during his

life, did receive from the United States the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, annually; it is hereby stipulated, that his son and successor Mushulatubbee, shall annually be paid the same amount during his natural life, to commence from the ratification of this treaty.

Article 15th.—The peace and harmony subsisting between the Choctaw Nation of Indians and the United States, are hereby renewed, continued, and declared to be perpetual.

Article 16th.—These articles shall take effect, and become obligatory on the contracting parties, so soon as the same shall be ratified by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

In testimony whereof, the commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States and the Mingoes, headmen and warriors of the Choctaw Nation, have hereunto subscribed their names and affixed their seals, at the place above written, this the 18th, of October, 1820, and of the independence of the United States the forty fifth.

ANDREW JACKSON,
THOMAS HINDS,
Commissioners.

Medal Mingoes:—

Corrupted: Puckshenubbee, his x mark. Original: A-pak-foh-li-chihub-ih.

Corrupted: Poohawattaha, his x mark. Original: Ar-noom-pah-ish-tam-yah-ub-ih.

One hundred and twenty-eight names of Choctaws, who signed this treaty are omitted.

GREER COUNTY DISPUTE.

THE DISPUTE IN THE RIGHT OF OWNERSHIP OF GREER COUNTY
BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND TEXAS.

The petition of the Attorney-General of the United States affirms that according to the treaty of Feb. 22, 1819 made by the United States and the King of Spain, which was ratified two years later, and so proclaimed by both the United States and Spain, and that by the third article of the treaty it was provided and agreed that "the boundary line between the two countries west of the Mississippi River shall begin on the Gulf of Mexico at the mouth of the Sabine River, in the sea, continuing north along the western bank of that river to the thirty-second degree of latitude; thence by a line due north to the degree of latitude where it strikes the

Rio Roxo of Natchitoches or Red River; then following the course of the Rio Roxo westward to the degree of longitude 100 west from London and 23 from Washington; then crossing the said Red River and running thence by a line due north to the river Arkansas: thence following the course of the southern bank of the Arkansas to its source in latitude 42 north, and thence by that parallel of latitude to the South Sea. The whole being as laid down in Melish's map of the United States, published at Philadelphia, improved to January, 1, 1818.

"The two high contracting parties agreeing to cede and renounce all their rights, claims and pretensions to the territories described by the said line. That is to say, the United States hereby cede to his Catholic majesty and renounce forever all their claims, rights, and pretensions to the territories lying west and south of the above described line, and in like manner his Catholic majesty cedes to the United States all his rights, claims and pretensions to any territories east and north of the said line, and for himself, his heirs and successors renounces all claim to the said territory forever."

"The petition states that at the date of the conclusion of the treaty aforesaid Mexico constituted a part of the Spanish monarchy, but that Mexico, subsequently, in the year 1824, became and was established as a separate and independent power and government, and the boundary line defined and designated in the treaty of 1819, aforesaid, thereby became in part the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, all the territory of the state of Texas being then a part of the Mexican territory.

"The Attorney General's petition to the court then goes on to review the different movements of the United States and Texas commissioners to establish the line between the disputed territory, and which all resulted in a failure to agree.

"The Attorney General further states that the said state of Texas has, without any right or title thereto, claimed, taken possession of, and endeavored to extend its laws and jurisdiction over the said parcel or tract of land herein before described, and does still claim, hold possession of, and exercise certain jurisdiction over the same, and has excluded the United States from possession of and jurisdiction over the same in violation of the treaty rights of your oratrix as aforesaid; all of which your oratrix charges is a manifest invasion of her sovereign rights and tends to the disturbance of that amity and peace which ought to exist between the authorities of the United States and the state of Texas.

“The area of the disputed territory is one million, five hundred and eleven thousand, five hundred and seventy six and seventeen one hundreds acres, of land.

“The petition futher states that the south fork of Red river as now named and delineated on the maps, is the Rio Roxo or Red river delineated on Melish's maps, described in the treaty of February, 22, 1819, and as the boundary line of said treaty to the point where the 100th degree of west longitude crosses the same.

“And your oratrix futher states that under and by virtue of the terms of the treaty of 1819, between the United States and Spain, she became entitled to possession of and jurisdiction over all that parcel or tract of land which lies between what has been herein designated as the Prairie Dog town fork or Main Red river, and the north fork or Red river, and is more accurately described as the extreme portion of the Indian territory lying west of the north fork of Red river, and east of the one hundreth meridian of west longitude from Greenwich; that she has never voluntarily abandoned or relinquished such claim to title and jurisdiction, but has continually asserted the same at all times since the ratification of said treaty of 1819 up to the present time, and does still assert the the same; that said tract of land was never subject to the jurisdiction or claim of Spain subsequent to the treaty of 1819 aforesaid, nor was it subject to any claim or jurisdiction on the part of Mexico after her independence from Spain was secured and asserted.”

The following clause in the petition of the Attorney-General states that “in consideration whereof, and for as much as your oratrix can only have adequate relief in the premises in a court of equity; where matters of this nature are properly cognizable, and in this court by original bill, to the end for the purpose of determining and settling the true boundary line between the United States and the state of Texas, and to determine and put at rest questions which now exist as to whether the Prairie Dog Town fork or the North fork of Red river, as aforesaid, constitutes the true boundary line of the treaty of 1819, aforesaid, and whether the tract or parcel of land lying and being between two said streams and called by the authorities of the state of Texas Greer county, is within the boundary and jurisdiction of the United States or of the state of Texas.”

Dr. Gideon, Lincicum who lived in Columbus, Miss. several years prior to the exodus of the Choctaws, was present at the treaty held by General Jackson and General Hinds at a place known as Doak's Stand, in the Choctaw nation, in the fall of 1820.. The object of the United States in holding this

treaty was to exchange all that country where the five civilized tribes now reside south of the Canadian River for a strip of territory from the lower and western part of the then Choctaw nation, known as the Huchchalusachitoh—pro. as as Huch-chah (River) loo-sah (black) che-toh (big.) i. e. Big Black River country. A great many Choctaw's were in attendance, and after General Jackson had read the commission and the President's letter to them, in a lengthy speech he explained the object and purpose for which they had been called together. He declared to them, that "to promote their civilization by the establishing of schools among them, and to perpetuate them as a nation, was a constant solicitude with the president of the United States." (But the sequel soon proved that "solicitude" to be false.)

"To enable the President to effect this great national and very desirable object to accommodate the growing state of Mississippi and thereby secure greater safety and protection to the Choctaws and their seminaries of learning at home, it was proposed by him to exchange for a small part of their lands here, a large country beyond the Mississippi river, where all who live by hunting and will not work, and who by the nature of their mode of life are widely scattered, may be collected and settled together in a country of tall trees, many water courses, rich lands and high grass, abounding in game of all kinds—buffalo, bear and deer, antelope, beaver, turkeys, honey, and fruits of many kinds, in this great hunting ground they may be settled near together for protection and to be able to pursue their peculiar vocation without danger.

"Another great benefit to be derived from this arrangement would be the removal from among the people at home who are already inclined to progress and civilization of the bad example of those who, in their wild wandering propensities do not care for improvement. The project recommends itself to the thinking portion of the industrious community, while it will provide ample means for the protection of the careless stragglers of the Nation.

"The tract of territory which the President proposes to exchange for the Big Black river country here, lies between the Arkansas and Red rivers. It is a large and extended country. Beginning where the lower boundary line of the Cherokees strikes the Arkansas river, thence up the Arkansas to the Canadian river fork; thence up the Canadian to its source, thence due south to Red river, thence down Red river to a point three miles below the mouth of Little river which enters into Red river from the north, thence on a direct line to place of beginning.

'This extensive rich territory is offered in exchange by the President for the little strip of land in the lower part of the present Choctaw Nation. It is a much larger territory than the whole of your possessions this side of the Mississippi river, and is certainly a very liberal proposition. What say the chiefs and Choctaw people to this great offer?

"After the pipe lighters had finished handing the pipes around and order was again restored, Apushamatahah arose, and, addressing himself to his own people first, told them the man who had just finished his big talk was the great warrior, General Jackson, of whom they had all so often heard. Many of them had, no doubt, seen him and, like himself, had served under him in many successful battles. His great character as a man and warrior, in addition to the commission he bore from the President of the United States, demanded from the Choctaw people respectful replies from his propositions, and for that purpose he moved that the council adjourn until the middle of the day, to-morrow, which motion was carried and the council adjourned.

"The chiefs and head men went into secret council that night, where they very deliberately discussed the merits of the propositions that had been made by the United States commissioners. They considered it a wise and benevolent proposition, and, notwithstanding that the land they offered to exchange the large tract of western territory for was worth more to them at this time than two such countries as the one they were offering, with the Choctaws, the thing stood very differently, particularly in relation to the fixing of a home for our wandering hunters in the midst of a game country. However, good as the proposition is, we must in this case adopt the white man's rules in the transaction and get all we can from them. General Jackson is a great man, but in his talk in making the proposition to exchange countries he has been guilty of misrepresentations which he knows are such, and others which, perhaps, he is not apprised of their being false. Our plan is to meet him in the treaty with his own policy and let the hardiest reap the profits. If we can do no better we will take them at the offer already made." "This much and the appointment of Apushamatahah to do the talking, next day was the result of the secret council.

"When at 12 o'clock the next day the council had assembled, the commissioners inquired of the chiefs if they had come to any conclusion on the subject of the propositions made to them yesterday in relation to the exchange of countries? Apushamatahah arose and said that the chiefs and leaders of his people had appointed him to reply to the com-

missioners on the subject. He remarked that he fully appreciated the magnitude of the proposition and his incompetency to do it justice, especially while in contact with two such master minds as he would have to deal with. He further remarked that when any business was intended to be fairly and honestly transacted it made no difference as to the capacity of the contracting parties. One party might be a great man as General Jackson, the other a fool, but the result would be the same. The wise man in such cases would protest the rights of the fool, holding him firm on safe ground. From what he had already heard he had discovered that the great transaction now about to take place between friendly nations, was not to be conducted on those equitable principles, and that it would not be safe for him, fool as he was, to rely upon any such expectations. He was to come to the contest with such powers as he possessed, do the best he could, and his people must be satisfied and abide the results and consequences.

The object and benefits to be derived by the United States were very great and desirable, or they would not have sent two of their greatest warrior generals to conduct the treaty in their behalf. He was friendly toward the United States, and particularly to their two distinguished agents, for he had served under them and side by side in the hour of peril and deadly strife, had aided them in the acquisition of Florida and a considerable portion of the Muscogee country with his manhood, and as many of his countrymen as he could persuade to take part in the dangers of the enterprise. Under all these considerations he intended to strike the bargain in the exchange of countries with them if he could. He thought it was one of those kind of swaps, if it could be fairly made, that would accommodate both parties. He should do his best, and he hoped to succeed in presenting the thing in such a form as to convince the commissioners that 'further misrepresentation would be entirely unnecessary.' □ He then sat down.

"General Jackson arose and gravely remarked: 'Brother Push, you have uttered some hard words. You have accused me of misrepresentation, and indirectly, of the desire to defraud the red people in behalf of my government. These are heavy charges, charges of a very serious character. You must explain yourself in a manner that will clear them up or I shall quit you.' "Apushamatahah then arose and made a long explanatory speech, but its length precludes its production here.

"The closing portion was, 'I shall take much pleasure in my explanation to render a plain and irrefutable inter-

pretation of what I have said, and which will present in a very clear light the misrepresentations in relation to the quality of the country west of the Mississippi and the size of the country on this side of the great river.

'In the first place, he speaks of the country you wish to obtain in the swap as a little slip of land at the lower part of the present Choctaw Nation, whereas it is a very considerable tract of country. He has designated the boundaries of it, and I am very familiar with the entire tract of land it will cut off from us. •

"In the second place, he represents the country he wishes to exchange for the 'little slip' as being a very extensive country 'of tall trees, many water courses, rich lands and high grass, abounding in game of all kinds, buffalo, bear, elk, deer, antelope, beavers, turkey, honey and fruits of many kinds.' I am also well acquainted with that country. I have hunted there often, have chased the Comanche and Wichita over those endless plains, and they too have sometimes chased me there. I know the country well. It is indeed a very extensive land, but a vast amount of it is poor and sterile, trackless and sandy deserts, nude of vegetation of any kind. As to tall trees, there is no timber anywhere, except on the bottom lands, and it is low and brushy even there. The grass is everywhere short; as for the game, it is not plenty, except buffalo and deer. The buffalo, in the western portion of the tract described, and on the great plains into which it reaches, are very numerous and easily taken. Antelopes, too, are there, and deer almost everywhere, except in the dry grassless, sandy desert. There are but few elk, and the bear are plenty only on the Red river bottom lands. Turkey are plentiful on all the water courses. There are, however, but few beaver, and fruit and honey are a rare thing. The bottoms on the river are generally good soil, but liable to inundation during the spring season, and in summer the rivers and creeks dry up or become so salty that the water is unfit for use. It is not at these times always salty, but often bitter and will purge a man like medicine.

'This account differs widely from the description given by my friend yesterday, and constitutes what, in my reply to him, I styled a misrepresentation. He has proven to me by that misrepresentation and one great error that he is entirely ignorant of the geography of the country he is offering to swap, and therefore I shall acquit him of an intentional fraud. The testimony that he bears against himself, in regard to his deficiency of a knowledge of that far-off country manifests itself in the fact that he has offered to swap to me

an undefined portion of Mexican territory. He offers to run the line up the Canadian river to its source, and thence due south to the Red river. Now, I know that a line running due south from the source of the Canadian would never touch any portion of Red river, but would go into the Mexican possessions beyond the limits even of my geographical knowledge.'

"General Jackson interrupting him, said: 'See here, Brother Push, you must be mistaken. Look at this map. It will prove to you at once that you are laboring under a great geographical error yourself,' and he spread out the map.

"Apushamataha examined it very minutely, while General Jackson traced out and read the names of the rivers for him. Apushamataha said: 'The paper is not true.' "He then proceeded to mark out on the ground with the handle of the pipe hatchet, which he held in his hand while speaking, the Canadian and the upper branches of Red river, and said, holding the end of the hatchet handle on the ground, 'there is the north,' then rapidly tracing a deep line on the ground, 'here is the south, and, you see, the line between the two points do not touch any portion of Red river, and I declare to you that it is the natural position of the country and its water courses.'

"You must be mistaken, said General Jackson; at any rate, I am willing to make good the proposition I have named.'

"Very well,' replied Apushamataha, 'and you must not be surprised nor think hard of me if I call your attention to another subject within the limits of the country you designate west of the Mississippi, which you do not seem to be apprised of. The lower portion of the land you propose to swap to us is a pretty good country. It is true that as high up the Arkansas river as Fort Smith the lands are good and timber and water plenty, but there is an objectionable difficulty in the way. It was never known before, in any treaty made by the United States with the Red people, that their commissioners were permitted to offer to swap off or sell any portion of their citizens. What I ask to know in the stipulations of the present treaty is, whether the American settlers you propose to turn over to us in this exchange of countries are, when we get them in possession, to be considered Indians or white people?'

"General Jackson replied and told the speaking chief that, 'As for the white people on the land, it was a mere matter of moon-shine. There were perhaps a few hunters.

scattered over the country, and I will have them ordered off.'

"'I beg your pardon,' said Apushamataha, 'there are a great many of them, many of them substantial, well-to-do settlers, with good houses and productive farms, and they will not be ordered off.'

"'But,' said General Jackson, 'I will send my warriors, and by the eternal, I'll drive them into the Mississippi or make them leave.'

"'Very well,' replied the chief, 'and now the matter is settled as far as the land west of the Mississippi river is concerned. We will now consider the boundary and country the Choctaws are to give to you for it, and if we can agree upon that the trade will be completed. You have defined its boundaries and they include a very valuable tract of country of considerable extent, capable of producing corn, cotton, wheat and all the crops the white man cultivates. Now, if we do agree on terms and run this line, it must, as a part of this contract, be very clearly understood, and put on paper in a form that will not die or wear out, that no alteration shall be made in the boundaries of that portion of our territory that will remain, until the Choctaw people are sufficiently progressed in the arts of civilization to become citizens of the States, owning land and homes of their own, on an equal footing with the white people. Then it may be surveyed and the surplus sold for the benefit of the Choctaw people.'

"'That,' said General Jackson, 'is a magnificent arrangement and we consent to it readily.'

'An adjournment of the council was then made until 10 o'clock next day to allow the chiefs and warriors time to discuss the treaty, and the secretary of the commissioners for preparing his big paper, the treaty, ready for the seal.

"Next day at the appointed time the council met and General Hinds, one of the commissioners of the United States, made a long talk to the chiefs and warriors.

"Apushamataha was the speaking chief, and demanded the following additional remuneration:

1st.—'That the United States furnish each of those who chose to go to the new country a good rifle, bullet mould, camp-kettle, one blanket and powder and lead to last one year. Also corn for one year.

2nd.—'Out of the land about to be swapped, fifty-four sections of, a mile square shall be surveyed and sold to the best bidder by the United States for the purpose of raising a fund to support Choctaw schools, all to be placed in the

hands of the President of the United States to be dealt out by him for school purposes only in the Choctaw Nation.

3rd.—“The United States to pay for military services of all the Choctaw warriors during the campaign to Pensacola.

4th.—‘Payment to all having good houses and residing on the ceded territory.’

“All the propositions were agreed to by the United States commissioners. The commissioners first signed the treaty, them Mushulatube, Apukshinubi and Apushimataha, the head chiefs of the upper, middle and lower districts of the Choctaw Nation. Then 100 leaders and warriors signed with their names or x mark. All were pleased and satisfied.

“Apushimataha was then requested to speak. His effort, now on record, would equal Daniel Webster in any of his famous orations.

“He concluded as follows”: ‘I most solemnly declare that on my part the sacred words ‘perpetual friendship,’ included in the last article of the treaty, shall never be violated or suffer the slightest infringement. We have made many treaties with the United States, all conducted in peace and amacably carried out, but this last one, the greatest of all, has been peculiar in its stipulations, giving another and a stronger proof of the fostering care and protecting intentions of the United States toward their Choctaw friends. In all our treaties we have been encouraged by them to institute schools, urging us to prepare ourselves as fast as possible to become citizens and members of that great Nation. In the treaty which has been concluded to-day the subject of schools has been more particularly urged, and appropriations more extensively provided than any other former treaty. The applauding murmurs on that subject have passed through the camps of the Red people. It meets their approbation. They will most certainly succeed. It is a peculiar trait in the Choctaw character, that all the national movements turn out to be successes. I am pleased to hear so many speaking favorably of school institutions. It tells me that they will have them. It is a national sentiment, and I here venture the prediction, for I am considered a sort of a prophet any way, that the time will come, and there are many children and some grown men here to-day, who will live to see it, when the highly improved Choctaw shall hold office in the councils of that great Nation of white people, and in their wars with the Nations of the earth, mixed up in the armies of the white man, the fierce war whoops of the Choctaw warrior shall strike terror and melt the hearts of an invading foe. Mind that; Apushimataha has this day declared it and his words of prophecy are not ut-

tered foolishly. To the chiefs, leaders and warriors of my countrymen I may say: Return to your homes and forget not the words of this great treaty to which so many of you subscribed your names with your white brothers to the same big paper, this bright day. Nuktaniabilia, perpetual friendship, is placed on that paper. You have all agreed to stand to it and manifested your consent by having your names placed on the big paper, where they will remain long after you have all pased away to the good hunting ground.

Nuktaniabilia are corruptions of the whites and are not the Choctaw words for "perpetual friendship." The

Original: Bilihittibaichuffah. Pro. Be-le-ah (for ever) it-tib-ai-ar-chuf-fah (to be one mind) i. e. Perpetual friendship.

How easily could the sentiments and desires expressed by the Choctaw people through their noble chief, have been realized but for that base venality which demanded their country alone and their banishment to the then most inhospitable region then known upon the western continent, in open violation of a thousand as sacred pledges as it is possible for man to make to man. Surely we are not a government of law but of brute force impelled alone by that venality that knows no principle of virtue whatever.

See the low duplicity and misrepresentation adopted by Jackson to mislead Apushamataha, in regard to the country west of the Mississippi River that he was endeavoring to exchange with the Choctaws for a portion of their west; and to-day, after three quarters of a century has past, it stands as a living testimony of the honesty and truthfulness of the noble Choctaw chief. And when he pointed to the white settlers occupying a part of the offered land—mark the threat of Jackson, "I will send my warriors, and, by the eternal, I'll drive them into the Mississippi or make them leave;" which, whatever name Truth and Justice deem it merits, was never executed; and after remaining five years, the quiet of the Choctaws was again disturbed on October 20th, 1825, by the voice of the white man howling in Sinai thunder tones: "More land!" "More land!" Again were they summoned from their peaceful homes by the arbitrary voice of their "Great Father at Washington"—great in the unsurpassed ability of defrauding helpless Indians—to cede to the United States that portion of their land still occupied by the aforesaid settlers that the "truthful" Jackson had sworn "by the eternal" to put into the "Mississippi river or make them leave." The United States got the land, as no doubt, it was apre-arranged plan to keep the whites upon it until the proper time arrived, then take it; therefore, Jackson's "into the

Mississippi" was but a toot of his own horn, understood alone by himself, though deceiving the too confiding Apushamataha. And in ten years after A-push-a-ma-ta-ha had made the treaty of 1820 (the last he ever made) the United States Government had defrauded (the word might be used as can be proven) the Choctaws out of every acre of their country east of the Mississippi. The old hero had died in Washington City six years before, and with him also died: "The time will come when the highly improved Choctaw shall hold office in the councils of that great Nation of white people, and in their wars with the Nations of the earth, mixed up in the armies of the white man, the fierce war whoop of the Choctaw warrior shall strike terror and melt the hearts of an invading foe," and buried so deep down under the dirt and rubbish of the white man's avarice, that left no hope of a resurrection morn.

When stretched in his tent upon his bed of death he said to Jackson standing near:

"Original, 'Illi siah makinli su paknaka ta; pro. Il-lih seah mar-kin-lih soo park-da'kah, ta; signifying, dead I am as soon as me above.

"Original, napoh-chitoh tokahlechih; pro. narn-poh che-toh to-kah-le-chih; sig. guns big shoot off." Which was done according to his request.

Verily "Let Hamlet" also "be his eulogist:"

'How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!

'In form and moving how express and admirable:"

"Let Mark Antony" also "write his epitaph:"

'His life was gentle; and the elements

So mixed in him, that nature might stand up

And say to all the world: This was a man'."

His Motto,

Onward career of duty;

His Canopy,

A conscious rectitude of purpose;

His lamp, truth;

His Motto,

Nil, nil, desperandum. Never, never, despair!

THE CHOCTAW CLAIM.

Ever since the dispute between Texas and the United States commenced concerning the title to Greer county, the Choctaw Nation had two of its ablest men in Washington over-hauling the old treaties and watching the movements of both disputants. The United States by the Doak's Stand

treaty in the autumn of 1820 ceded all its territory to the Choctaws south of the Canadian river to Red river along the western line of the Indian Territory. The Cherokees had been ceded all north of the Canadian. Texas claimed that the Red river mentioned in the treaty of 1819 between the United States and the King of Spain is the north fork of Red river. The United States claimed that the south fork of Red river is the true Red river. This is where the dispute arose.

"Should a future survey be made to determine the questions of boundary lines, and the south fork of Red river be declared the true line, the Choctaw Indians would certainly be the legal owners.

"The map used by General Jackson in the treaty at Doak's Stand was doubtless Melish's of 1818. That map is doubtless on file in the Department of the Interior in Washington settle the controversy. General Jackson promised to make good the lines shown up the map when the speaking chief at the treaty questioned its accuracy.

"The survey, as to how far west the 10th meridian runs has never been made and forty years have passed without the boundary line being known. This is why the Choctaws have never presented their claims to Greer County.

The United States conveyed to the Choctaws, on the 28th of October, 1820, all of their lands west of Arkansas between the Canadian and Red rivers, that was within the limits of the United States at that time; and on the 19th of February, 1821, the United States conveyed a strip off of the west end of the same lands conveyed to the Choctaws by the King of Spain, in an exchange for the then Province of Florida. Hence this claim of the Choctaw Nation on what is now known as Greer County. In 1855, the Choctaw Nation ceded to the United States all their lands, then in their possession lying west of the 100°, for the consideration of \$800,000. Now the Choctaws claim, and justly too, it seems, that they did not make a cession, in 1855, of that portion of the land which the United States sold to the King of Spain, without their consent and for which they have never received a dollar, as it was not in their possession to make a conveyance—it then being in the possession of Spain and thus beyond their jurisdiction.

Thus the United States deal with her Indian Wards, whom she had beguiled into her power.

ARTICLE OF A CONVENTION,

Made and concluded January 20th, 1825, between John C.

Calhoun, Secretary of War, being specially authorized therefor by the President of the United States, and the undersigned chiefs and head men of the Choctaw Nation of Indians, duly authorized and empowered by said Nation, at the City of Washington, on the 20th day of January, 1825,

Whereas, a treaty of friendship, and limits, and accommodation, having been entered into at Doak's Stand, on the 18th of October, 1820, between Andrew Jackson and Thomas Hinds, commissioners on the part of the United States, and the chiefs and warriors of the Choctaw Nation; and,

Whereas, the second article of the treaty aforesaid provides for a cession of lands, west of the Mississippi, to the Choctaw Nation, in part satisfaction for lands ceded by said Nation to the United States, according to the first article of said treaty; and

Whereas, it being ascertained that the cession aforesaid embraces a large number of settlers, citizens of the United States; and it being the desire of the President of the United States to obviate all difficulties resulting therefrom, and also, to adjust other matters in which both the United States and the Choctaw Nation are interested. The following articles have been agreed upon, and concluded, between John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, especially authorized therefor by the President of the United States, on the one part, and the undersigned delegates of the Choctaw Nation; on the other part:

Article 1st.—The Choctaw Nation does hereby cede to the United States all that portion of land ceded to them by the Second Article of the treaty of Doak's Stand, as aforesaid, lying east of a line beginning on the Arkansas, one hundred paces east of Fort Smith, and running thence, due south to Red river; it being understood that the line shall constitute, and remain, the permanent boundary between the United States and the Choctaws; and the United States agreeing to remove such citizens as may be settled on the west side, to the east side of said line, and prevent further settlements from being made on the west thereof.

Article 2nd.—In consideration of the cession aforesaid, the United States do hereby agree to pay the said Choctaw Nation the sum of six thousand dollars annually, forever; it being agreed that the said sum of six thousand dollars shall be applied, for the term of twenty years, under the direction of the President of the United States, to the support of schools in said Nation, and extending to it the benefits of instruction in the mechanic and ordinary arts of life;

when, at the expiration of twenty years, it is agreed that the said annuity may be vested in stocks, or otherwise disposed of, or continued, at the option of the Choctaw Nation.

Article 3rd.—The eighth article of the treaty aforesaid having provided that an appropriation of lands should be made for the purpose of raising six thousand dollars a year for sixteen years, for the use of the Choctaw Nation; and it being desirable to avoid the delay and expense attending the survey and sale of said lands, the United States do hereby agree to pay to the Choctaw Nation, in lieu thereof, the sum of six thousand dollars, annually, for sixteen years, to commence with the present year. And the United States further stipulate and agree to take immediate measures to survey and bring into market, and sell, the fifty-four sections of land set apart by the Seventh Article of the treaty aforesaid, and apply the proceeds in the manner provided by the said Article.

Article 4th.—It is provided by the Ninth Section of the treaty aforesaid, that all those of the Choctaw Nation who have separate settlements, and fall within the limits of the land ceded by the said Nation to the United States, and desire to remain where they now reside, shall be secured in a tract or parcel of land, one mile square, to include their improvements. It is, therefore, hereby agreed, that all who have reservations, in conformity to said stipulation, shall have power, with the consent of the President of the United States, to sell and convey the same in fee simple. It is further agreed, on the part of the United States, that those Choctaws, not exceeding four in number, who applied for reservations, and received the recommendation of the commissioners, as per annexed copy of said recommendation shall have the privilege, and the right is hereby given to them, to select, each of them, a portion of land, not exceeding a mile square, anywhere within the limits of the cession of 1820, where the land is not occupied or disposed of by the United States; and the right to sell and convey the same, with the consent of the President, in fee simple, is hereby granted.

Article 5th.—There being a debt due by individuals of the Choctaw Nation to the late United States trading house on the Tombigbee, the United States hereby agree to relinquish the same; the delegation, on the part of their Nation, agreeing to relinquish their claim upon the United States, to send a factor with goods to supply the wants of the Choctaws west of the Mississippi, as provided for by the Sixth Article of the treaty aforesaid.

Article 6th.—The Choctaw Nation having a claim upon

the United States for services rendered in the Pensacola campaign, and for which it is stipulated in the Eleventh Article of the treaty aforesaid, that payment shall be made, but which has been delayed for the want of proper vouchers, which it has been found, as yet, impossible to obtain; the United States, to obviate the inconvenience of further delay, and to render justice to the Choctaw warriors for their services in that campaign, do hereby agree upon an equitable settlement of the same and the sum of fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-two dollars and fifty cents; which, from the muster rolls, and other evidence in the possession of the third auditor, appears to be about the probable amount due, for the services aforesaid, and which sum shall be immediately paid to the delegation, to be distributed by them to the chiefs and warriors of their Nation, who served in the campaign aforesaid, as may appear to them to be just.

Article 7th.—It is further agreed, that the Fourth Article of the treaty aforesaid, shall be so modified, as that the Congress of the United States shall not exercise the power of apportioning the lands, for the benefit of each family, or individual, of the Choctaw Nation, and of bringing them under the laws of the United States, but with the consent of the Choctaw Nation.

Article 8th.—It appearing that the Choctaws have various claims against the citizens of the United States, for spoliations of various kinds, but which they have not been able to support by testimony of white men, as they were led to believe was necessary, the United States, in order to a final settlement of all such claims, do hereby agree to pay to the Choctaw delegation, the sum of two thousand dollars, to be distributed by them in such way, among the claimants, as they may deem equitable. It being understood that this provision is not to affect such claims as may be properly authenticated, according to the provisions of the act of 1802.

Article 9th.—It is further agreed that, immediately upon the notification of this treaty, or as soon thereafter as may be practicable, an agent shall be appointed for the Choctaws west of the Mississippi, and a blacksmith be settled among them in conformity with the stipulation contained in the Sixth Article of the treaty of 1820.

Article 10th. The chief Puckshenubbee, (original, Apuk-shiubih) one of the members of the delegation, having died on his journey to see the Pres. and Robert Cole recommended by the delegation as his successor, it is here agreed, that the said Robert Cole shall receive the medal which appertains to the office of chief, and, also, an annuity from the

United States of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, during his natural life, as was received by his predecessor.

Article 11th.—The friendship heretofore existing between the United States and the Choctaw Nation, is hereby renewed and perpetuated.

Article 12th.—These articles shall take effect, and become obligatory on the contracting parties so soon as the same shall be ratified by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

In testimony whereof, the said John C. Calhoun, and the said delegates of the Choctaw Nation, have hereunto set their hands, at the city of Washington, the 20th day of June, 1825.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Corrupted: Mooshulatubbee, his x mark. Original: Mosholihubih.

ROBERT COLE, his x mark.

DANIEL MCCURTAIN, his x mark.

TUSHKA ANUMPULI SHALI his x mark,

Pro. Tush-kah (warrior) Shah-lih (messenger.)

RED FORT, his x mark.

Corrupted: Nittuckachie, his x mark. Original: Nitak (a, as ah) a chih—To suggest the day.

DAVID FOLSOM.

J. C. McDONALD, Talkative warrior.

According to traditional authority, the morning star of the Choctaws' religious era, (if such it may be termed) first lit up their eastern horizon, upon the advent of the two great Wesleys into the now State of Georgia in the year 1733, as the worthy and congenial companions of the noble Oglethorpe; but also, it flashed but a moment before their eyes as a beautiful meteor, then as quickly went out upon the return to England of those champions of the Cross, leaving them only to fruitless conjecture as to its import; nor was seen again during the revolutions of eighty-five long and weary years. Though tradition affirms, there were several missionaries (Roman Catholic) among the Choctaws in 1735; and that the Reverend Father Baudouin, the actual superior general of the mission resided eighteen years among the Choctaws. With these two above named exceptions, I have seen no record of the White Race ever manifesting any interest in the southern Indians' welfare either of a temporal or spiritual nature, from the earliest trading posts established among them in 1670 by the Virginia and Carolina traders, down through slowly revolving years to that of 1815; at which time may be dated the establishment of the first Protestant mission among the southern Indians. This mission, which was named Brainard, was established among the Cherokees.

by Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, under the jurisdiction of the Old School Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in Boston, Massachusetts, who arrived in that Nation, in company with his assistant laborers, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, January 13th, 1815.

In 1818, Mr. Kingsbury, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, left Brainard in the charge of Rev. Daniel S. Buttrick (who arrived there January 4th, 1818, and remained as a missionary among the Cherokees until 1847, when his health failing, he went to Dwight Mission also in the Cherokee Nation, where he died June 8th, 1851) and arrived in the Choctaw Nation near the last of June, 1818, and established a mission in a vast forest of lofty trees, three miles south of Yello Busha, a river (corruption from the Choctaw words: Yaloba aiasha; Tadpoles abounding) and about thirty miles above its junction with the Yazoo, (corruption of the Choctaw word Yoshuba—pro. as Yoh-shu-bah, and sig. Lost), and 400 miles distant from Brainard, which he named Elliot, in honor of the Rev. John Elliot, that distinguished missionary among the Indians of the New England States.

They went from Brainard to the Tennessee river, seven miles distant, by private conveyance, and there went by way of a boat, which had been engaged to carry them to the Muscle Shoals. A wagon was also placed upon the boat, by which they went from Muscle Shoals to the Chickasaw agency, two hundred miles away, where they abandoned the wagon, and crossed the country on horseback, directed alone by little paths that led through thickets and canebrakes, and safely arrived at the Yalobaiasha settlement, where they were hospitably received by Capt. Perry, (a half breed) and many native families. On the following Sabbath Mr. Kingsbury held a religious meeting and proclaimed salvation through the Son of God, for the first time ever proclaimed in the Choctaw Nation by the Protestant minister. Capt. Perry also supplied them with a house until they were able to build for themselves.

In June, 1818, Moses Jewell and wife, John Kanouse and wife, and Peter Kanouse left New York for New Orleans, and reached the Choctaw Nation, in the following August. The first tree for the establishment of the Mission was felled on August the 15th, 1818.

The Choctaws seemed to comprehend the benevolent designs of the missionaries and received them with every manifestation of friendship and good will; though some misapprehension was indicated owing to the debased lives of the white men (without a single white woman), with whom the

Choctaws had long associated, as true representatives of the White Race in toto.

Soon after came A. V. Williams (brother of L. S. Williams, who came with Cyrus Kingsbury) and Miss Varnum and Miss Chase, whom Mr. Kingsbury met in New Orleans, and there married Miss Varnum, with whom he had been under matrimonial engagement before he entered the mission. They all returned to Elliot in February, 1819; then a mission church was organized on the last Sabbath of the following March, and the Lord's supper administered—the first ever witnessed in the Choctaw Nation. Ten persons composed the number of that church (all connected with the mission), and the ten partook of that supper—a strange and incomprehensible scene to the Choctaws, who gazed at the novel sight with unassumed wonder.

Within ten months from the time Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Williams and Mrs. Williams arrived at the Ya-lo-ba-ai-sha settlement, seven log houses had been erected and completed, the largest 20x22, and the smallest, 12x16; and also, had nearly completed a mill, stable and store-house, and had nearly prepared timber enough for a school house, kitchen, and dining-room, and had sawed by hand 9,000 feet of cypress and poplar plank with which to make furniture, floors, doors, &c., the principal labor of all which was done by employed Choctaws directed by the missionaries—so eager were they to assist their white friends who had come to live among them and bless them by their benevolent teachings; and before the school house was completed, eight children, through a false rumor that the school was opened, were brought over 160 miles to be entered. And thus the mission, without a school house, and also pressed by a great scarcity of provisions, was greatly perplexed; since, if the children were rejected, an unfavorable impression would be the inevitable result, and if they were received, those in the neighborhood would claim their equal rights to the same favor. However, it was resolved, upon due reflection, to receive them as the less of the two evils, and a little cabin was appropriated for a school house, and the school opened on the 19th of April, 1819, with ten pupils.

On the first of August, 1819, the mission was strengthened by the arrival of Dr. Pride and Isaac Fish, who was a farmer and blacksmith. Shortly after, the Choctaws convened in national council, and which, Mr. Kingsbury, through earnest solicitation of the Choctaws, attended. The subject of schools was discussed during the session of the council, in which Mr. Kingsbury took part, and among the other things suggested, also proposed that all who desired to have a school

established among them should signify that desire by subscribing money, or live stock, as they preferred. At once a subscription was opened in the council, and a considerable amount of money was subscribed; Apakfohlichihubi (sig. One who encircles to kill), the ruling chief, giving \$200 of the same, while others gave 90 cows and calves, with the promise of as many more yearly, which was faithfully fulfilled; and thus the mission was, at once, amply stocked with cattle. A farm was soon opened and every effort made to prepare for the reception and accommodation of as many pupils as might seek to enter the school.

The Chickasaws, learning of the school, made application for their children to attend the school, also, to which the Choctaw chiefs, though knowing that the children of the applicants of their own nation could not all be accommodated, finally give their consent, fearing if they refused they would wound the feelings of their Chickasaw friends, but with the following proviso: That all Chickasaw children whose father or mother were Chickasaws, would be received into the school, and no others. Such was the zeal manifested for schools and churches among the Choctaws, from the opening of the first to the closing of the last, when despoiled of their ancient homes and driven to seek others in the distant west.

Soon after the opening of the school a deep gloom threw its dark mantle over the mission in the sudden and unexpected killing of aged Chickasaw woman, named Illichih (pro. as Illich-ih, and sig. to cause to die,) and who lived about two miles from Elliot with a son (20 years of age) two daughters and two little grand-daughters, and had endeared herself to the missionaries by her many acts of kindness and much valuable assistance. The tragic affair happened thus:

A Choctaw girl, who lived about thirty miles distant, came, a short time before Mr. Kingsbury arrived, to visit some friends living near where Elliot was located. The girl was taken sick, and an old Choctaw woman—a conjuring doctress—proposed to cure her. She was at once employed in the case. After giving her patient a variety of root and herb decoctions, internally and also externally applied for several days, at the same time chanting her incantations and going through her wild ceremonies over and around her patient, she pronounced the girl convalescent and would recover; the father was duly informed of the happy change, and came to take his daughter home; he remunerated the apparently successful physician by giving her a pony, and retired for the night intending to start for home with his daughter the next day; but during the night, the daughter suddenly became worse and expired in 24 hours. It was at

once decided that her sudden demise was the result of a *isht-ul-bih* (witch ball) shot from an invisible rifle in the hands of a witch. Without delay her physician was consulted, who pronounced *Illichih* to be the witch who had shot the fatal bullet. Immediately the father with several other men, all armed, went to the home of *Illichih* and entered her cabin. She displayed her hospitality, so universal among all Indians, by setting before them the best she had; and after they had partaken of her scanty refreshments, the father suddenly sprang to his feet and, seizing her by the hair, cried out, "*Huch-ish-no fiopa uno chumpa; aholh-kun-na chish-o yokut, cha ish ai illih, (your life I bought; a witch you are, and must die.)*" To which *Illichih*, realizing her inevitable doom, calmly replied: "*Chomi holubih, cha ish moma yimmih*" (others lie, and you all believe.") In a moment she was stretched upon the floor a bleeding corpse.

When her son, who was absent from home at the time of the tragedy, returned, his feelings may be imagined but not described. He at once hastened to the missionaries, for whom he had often worked, and told them his tale of woe. Mr. Kingsbury immediately went to the tragic scene of death. He found the mangled corpse of his old friend lying upon the floor, partially covered with a blanket, with the two daughters and grand-daughters sitting around it in the deepest grief, and their wailings but feebly expressed the anguish of their hearts. Mr. Kingsbury had a coffin made, and the missionaries, with the five children, laid poor *Illichih* in her humble grave, there to await the resurrection morn. The missionaries performed religious ceremonies at the grave, and after they had placed the coffin in its last resting place, the relatives and friends of the deceased placed all her clothing and the little money she possessed, and her bedding, upon the coffin and filled up the grave—an ancient custom of the Choctaws, as well as of all North American Indians, who believed their deceased friends will have need of those things in the world beyond the grave.

Does the reader exclaim in indignant horror at the slaying of *Illichih*, "What inhuman wretches!" But be not too hasty in your judgment and condemnation of the acts of the then unenlightened Choctaws; but remember our professed civilized and Christian ancestors—the "Pilgrim Fathers"—stand to-day guilty of the same charge, but sixty fold more culpable (professing what they did) than the Choctaws; for, as soon as the Choctaws had been instructed in the impropriety and sinfulness of killing any one for witchcraft, no life was ever afterwards sacrificed to avenge the death of a bewitched relative or friend.

On the following Sabbath after the tragic death of Il-lich-ih, Mr. Kingsbury preached from the appropriate text, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitation of cruelty." He spoke fearlessly but calmly to his Choctaw audience of the errors and wickedness of their superstitions, and the abhorrence of the Great Spirit in the slaying of their own people through the belief that they are witches, who listened in profound silence and with the deepest attention; and though a few old women in the Yalobaaiaasha district fell as sacrifices before the superstition of witchcraft, after the establishment of the Elliot mission, yet by the influence and exertions of the missionaries the horrible practice was soon forever stopped. Though they believed that there were white witches also, yet they never attempted to kill a white witch, upon the grounds that the whites eat so much salt, that a witch ball fell harmless when shot against an Indian by a white witch.

But the kindness and interest displayed by the missionaries to and for Il-lich-ih quickly spread over the country, and so won the respect and confidence of the Choctaws that all who were in affliction sent for one or more of them; and also manifested great interest in their teachings and anxiety for the success of all improvements both in churches and schools, as suggested by those men and women of God.

But alas, it is a melancholy and lamentable truth that the most that the North American Indians (everywhere over this continent) have learned from the whites, the missionaries alone excepted, has been, and still continues to be, that of their follies and vices. One of the follies so incomprehensible to the ancient Choctaws was, and still is, that one day, near the close of each year, should be devoted by the "pale-faces" to eating and drinking, dancing and frolicking, carousing and fighting, called Christmas;—incomprehensible; since so inconsistent with what the missionaries taught them what the Bible reasons for rejoicing were, and in what way they should be expressed to please God, as the advent of his Son to earth to redeem man and bring him back from the paths of sin and folly to those of virtue and righteousness.

In 1820, Mr. Kingsbury started from Elliot for the purpose of establishing a mission near the It-oom bih river, and arrived at the home of David Folsom, sixty miles distant, and then known by the name of "Puch-i A-nu-si," (pro. as Push-ih (Pigeon) Ar-noos-ih (Sleep) or Pigeon Roost) from the vast numbers of that beautiful bird that formerly roosted there. There Mr. Kingsbury secured the voluntary assistance of Colonel Folsom to assist him in the selection of a proper situation for the contemplated mission; after the sec-

ond day's travel they reached Major John Pitchlynn's—a white man who, by marrying a Choctaw woman, had been adopted by the Choctaws according to their custom, and who, at that time, was acting as interpreter for the United States Government, and, in conjunction with Colonel Folsom and others, was a zealous advocate of the civil and religious improvement of his people; while both expressed the utmost gratitude to Mr. Kingsbury for his interest manifested toward their people, and the bright prospect of the Choctaws' future as presented by the missionaries in schools and their preaching among and in behalf of their long neglected people.

Alas, how great the contrast between John Pitchlynn, Nathaniel Folsom, Henry Nail, Lewis LeFlore, John Colbert, and others, who over a century ago, voluntarily united themselves to the fortunes of the Choctaws in toto, standing firmly and fearlessly to the interest of that appreciative people through their hopes and fears, joys and sorrows.

After many days riding over the country, Mr. Kingsbury, Col. Folsom, and Major Pitchlynn selected a place for the mission station on a high point overlooking a grand prairie towards the south and west, and on the south banks of a stream flowing into a stream now known as Tibi (corruption of the Choctaw word *It-tib-ih*—to fight or having fought), where they at once erected a camp, preparatory to the establishment of the missionary station—to which Mr. Kingsbury gave the name Mayhew. A log cabin or two were soon erected by the aid of the neighboring Choctaws, also a garden and cornfield opened and planted, when Mr. Kingsbury retraced his steps to Elliot and safely arrived there March 29th.

Soon the news of the establishment of another station, and the opening of another school, echoed and re-echoed throughout the Nation with astonishing rapidity; and applications were immediately made from various parts of the Nation for stations and schools also. And to prove the sincerity of their applications, councils were held, and appropriations were made in various parts of the Nation, for churches, schools, blacksmith shops, etc., and in 1820, annuities were appropriated to these objects to the amount of six thousand dollars annually to run for sixteen years. These annuities were for large tracts of land sold by the Choctaws to the United States. Their country was at that time divided into three districts, know as the western, north-eastern, and southern; called Upper Towns, Lower Towns, and Six Towns. Each district had a ruling chief, and each

town a subordinate chief, captain, and warriors, who managed the local affairs of the people. Elliot was located in the western district, over which, at that time, Pushamataha (Ori. A-num-pah-ish-tarn-yah-ub-ih, a messenger of death) was the ruling chief; Mayhew, in the north eastern, over which Puckshenubbee (Orig A-piurk-fo-lich-ihub-ih To encircle and kill) was the chief and A-mb-sho-lihub-ih of the southern.

About this time (1820) the mumps followed by the measles desolated many families and even towns and villages in different parts of the nation, owing to the ignorance of the Choctaws concerning the nature of the new diseases and their proper treatment.

In the same year Apakfohlichihubih and Amosholihubih, with seven other chiefs, visited Elliot and were highly elated at the progress of the pupils, and exhorted the children in strains of native eloquence to learn the teachings of the Holisso Holitopa (pro. as Ho-lis-soh Ho-le-to-pah, and sig. Book Holy (Bible), which told them how to be good. In a social conversation with Amosholihubih while at Elliot, Mr. Kingsbury referred to the evils resulting to his people by the use of whiskey; after listening attentively for some time, he replied: "I never can talk with you good missionaries without hearing something about the drunkenness and laziness of the Choctaws. I wish I had traveled over the white man's country; then I would know whether my people are worse than every other people. But I am determined it shall no longer be thus said. I will summon a council, have a big talk and stop the whiskey; for I am tired of hearing my people called every where lazy and drunkards." He was as good as his word. The council was convened; the "big talk" had, and the whiskey banished from the Choctaw Nation, and kept away, until the Mississippi Legislature in 1830 abrogated their laws, and turned, by the hand of arbitrary power, the corrupting and devastating channel of Whiskey river into their country, as the quickest means of securing their remaining lands, knowing their horror of the white man's laws with his whiskey as the protector and sustainer of human "Personal Liberty."

Early in the year 1820, an English traveller from Liverpool, named Adam Hodgson, who had heard of the Elliot mission when at home, visited the mission, though he had to turn from his main route of travel the distance of sixty miles. He, at one time on his sixty miles route, employed a Choctaw to conduct him ten or twelve miles on his new way, which he did, then received his pay and left him to finish his journey alone. Of this Choctaw guide Mr. Hodgson, as an example of noble benevolence and faithful trust, states:

"After going about a mile, where we became confused in regard to the correct direction and were halting upon two opinions, my guide suddenly and unexpectedly appeared at my side, and pointed in the direction I should go, as he could not talk English. I thanked him and again we parted; but again becoming confused by a diverging path, half a mile distant, as suddenly and unexpectedly, appeared again my guide who had still been, silently and unobserved, watching my steps. Again he set me right, and made signs that my course lay directly toward the sun, and then disappeared;" and by carefully keeping the course as directed by the Choctaw, Mr. Hodgson safely reached the mission, where he was warmly received by the missionaries. Yet the Indian is still called a savage, who "cannot be educated out of his savagery." God pity such ignorance, and forgive their duplicity in assuming to be enlightened Christians, and yet seek to hand down to the latest posterity a part of God's created intelligences—the Red Race—as beings incapable of being "educated out of their savagery."

Mr. Hodgson was duly introduced to the members of the mission, and then to the school of native American pupils, and expressed his surprise as well as heartfelt gratification with the account the teachers gave of the uncommon facility with which they acquired knowledge. After remaining a few days, Mr. Hodgson left, and was accompanied several miles on his way to Brainard by Mr. Kingsbury, the missionary station established five years previous, among the Cherokees by Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, as before stated.

Mr. Hodgson, in a letter written shortly after he left Elliot, thus spoke of his interview with Mr. Kingsbury in his own room at Elliot: "A log cabin, detached from the other wooden buildings, in the middle of a boundless forest, in an Indian country, consecrated, if I may be allowed the expression, by standing on missionary ground, and by forming at once the dormitory and the sanctuary of a man of God; it seemed to be indeed the prophet's chamber, with the 'bed and the table, the stool and the candlestick.

"It contained, also, a little book-case, with a valuable selection of valuable books, periodicals, biographical, and devotional; among which I found many an old acquaintance in this foreign land, and which enabled Mr. Kingsbury, in his few moments of leisure, to converse with many, who have long since joined the 'spirits of just men made perfect,' or to sympathize with his fellow-laborers in Staheite, Africa, or Hindoostan. About midnight we became thirsty with talking so much; and Mr. Kingsbury proposed that we

walk to the spring, at a little distance. The night was beautifully serene after the heavy showers of the preceding night; and the coolness of the air, the fresh fragrance of the trees, the deep stillness of the midnight hour, and the soft light which an unclouded moon shed on the log cabins of the missionaries, contrasted with the dark shadows of the surrounding forest, impressed me with feelings which I can never forget." In regard to the mission family, he said: "I was particularly struck with their humility, with their kindness of manner towards one another, and the little attentions which they seemed solicitous to reciprocate. They spoke very lightly of their privations, and of the trials which the world supposes to be their greatest; sensible, as they said, that these are often experienced in at least as great degree, by the soldier, the sailor, or even the merchant.

Yet, in this country these trials are by no means trifling. Lying out for two or three months, in the woods, with their little babes in tents which cannot resist the rain here, falling in torrents such as I never saw in England, within sound of the nightly howling wolves, and occasionally visited by panthers, which have approached almost to the door, the ladies must be allowed to acquire some courage; while, during many season of the year, the gentlemen can not go 20 miles from home (and they are often obliged to go 30 or 40 for provisions) without swimming their horses over four or five creeks. Yet, as all their inconveniences are suffered by others with cheerfulness, from worldly motives, they would wish them suppressed in the missionary reports, if they were not calculated to deter many from engaging as missionaries, under the idea that it is an easy, retired life. Their real trials they stated to consist in their own imperfections, and in those mental maladies, which the retirement of a desert cannot cure. I was gratified by my visit to Elloit, this garden in a moral wilderness; and was pleased with the opportunity of seeing a missionary settlement in its infant state, before the wounds from recent separation from kindred and friends had ceased to bleed, and habit had rendered the missionaries familiar with the peculiarities of their novel situation. The sight of the children also, many of them still in Indian costumes, was most interesting. I could not help imagining, that, before me, might be some Alfred of this western world, the future founder of institutions which are to enlighten and civilize his country, some Choctaw Swartz or Elliot, destined to disseminate the blessings of Christianity from the Mississippi to the Pacific from the Gulf of Mexico to the Frozen sea. I contrasted them in their social, their moral, and their religious conditions, with the

straggling white hunters and their painted faces, who occasionally stare through the windows, or, with the half-naked natives, whom we had seen a few nights before, dancing around their midnight fires, with their tomahawks and scalping knives, rending the air with their fierce war-whoops, or making the woods thrill with their wild yells.

"But they form a still stronger contrast with the poor Indians, whom we had seen on the frontier, corrupted, degraded, debased by their intercourse with English, Irish, or American traders. It was not without emotions, that I parted, in all human probability forever in this world, from my kind and interesting friends, and prepared to return to the tumultuous scenes of a busy world from which, if life be spared, my thoughts will often stray to the sacred solitudes of Yellow Busha, as a source of the most grateful and refreshing recollections."

Soon after Mr. Hodgson left Elliot, a re-enforcement of missionaries arrived at Elliot and Mayhew from Massachusetts, viz: Messrs. Smith, Cushman, Bardwell, with their families, Byington, Hooper, Misses Frisselle and Thacher from Pennsylvania. They travelled together as far as Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where (November 4th, 1820) they took passage on a large flat boat called, at that day, an Ark, and reached the Walnut Hills (now Memphis, Tennessee) about the last of December. There Mr. Cushman and his family, and Mr. Hooper, took a wagon, and safely arrived at Mayhew after being about three weeks upon the road; while Mr. Smith and family and Mr. Byington and Miss Thacher remained on the boat until they reached the mouth of the Yohshu-bah (Yazoo); and Mr. Bardwell and his family and Miss Frisselle remained at the Walnut Hills to look after the interests of the property of the mission, which had been there deposited to await the arrival of the Choctaw packet to carry it to Elliot and Mayhew. But the river rising to such a height as to render it impracticable to travel by water, Mr. Bardwell, after waiting many days for the falling of the river, procured horses upon which he and his family and Miss Frisselle rode to Elliot through the wilderness by the way of little paths alone.

A short time before the arrival of the above mentioned missionaries at Elliot and Mayhew, Mr. Loring S. Williams, who came with Mr. Kingsbury to the Choctaw Nation, travelled over that Nation to learn the views of the Choctaw people in regard to the establishment of churches and schools among them. and whom he found everywhere delighted with the idea. In his travels he visited, among many others, a point on the Old Natchez Trace, (to which I will again refer)

called French Camp, about half way between Elliott and Mayhew where he eventually settled with his family, opened a school and both preached to and taught the Choctaws, and God greatly blessed him in his glorious work.

—In the meantime, Mr. Kingsbury met all their chiefs in a great council near and explained to them the nature and design of the missions being established in the Nation; and to which a chief thus responded: "I be not used to make a talk before white man, but when my heart feel glad, me can say it. Me and my people have heard your talk before, but never understand this business so well as now, that the missionaries work for CHOCTAWS WITHOUT PAY; that they leave their homes, and all for good of Choctaws. We are ignorant. We know when day come, and when night come. That be all they know."

Thus was manifested the eagerness of those ancient Choctaws, as well as all their race from the days of Elliot, the early Apostle to the Red man of North America, down to Cyrus Kingsbury, the Apostle of the Choctaws; and thus it would have been down to the present day, but for the interference with and pulling down the labors of those men of God, by the hands of those white men of the devil, whose howls are heard from the centre to circumference of the land, even this day, "Open up to white settlement! Open up to white settlement!"

But now missions began to be established in various parts of the Choctaw Nation; and now was also seen the long closed gates of an age of moral and intellectual darkness, through which even the wing of conjecture is unable to explore in its flight, swinging open to the first echo of the approaching footsteps of those pioneers of the Cross bearing and bringing the glad tidings of peace and good will to the Choctaws, and commending the religion of Jesus Christ to them, not more by their learning than by their life; and of each of whom, both men and women, it truly might be said, Israelites "in whom there is no guile." But the ever watchful and closely observing Choctaws at once learned to justly appreciate the simple beauty of such lives as theirs, never before seen nor even heard of, in all their knowledge of and intercourse with the White Race. Consequently, they held them in great respect and reverence; and even to this day, though all have passed from their toils below to their rewards above, Mr. Cyrus Kingsbury, the last of that noble little band of Christian heroes and heroines, dying June 27th, 1871, aged 83 years, 7 months and 4 days, while their names live in the memory of the present generation of the Choctaws; since, in all the years of their long lives of labor and love

among them, they did them no wrong, but only good, and thus proving themselves to be their real friends and benefactors, who came to them, not with soldiers and guns as their emblems of peace, friendship and good will, but with the Bible alone by whose doctrines universal friendship, peace and brotherhood may be successfully and permanently established among all man-kind, of all nations and of every tongue; and was successfully and permanently established between the missionaries and the Indians every where upon the North American continent, from the first sermon preached to them by John Elliot down the flight of years to the last sermon preached to them by Cyrus Kingsbury. A truth incontrovertible, too, clear too certain to admit of dispute. And had the love of God and one veneration of his precepts, as set forth in the Bible, governed the American people in all their dealings with the Indians, as did those early missionaries to that noble race of God's created intelligences, they would, long since, have been a part and parcel of our nationality filling their nook and corner of our confederacy with gloriously redeemed manhood and womanhood that would to-day triumphantly stand the scrutiny and verdict of the civilized and Christian world. But alas, we tried to force upon them the falsehood that they were inferior beings, and justly failed; and will ever fail so long as a North American Indian lives to hurl the idiotic notion back into our teeth, though the howls of the modern idiots, who still strive to diabolify the noble but unfortunate Red Race, disturb the quiet of earth with "No good Indian but a dead Indian," "Once an Indian, always an Indian" exterminate the red skins; shoot down the "bucks as rabid wolves," followed by the doxology upon that "Harp a of thousands strings." "Open up their few remainidg acres of land to settlement for the children of the Lord."

Many parents and friends attended the closing exercises of the first session of the Mayhew school, and were delighted at the improvement of the children, and the day was a happy one both to parents and pupils. Amasholih'ubih, accompanied by many of his chieftains and warriors, also attended the examination, and made the following remarks to the school: "Such a thing was not known here when I was a boy. I had heard of it, but did not expect to see it. I rejoice that I have lived to see it. You must mind your teachers, and learn all you can. I hope I shall live to see our councils filled with the boys who are now in this school, and that you will then know much more thah we know and do much better than we do." And he did live to see it. All returned to their homes highly pleased. At the opening of the

next session of the school, Amosholih'ubih brought two of his sons and a nephew to enter the school: also an aged Choctaw man brought his grandson and daughter to enter the school, and said to Mr. Kingsbury: "I now give them to you, to take them by the hand and heart, and hold them fast. I will now only hold them by the end of their fingers."

To the examination at Mayhew in 1822, many Choctaws came from a long distance, and the whole Nation, from centre to circumference, seemed awake upon the subject of improvement, morally, intellectually, and religiously. But alas, the devil was not asleep, but secretly busy in trying to thwart the good efforts of both the Choctaws and missionaries, by influencing his abandoned white subjects, who had fled from the religious restraints of their homes in the States, to misrepresent the designs of the missionaries, and, in a few instances, succeeded in inducing parents to take their children from under the care and instruction of the schools. But many Choctaws came the distance of 70 miles to learn the truth of the reports; and, as might be expected, returned satisfied of their falsity, and better pleased with the missionaries, their churches and schools, than ever before; and thus was the devil and his white subjects gloriously defeated in their nefarious designs.

Soon after, a brother of Captain Cole (who died ten or twelve miles east of Atoka in the present Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, in the year 1884, at the advanced age of nearly four score and ten years) sent five children to school, and a few months later sent another, but the school was so crowded that the sixth could not be admitted, and for causes not known, the father sent and took away the five who manifested the greatest sorrow in having to leave the school. But Captain Cole, after more room had been provided, sent a petition with the signature of himself and eight chiefs urging the propriety of returning all the six children to the school; and not only the six were returned, but also six others, besides application for two others, one of whom was his son, whom he gave to the missionaries, with the words: "I want him to remain with you until he obtains a good education, if it takes TEN years."

Mrs. Kingsbury died at Mayhew, on the 15th day of September, 1822, and was buried in the Mayhew cemetery—a true and self-sacrificing Christian woman, who gave up all for the sake of assisting to lead the Red man of North America into the fold of her Divine Master. Her noble husband's body rests from its earthly labors, in a Choctaw cemetery near Old Boggy Depot, Indian Territory, among the people he loved so well, and for whose good he labored so faithfully

for 53 long and eventful years. She left two little boys, Cyrus and John, the last mentioned also lies in the same cemetery near the grave of his noble father; the former, if alive, I know not where he is. The last I heard of him, (years ago) he was living in Iowa. Both were the playmates of my childhood's years, never to be forgotten.

Ah! How those names stir the memories that still cluster around my early youth! We were five missionary boys, Cyrus and John, my two brothers and myself, all playmates at that age when we felt that we were "monarchs of all we survey" and truly we reigned right royally. But with added years came the truth that the world was not so eagerly moulded to our wishes, for life soon taught its realities to us as to all poor humanity whose days are full of sorrow, and lives but a span. But it rests me, to pause, here and there, in the midst of hurry and care, to sit in this my angle-nook, among the present Choctaws Indian Territory, and ponder o'er the joys of by-gone days, when I was a fifth part of the happy, boyhood group that each day gathered together in the long ago. How well I remember it, and how warm my heart grows at the thought. The cold adamant wall that has enclosed me in my contact with a busy and seemingly heartless world crumbles to dust and falls away, leaving me again a tender, confiding, loving boy. Ah! That beautiful long ago! when I received earth as full of sunshine without alloy, and sweet song without a discordant note.

Those were days wherein the world seemed to have reached its perfection; days, when all things seemed in unison with harmony, as if Nature would indulge her offspring; when all things, animate and inanimate, seemed to give signs of satisfaction and contentment; and even the horses and cattle, scattered here and there in little groups, some reposing on the green sward and others grazing around, seemed to be indulging in tranquil thoughts. Ah! the memory of those days makes me long once more to throw myself into the arms of loving Nature, as in the days of yore; but not as she smiles in well-trimmed woody groves or in cultivated fields of grain; but Nature, as she was in that age when creation was complete and unadorned by human hand. Yes, I would go again, even in this my life's far decline—back to the land whereof none then the history knew; back even to the Red man, whom I am not ashamed to own I love; to whom civilized vice was then unknown; where on every side stretched away on illimitable forest scarcely to be distinguished in the shadows of night from the hills beyond; while the flowing streamlet, here and there, clearly gleamed through the open glades as the ripple of night breeze gently

stirred the forest leaves. But if you, whose eyes may some day fall upon these, my written thoughts, I pray you persevere, since what I may have to tell you may not be without interest, as I have not told it before nor will I again.

Though the death of Mrs. Kingsbury was a great bereavement and trial to Mr. Kingsbury, yet he faltered not in the cause of his Divine Master among his loved Choctaws. But two weeks after he started upon a long journey in the southern part of the nation to find suitable points for establishing churches and schools among the Choctaws, that their children might receive an education near home, and also relieve the missions from all expenses except that of the support of teachers. After several days travel, he arrived at the home of the celebrated chiefs of the Choctaws, Apushamatahahubih, where he met Mr. Jewell; thence, they journeyed together to a point one hundred miles distant, called by the Choctaws Oktak Falaiah (Ok-tark, (Prairie), Far-lai-ah (Long.)) There they laid the foundations for the establishment of a school, which was afterwards named Emmaus, and was near the line between Mississippi and Alabama. At Oktak Falaiah they made the acquaintance of Henry Nail, an aged white man, who had been adopted by the Choctaws by his marriage, many years before, to a Choctaw woman. He told Mr. Kingsbury and Jewell that he had twelve children living and one dead. He was a chief among the Choctaws for many years, and is the progenitor of the Nail family among the Choctaws. But I will speak of him again more definitely. Thence the two missionaries, in company with Joel Nail, a son of Henry Nail, who lived near his father with a wife and several small children, went to Okla Hunnali pro. Ok-lah (people) Hun-nar-lih, (Six). While en route, they unexpectedly came upon a large company of Choctaws assembled for a ball play. As soon as they ascertained that one of the white men was "Na-sho-ba-An-o-wa, (Nar-sho-bah, (Wolf), Arn-o-wah (Walking) (a name given to Mr. Kingsbury by the Choctaws, though one foot was badly deformed by the cut of a scythe when a boy) of whom they had heard, they postponed their ball play, and both chiefs and warriors gathered at once around him, and urgently solicited him to give them "a talk" about schools. He willingly complied, while they listened with the deepest interest and in profound silence to his propositions, and manifested unassumed joy at the prospect of a school. Mr. Kingsbury then bade them a friendly adieu, and the three continued their journey thence to Okla Hunnali, which comprised six clans, and contained 2164 inhabitants.

Aboha Kullo Humma, (pro. Ar-bo-hah') (House) Kullo

(strong) Humma (red) or, in our phraseology—(Strong red house—but in the Choctaw, Red Fort) was the chief of Okla Hunnali. The clans of the Choctaws were all perpetuated in the female line. When a man married, he was adopted into the family of his wife, and her brothers had more authority over her children than her husband; therefore, when a lover wished to marry a girl, he consulted her uncles, and if they consent to the marriage, the father and mother approved. Those of the same clan were never allowed to intermarry. A Choctaw regarded marrying a girl of his own clan with the same horror as the white man did to marry his own sister; and equally so did the Choctaw girl.

Aboha Kullo Humma was highly elated at the proposition of Mr. Kingsbury to establish a school among his clans, or people; and earnestly importuned Mr. Kingsbury to establish two in his district; and such were his pleadings that Mr. Kingsbury finally agreed to write a letter to the Prudential Committee, to solicit more teachers, and Aboha Kullo Humma also wrote a letter, and sent it with Mr. Kingsbury's, a true copy of which I here insert:

SIX TOWNS, Choctaw Nation, October 18th, 1822.

BROTHERS:

"The first law I have made is, that when my warriors go over the line among the white people, and buy whiskey, and bring it into the Nation to buy up the blankets, and guns, and horses of the Red people, and get them drunk; the whiskey is to be destroyed. The whiskey drinking is wholly stopped among my warriors. The Choctaw women sometimes killed their infants, when they did not want to provide for them. I have made a law to have them punished, that no more children be killed."

This law had actually been passed and was then in full force, as had been exemplified in the case of a woman who had been tried and convicted for killing her infant, a short time prior to Mr. Kingsbury's visit to Okla Hunnali. She was tied to a tree and whipped by the officers of justice until she fainted; and not only the woman was whipped, but her husband also received the same punishment for not restraining his wife in the destruction of the child. But thus continues Aboha Kullo Humma.

"The Choctaws formerly stole hogs and cattle, and killed and ate them. I have organized a company of faithful warriors to take every man who steals, and tie him to a tree, and give him thirty-nine lashes."

This law of punishing theft by whipping has never been repealed; but has been amended to this extent, and so stands

to-day—being fifty lashes on the bare back for the first theft; a hundred for the second, and death by the rifle for the third.

“The Choctaws have, sometimes, run off with each other’s wives. We have now made a law, that those who do so, shall be whipped thirty-nine lashes; and if a woman runs away from her husband with another man, she is also to be whipped in the same manner. The number of men, women, and children in the Six Towns, is 2164. I want the good white people to send men and women to get up a school in my district; I want them to do it quick, for I am growing old and want to see the good work before I die. We have always been passed by. Other parts of the Nation have schools; we have not; we have made the above laws because we wish to follow the ways of the white people. We hope they will assist us in getting our children educated. This is the first time I write a letter. Last fall the first time we make laws, I say no more. I have told my wants: I hope you will not forget me.” “ABOHA KULLO HUMMA.”

It is a truth, though unknown to thousands, yet contradicted by thousands who do know it that, from an unwillingness to admit anything which the truth of a desire in the Indians to become a civilized and Christian people, Aboha Kullo Humma’s letter expressed the true sentiments of every tribe of North American Indians, to whom the missionaries have gone, from the days of the missionary Elliot down the flight of years to the present. Instead of the bread of eternal life for which they so earnestly pleaded, except the few crumbs the devoted and self-sacrificing missionaries gave them, we have given them leaden bullets; while the iron wheel of our merciless venality rolled over them, and still rolls on like a juggernaut crushing them by turns, some quickly, and some later on, to us it mattered not, so in the end all were crushed, and we go in to take their long coveted land; though they fled hither and thither, and plead for mercy, yet the appeal was vain, for the blind fury of our avarice (deaf as the adder) still thunders on only to stop, it seems, when the last of the Red Race shall be numbered with the past and our cup of iniquity be full, that the God of justice may write against us—Tekel, that our ship of State may also go down in the vortex caused by the sinking of theirs.

From 1822, to the time they were dispossessed of every foot of their ancient domains, and driven away to a then wilderness, the schools increased in numbers, and the ordinances of religion were augmented, and a deeper interest manifested every where over their country—never witnessed before; as they, previous to that time, had had intercourse with the debased of the White Race, by whom they had been

taught in the school of vice, and nothing but vice: therefore the North American Indians have been accused, from first to last, of having no conception of an over-ruling providence—the Creator of all things, and an effort has been made to sustain the charge in that they believed in the supernatural power of their rain-makers, their fair-weather-makers, and the incantations of their doctors. But the charge is utterly false. 'Tis true, they relied on their rain-makers, fair-weather-makers and the conjuring of their doctors, through the belief that, by prayer and supplication, those personages had been endowed with supernatural powers by the Great Spirit, (their God and ours), in whom all Indians believed, and with greater veneration than the whites, and I defy successful contradiction. They sought the aid of the rainmakers, doctors, &c, just as we do the prayers of our preachers in behalf of our sick, and for our rain, etc. Now, whatmore did or do the Red Race than the White? Nothing. Yet the Indians must be called infidels; though there are today, and always have been, ten thousand white ifidels to one Indian, and always will be. The Indians have also been called savage, and are still so called, because he suffered himself to be tortured with fear and anxiety in the belief of the existence of witches and ghosts, and that many were slain because they were believed to deal in witchcraft. But say you, "Remember Illichih!" I do; but also point you back to Cotton Mather. The slayers of poor Illichih knew nothing of the injunctions of the Bible, and were called savages; but Cotton Mather was an expounder of the Bible, and his adherents the professed believers of its teachings, but he and they are called Christians. Now judge ye, (if ye can do so impartially) if "savage" is recorded in heaven against the slayers of Illichih, is "Christian" also recorded there against the slayers of those charged with witchcraft in Massachusetts? Is it just that the North American Indians alone must still be held up to view by the stigmatizing name Savage, though years ago, they freed themselves, as a people, of all such nonsense; while thousands of the White Race among the civilized nations, our own included, are to-day the slaves of that most foolish of all foolish superstitions, yet demand to be called civilized and a Christian people?

Mayhew, the second mission established among the Choctaws, as before stated, was located on the eastern border of a magnificent prairie that stretched away to the west and south in billowy undulations presenting a scene of fascinating loveliness unsurpassed, when arrayed in its dress of summer's green, dotted with innumerable flowers of various colors; and the country in all directions for

miles away, was rich in all the boundless extravagance of picturesque beauty, where Nature's most fascinating features everywhere presented themselves carelessly disposed in wild munificence, unimproved, and indeed unimprovable by the hand of art. Truly the lovely situation of that mission is still fresh in memory, though more than a half century has passed away; and to-day, as of that long ago, the eye of memory sees the far extending prairie on the south and west, and the boundless forests on the north and east, with their hills and vales of romantic loveliness, and creeks and rivulets combining to give a moral interest to the pleasure derived from the contemplation of Nature in her brightest, happiest and most varied aspect. Ah! the imagination could but fold its pinions, and stand in wondering admiration amid the sublime solitudes of the grand forests of that day, while hill and dale seemed as entrancing to the eye with their beautifully draped garments of green as the weird music of the winds amid their branches was to the ears of fairies played on mystic Memnon's harp tuned to audible minstrelsy under the glancing rays of the morning and evening sun.

Their horses, cattle and hogs, which they possessed in great numbers, were fed alone from Nature's ample storehouse filled at all times with the richest varieties of provender—grass, cane, acorns and nuts; while game of many varieties roamed over their forests undisturbed only as necessity demanded their destruction. Birds of many kinds, and of various plumage, added their enchantment to the scene.

The missionaries found the Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws in their native state—that of mortality unadorned; yet struggling into the dawn of civilization as those who had heard afar the roar of the world's civilization and roved impatiently to the shore; and they soon learned that even the despised, defamed and down-trodden Indian rejected not God's law—improvement; nor was wanting in ability, while their sentiments found an expositor, and every feeling and oracle in his untutored breast. Therefore, they sought to make them religious through their best feelings rather than their worst; through their gratitude and affections, rather than their fears and calculations of risk and future punishment; and they found by giving them the least advantage of instruction they glided into refinement; and also found that there was that sentiment in the Indian that gives delicacy to thought, and tact to manner; for they listened and caught knowledge in the natural way of beneficence and power of God; of the mystic and spiritual history of man; and philanthropic missionaries were charmed by their attention. How

true that, in the nature of man—the humblest to the hardest—there is something that lives in all of the beautiful or the fortunate which hope or desire have appropriated, even in the vanities of a childish dream! At the time of the advent of the missionaries, the Cherokees occupied the now State of Tennessee, the Chickasaws the north part of the now State of Mississippi, and the Choctaws the south part including also the western part of the now State of Alabama and the eastern part of the now State of Louisiana. Those early missionaries (both men and women), who offered their lives to the cause and thought no more of themselves, were of strong character, firm resolution and of fine tastes and ideals; and of those missionary women it may be truthfully added, they were intelligent and elegant as they were heroic; and the lovers of missionary lore oft read with delight the ideal romance of their lives.

They first studied and made themselves acquainted with the various dialects of the Indians' complicated languages—difficult because of the combination of signs and words that cannot be reduced to any known rule; they administered to the wants of the sick and dressed the wounded; they braved sickness and death and preached the tidings of peace on earth and good will to men; and to-day, though, long since, all have gone to receive their reward—a blissful immortality amid eternity's scenes—yet their names and deeds of righteousness stand triumphant and revered, while over them and those whom they taught and led, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw, the Creek, the Cherokee, the Seminole—waves the white banner whose only symbol is the Cross of the World's Redeemer.

But in their early labors of love among the above named people what did those selfsacrificing men and women find? They found the Indians confidence was easily gained, and as easily retained by just and humane treatment, they found that he was not vicious nor bloodthirsty, an untamable savage, as he was and ever has been so unjustly represented to be; they found that, unlike his white defamer, he never was profane. He took not in vain the name of his God, the Great Spirit, nor the names of the subordinate deities, to whom his religion taught him the supreme Great Spirit delegated supernatural powers among men. Whatever he loved, he called it good; whatever he hated, he called it bad. Of whiskey he said: "O-ka-ki-a-chuk-ma, Water not good, that was all.

They found the men to be, to a great extent, even as the whites, good husbands, loving fathers, and the most faithful of friends; the women, devoted wives, adoring mothers, and

equally true as friends, and both men and women, truthful to the letter, all scorning a lie and a liar.

They found among all the men the attributes of the heroes, in truth, honesty, fidelity and patriotism, unsurpassed in the annals of the human race, all sustained by incontrovertible testimony for two centuries past; yet, with many foibles common to the fallen race of man, but with few of the prominent and debasing vices of the White Race.

They found them to be a race that defied the tortures of an enemy to produce a groan, to shed a tear or manifest pain. Stake man or woman to the ground and burn them to death by degrees, and they would expire without a moan chanting his or her death-song defiantly to the last gasp.

They found them, in the literal sense of the word, to be communists. Whatever they had was cheerfully bestowed to any needy of their tribe. "Will I let my brother suffer when I have plenty?" replied an Indian to a white man who advised economy by saving his superfluous meat against the scarcity of winter instead of dividing it among his fellows. His generosity and his hospitality were extended even to an enemy—whose life was safe if he entered his cabin and partook even a drink of water; for the Indian's laws of hospitality were inviolate.

The religion of Jesus Christ fell upon the ear of the Red man as a bright and beautiful elucidation of his own vague but often sublime conceptions, and, under the mild teachings of the devoted missionaries, he adapted himself to the spirit of the age and accepted his new surroundings because the power which led him on to civilization was that of the Soldier of the Cross instead of the sword.

The missionaries also found them with the knowledge of good and evil; they too were imbued with the eternal principles of love and hate; feeling that they were by Nature intended to be free, yet feeling that they were slaves to circumstances—alike with the human race—seeking the good yet too oft finding the bad; but not being able to attribute both the good and the evil to the same All-Wise Being, they imagined that these gods were alike anxious to do them service—the one to give them pain and sorrow, and the other prosperity and pleasure; the one ever thwarting them in their undertaking, the other encouraging and assisting them; they, therefore, desired, and very naturally, too, to appease the one and please the other, and this desire, as a natural consequence, influenced them to the worship of both the god of evil and the god of good; yet those holy men of God also found, that the Indians' thoughts (the wild ivy of the human mind) could be trained upward until they too were hung

around by the tenderest associations and the recollections of all that is sweet and solemn in man's nature, as it points upwards to a blissful immortality in the skies; and that their spirits and hopes at once began to mount up from earth in the pathway thus indicated by the light of truth; to reach the blissful home so timely suggested by those men and women of God.

But, alas, for the Choctaws!

The white man soon disturbed the long and deep rest of their happy lives, not for their moral and intellectual improvement and advancement in Christian civilization, but alone for their banishment from their ancient domains of contentment and bliss to impoverishment and humiliation in a distant wilderness in the west, with the injunction "Root pig or die," where there was actually nothing for which to root.

There were many things which served to awaken in the minds of the early missionaries to the present five civilized tribes, when living in their ancient domains east of the Mississippi river, sad and melancholy reflections. They beheld all around them indubitable evidence of the former existence of a large population who lived long prior to the people among whom they labored, and had in the years of the long ago performed their part upon the stage of life, and unremembered, passed into the secret chambers of oblivion. They felt that they walked over the graves of a long succession of generations ages before mouldered into dust; the surrounding forests were once animated by their labors, (as their rude and mouldering fortifications testified), their huntings and wars, their songs and their dances; but silence had drawn its impentable vail over their entire history; no lettered page, no sculptured monument told who they were, whence they came, or the period of their existence.

But how strange the scene presented to the Cherokees at Brainard, to the Choctaws at Elliot, and the Chickasaws at Monroe, (the names given to the missionary stations, the first established among the peculiar but appreciative people!) How incomprehensible to them was the conduct of the pale faces then and there. How different from all others they had ever seen or heard, the white traders, whiskey peddlers, stragglers and refugees from justice! In all their previous knowledge of whose race, they had seen the same motto inscribed upon all their flags—"Traffic and trade, War and strife;" but now they came disrobed of every appearance of greedy gain and all implements of war and strife, and teaching the strange tidings of peace on earth and good will to man. Nor were the missionaries scarcely less astonished to find the

people who had been represented to them by the tongue of calumny as a set of savages, to be quite the reverse—even a remarkable people in many respects; first, for their native moral principle, their innocence of all hypocrisy, lying and all forms of deceit, in all their social relations with each other; secondly, for their virtue, their fair-mindedness, their great and abiding paternal and parental affection; thirdly, their respect for the right of property and the sacredness of human character from slander and vituperation.

This is not an over-drawn picture. Nowhere among any people was property, life, and human character more sacred, and hypocrisy and lying less known, than among the ancient Choctaw and Chickasaw, Cherokee and Muskogee people. I speak from personal knowledge. And the missionaries found them, to their agreeable surprise, as little meriting the title, savages, which ignorance, prejudice and imbecile egotism had applied to them, as any race of unlettered people that were ever known to exist; and, in viewing them in the light of a true catholic spirit, saw much that was touching and beautiful in their manners and customs. They also found them to be a people with immovable faith in a Supreme Being, and possessing a great reverence for powers and abilities superior to those of earth; though, to some extent, materialistic in their conception, but totally ignorant of the white man's ideas and views of Christ and the Father. They regarded the Great Spirit as the source of general good, and of whom they asked guidance in all undertakings, and implored aid against their enemies, and to whose power they ascribed favors and frowns, blessings, successes and disappointments, joys and sorrows; and though their faith may have seemed cold to us, and their ceremonies, frivolous, ridiculous, and even blasphemous in our eyes; but in such light as they had truly walked, with ready and sincere acknowledgement of human dependence on super-human aid and mercy. Can we say as much for ourselves? Do we walk according to the light we have as truly and faithfully as the unlettered Indians did?

But among the many things that are associated with the North American Indians as topics of conversation and subjects of the printer's ink—more talked about and less understood—is the "Medicine Man." On Nov. 14, 1605, the first French settlement was made in America, on the north-east coast of Nova Scotia, and they gave the name Acadia to the country; and on July 3, 1808, Samuel Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec. The character "Medicine-Man" had its origin, according to tradition, among those early French colonists who corrupted the word "Meda"—a word in the

language of one of the Indian tribes of that day signifying chief, into "Medicine-Man," and also called the religious ceremonies of the Indian "making medicine," which was afterwards called, as the result, "medicine," and which finally became in use among the Indians themselves, and has so continued to the present day.

It was a religious ceremony for the propitiation of invisible spirits and practised by all of the North American Indians, with scarcely an exception. The ancient Choctaws and Chickasaws had their Medicine Men, with many of whom I was personally acquainted in the years of the long ago.

There were two kinds of Medicine (religious ceremonies) among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, the same as among all other tribes of their race, the tribal medicine and the individual, each peculiar to the individual tribe and individual person of that tribe. What the different ingredients were, which composed the tribal medicine, no one knew, or ever tried to know, except he who secretly collected and stored them away in the carefully dressed, highly ornamented and sacred deer-skin sack; yet it was held as sacred in the hearts of the entire tribe of all ages and sexes, as was the ark of the covenant among the ancient Jews. And equally so was that of the individual, whose ingredients were known only to its maker and possessor. More than once did my boyish curiosity induce me to ask a Choctaw warrior what was in his medicine sack, but only to get the repulsive reply: None of your business.

Indeed, the mission of the tribal medicine was to the Indians the same, to all intents and purposes, as that of the sacred ark to the ancient Jews when borne through the wilderness in those days of their historical pilgrimage. It was regarded as the protector of the tribe, in fact, the visible embodiment of the promise of the good Great Spirit to provide for the tribe all the necessities of life, and protect them from all enemies. So too was that of the individual medicine which he had made for himself alone, and which was indeed a part of his life,—his assurance in danger, his safety in battle, and his success amid all the vicissitudes of his earthly career. If the sacred and secret articles that composed the contents of the tribal medicine bag, or those of the individual medicine bag, should become known to others, than the one who collected and placed them therein, the mystic bag at once became powerless—even as Sampson, when shorn of his hair by the treacherous hands of Delilah. And was it captured in war or otherwise fell into the hands of an enemy the greatest consternation fell upon the entire tribe, and super-human efforts were made to recover it. If they failed in

this, overtures soliciting peace, even to humiliation, were made at once to the enemy.

But, if an individual was in any way deprived of his, which he always kept about his person, he made another. The making of another may seem an easy matter to the uninformed. But not so. It entailed upon the maker a long period of utter seclusion in the solitude and silence of the forest far away from the abodes of man-kind, with long continued fasting, meditation and prayer, followed by long protracted labor in finding and securing the necessary articles, such as earths of different colors, the ashes of various weeds, bones of certain birds and snakes, and various other things which his fancy may suggest. These were placed in a vessel of water prepared for the purpose, and the vessel is then placed upon a fire and the contents continually stirred with a stick as it became more and more heated. During this process he obtains a sign from some developed peculiarity which he regards as infallible, and which enables him to interpret signs and omens, both of good and evil. A small portion of the contents of the vessel was placed in his mystic sack and accompanied him every where. In time of peace, the tribal medicine was placed in the care of a chief noted for his bravery, who carefully guarded it from all profanation; but in the time of war, the war-chief carried it in front of his warrior as they marched upon the war-path. The youthful warriors was always instructed in the art of making medicine by the aged men of the tribe, of which he made good use and never forgot.

The philosophy of the ancient Indian ever taught him to concentrate his mind upon the spirit land; and that the influences which surrounded him in Nature, above, beneath, around, are sent direct by the spirits that dwell in an invisible world above; that there are two kinds of spirits—the good and the bad, who are continually at war with each other over him, the good directing all things for his prosperity and happiness, the bad directing all things against his prosperity and happiness; that within himself he can do nothing, as he is utterly helpless in the mighty contest that is waged over him by the good and bad spirits. Therefore, he exerts his greatest energies of mind and body to the propitiation of the bad spirits rather than the good, since the former may be induced to extend the sceptre of mercy to him, while the latter will ever strive for his good, and his good alone. Therefore, when he is fortunate he attributes it to some good spirit; when unfortunate, to some bad spirit. So, when he said it is “good medicine,” he meant that the good spirit had

the ascendancy; and when he said it is "bad medicine" he meant that the bad spirit had the ascendancy.

Therefore, all things in nature, as a natural consequence, indicated to him the presence of the spirits, both good and bad,—as each made, known their immediate nearness through both animate and inanimate nature. The sighing of the winds; the flight of the birds; the howl of the lone wolf; the midnight hoot of the owl, and all other sounds heard throughout his illimitable forests both by day and by night, had to him most potent significations; and, by which, he so governed all his actions, that he never went upon any enterprise, before consulting the signs and omens; then acted in conformity thereto. If the medicine is good, he undertakes his journey; if bad, he remains at home, and no argument can induce him to change his opinion, which I learned from personal experience.

The missionaries found the precepts of the Choctaw's to be moral; and also that they respected old age, and kept fresh in memory the wise councils of their fathers, whose lessons of wisdom the experience of the past, taught their youthful minds to look upward, and whose teachings they did not forget in their mature years.

Their tenderness to and watchful care of the aged and infirm was truly remarkable; they looked upon home and regarded their country as sacred institutions, and in the defense of which they freely staked their lives; they also inculcated a high regard for parents, and were always courteous by instinct as well as by teaching; they held in high veneration the names of the wise, the good, and the brave of their ancestors, and from their sentiment toward the dead grew sweet flowers in the heart. They believed that integrity alone was worthy of station, and that promotion should rest on capacity and faithfulness; they also had swift and sure methods of dealing with the incorrigible, official or private; nor were they impatient of the slow processes of the years but knew how to wait in faith and contentment; and if they were not as progressive, as our opinion demands in its rush for gain and pompous show, they had at least conquered the secret of National and individual steadfastness. To-day we are a prodigal and wasteful people, the Indians are frugal and economical.

In 14 months after the location of the mission at Elliot by the indefatigable perseverance of Mr. Kingsbury, a sufficiency of houses were erected, a school was opened, and that then young pioneer of the Cross proclaimed the Gospel of the Son of God, where it never before had been proclaimed; and at the time the Chactaws were so cruelly

driven from their ancient domains to make room for our cruel and unchristian venality called "Progress," the Elliot and Mayhew missions together with the eleven other established in various parts of the Choctaw Nation, were in a flourishing condition; and this earliest effort to evangelize this worthy people, was highly encouraging from the readiness, yea, absolute eagerness, on their part to receive instruction. A considerable and suitable literature both educational and religious was soon prepared; a school system was also founded through which many young Choctaws, both male and female, received the elements of a good education. Many of the useful arts of civilized life were introduced; and the missionaries had gathered many Christian congregations of whom not a few had received the good seed in an honest heart. And of those noble, self-sacrificing missionaries, it may truly be said, "Their works do follow them;" and to-day the names Kingsbury, Byington, Williams, Cushman, Polly, Hotchkins, Hawes, Bardwell and Smith, are still held in grateful remembrance by the Choctaws, as the names of some of those who were their true, their noblest and best earthly friends, to which the following will truthfully attest.

In his first annual report of the Elliot Mission, bearing date October 28th, 1819, Mr. Kingsbury says: (I copy from the original MS.) "The first tree was felled on the 13th of August, 1818. Since we arrived, (himself and Mr. and Mrs. Williams) we have been joined by the following persons:

Mr. Peter Kanaise, Mr. John Kanaise and wife, carpenter, Mr. Moses Jewell and wife, Mr. N. Jersey, Mr. N. York, carpenter and millwright, Mr. A. V. Williams, laborer, Mrs. Kingsbury, Miss Chase, Mr. Isaac Fisk, blacksmith, Mr. W. W. Pride, physician.

"All these came out to labor gratuitously for the benefit of the Choctaws.

It would be trespassing unnecessarily on the time of the secretary to detail the principal circumstances and difficulties which have attended the progress of our labors. They have been similar to what must always attend such enterprises in an uncivilized country far removed from those places where the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of life can be obtained.

Since our arrival, we have been principally occupied in erecting buildings. This devolved upon us much labor and greatly retarded our other business, but by the blessing of a kind Providence, we have been prospered in our work, much beyond our expectations.

Within about fourteen months there have been erected at

Elliott seven commodious cabins which are occupied as dwelling houses.

A dining room and kitchen contiguous, (54 x 20) with hewed logs and a piazza on each side.

A school house 36ft x 34 hewed logs; and finished on the Lancastrian plan.

A millhouse 34 x 30ft, and also a lumberhouse and granary, each 18 x 20ft.

A blacksmith shop, stable, and three outhouses, all of which are nearly completed.

On the plantation between 30 and 40 acres have been cleared and fenced; and between 20 and 30 acres have been cultivated, which have produced a considerable quantity of corn, potatoes, beans, peas, etc.

Besides the above, considerable time has been spent in cutting roads in different directions, and constructing several small bridges, which were necessary for transporting with a wagon.

The stock at present belonging to the mission, consists of 7 horses, 10 steers, 75 ccws, 75 calves and young cattle, and about 30 swine. Of the above, 54 cows and calves, and 6 steers and young cattle have been presented by the Choctaws for the benefit of the school.

"There is no private property attached to the mission. All is sacredly devoted to the various purposes of instructing the Choctaws.

"Urged by the importunity of the natives, the school was commenced under many disadvantages in April last, with ten pupils. As accommodations and means of support have increased the school has been enlarged, and there are fifty-four students who attend regularly—males and females. All these board in our family. They are of different ages—from 6 to 20, and could not speak our language when they came. More pupils are expected to join the school shortly. In addition to the common rudiments of education, the boys are acquiring a practical knowledge of agriculture in its various branches, and the girls, while out of school, are employed under the direction of the female missionaries in different departments of domestic labor. We have also a full-blooded Choctaw lad learning the blacksmith trade; and another, now in school, wishes to engage in the same employment, so soon as there is opportunity. All the children are placed entirely under our control, and the most entire satisfaction is expressed as to the manner they are treated.

"The school is taught on the Lancastrian plan, and the progress of the children has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Thirty-one began the A. B. C's. Several of these

can now read the Testament, and others in easy reading lessons. Most of them have also made considerable progress in writing.

"There have been instances of lads 14 to 16 years old, entirely ignorant of our language, who have perfectly learned the alphabet in three days, and on the fourth day could read and pronounce the abs. We have never seen the same number of children in any school, who appeared more promising. Since they commenced, their attention has been constant. No one has left the school, or manifested a wish to leave it.

"Want of accommodations, but more particularly want of funds, has obliged us to refuse many children who wish to enter the school. If adequate means can be obtained, we design to increase the number to 80 or 100. It is our intention to embrace in their education, that practical industry, and that literary, moral and religious instruction, which may qualify them for useful members of society; and for the exercise of those moral principles, and that genuine piety, which form the basis of true happiness.

"The expenditures of the mission, including the outfit and traveling expenses of the missionaries, and exclusive of their services (which have all been gratuitous) have been more than \$9000. About \$2000, of this has been on account of buildings. It has been our constant endeavor to impress on the people of this nation the advantages of instruction, and the propriety of their contributing towards the education of their own children; and by commencing on a labored and extensive scale for their improvement we have drawn forth a spirit of liberality as unexpected as it is encouraging.

"At a council in August, which by invitation I attended, the natives subscribed ninety-five cows and calves; and more than \$1300 in cash for the benefit of the school. At a lower town district, in September, they unanimously voted to appropriate \$2,000 (their proportion of the money due from the United States for the last purchase of land) to the support of a school in that district. It has been proposed in this district to make a similar appropriation for the benefit of this school.

"These measures disclose the disposition of the Nation and evince that under the influence and direction of the Executive a fund might be established, which eventually would be adequate to the instruction of the Nation, We feel a confidence that in future treaties with the Nation, this subject will, without any suggestion of ours, receive that attention which its consideration demands."

"To bring this people," continues that true Christian, "within the pale of civilization and Christianity is a great

work. The instruction of the rising generation is unquestionably the most direct way to advance. Nothing is now wanting to put the great mass of children in this Nation, in a course of instruction but efficient means.

It may be proper to observe that the Chickasaws are anxious to have similar institutions in their Nation; and two more are earnestly desired and much needed by the Choctaws. For the support of one of them, two thousand dollars for 17 years annually (\$34,000) have already been appropriated by the Choctaws. It is the intention of the American Board to commence one or more of the establishments as soon as they can command the means. It is therefore desirable that the one already commenced here should be completed without delay and placed on a permanent foundation.

Before closing this report, I beg leave to remark on two points relative to the improvement of the Choctaws.

First: We think the introduction of a few respectable mechanics of good moral character, would be of great advantage in civilizing and introducing industry among them. We have a blacksmith of this description, who came out at the expense of the American Board, and the profits of his work are devoted to the support of this establishment. Many of the mechanics found in the Indian countries are of little advantage in any respect; and the conduct of some is an outrage on barbarism itself.

Second.—“Could the missionaries be relieved from the labor of erecting the buildings, it would enable them much sooner to direct their attention to the improvement of a plantation and other necessary preparations for commencing the school.

“With sentiments of sincere respect, I am, dear sir, your obedient and very humble servant,

CYRUS KINGSBURY.

From a letter (now before me) written to the then young missionary, Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, bearing date, October, 2nd, 1819, I take the following extract: “In a situation like yours, it must be an unspeakable comfort to know that you have the prayers of God’s people. Many are daily supplicating the Throne of Grace for you, and the object in which you are engaged; but I presume you can hardly realize the extent of the interest which is awakened for our missions among the Southern Indians. The eyes of all our churches are turned toward them with the earnest expectation, which is the offspring of faith and prayer. The Indian character in the estimation of even those who have hitherto deemed them too savage to be civilized; and those who acknowledged the excellency of many of the native traits of their character,

but were faithless as to the practicability of making them good citizens, are now convinced by the experiments made at Brainard, (among the Cherokees) that the Indians can be educated, become good citizens and devout Christians. Another evidence that had the whites exercised the same credulity in giving heed to the voice of truth that so long and loudly appealed to them in behalf of the Indian race, as they were credulous to the voice of falsehood, the unfortunate Indians would not have so suffered at the hands of ignorance. But continues the writer:

"Truly, you have seen more to rejoice your heart than is witnessed by one in ten of our New England ministers. You have witnessed the Christian devotion of characters once degraded. You have witnessed the wilderness and the solitary place, in one year, became glad before you, and the desert blossom as the rose. After such experience of the smiles of heaven do not faint or become discouraged. God's promises are established in truth, and they are all yours. Blessed promises! Thus far the Lord has favored you more than any Indian missionary for sixty or seventy years past. The public are waking up with wonderful rapidity to the wants of the Indians. You may be distressed and perplexed for a season, but it will not last always. The Lord will come and will not tarry."

But it does not fall within the present plan of this work to enter fully into the history, in all its particulars, of those worthy and interesting missions of seventy years ago among the Choctaws, to them the dawn of hope; the return of spring after a long and dreary winter,—but only to present certain aspects and features of them, which shall exhibit the hand of God as engaged to renovate and bless a long oppressed Nation, and preparing for it a gracious visitation. Shortly after the necessary houses for dwellings, school and church purposes, had been erected and all things had settled down to systematic business, and the missionaries to give their whole attention to their ministerial labors, there was a moving of the long stagnant waters,—a presentment of coming change; and soon a mental activity that presaged emancipation of the Choctaws from the long, dark night of spiritual gloom that had brooded over their minds during ages unknown.

For the first few years the good and glorious work of reform went on for the most part quietly though steadily. Then there was manifested a greater spirit of inquiry, not only about the truth as a matter of speculation, but after salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. It was truly affecting to see the deep and unaffected interest manifested

by those unlettered warriors, as they listened for the first time to the wonderful story of the Cross—a theme to them incomprehensible and almost beyond human belief. That a friend might peradventure die for a friend was to them a possible thing; but for a father to give his only son to die for the benefit of his enemies, and that son also be willing to accept the ordeal of dying the most excruciating death that their mutual enemies might be benefitted thereby, seemed too incredible for belief, and filled them with wondering astonishment. Yet hundreds of them yielded to the regenerating influences and power of the Divine Spirit years before they were driven from their ancient homes to seek others in a distant wilderness that the progress of the white man in his strife for gain might not be impeded by their presence, and lived the exemplary lives of the true Christian, and died the death of the righteous in bright hopes of a blissful immortality.

The first conversion among the full-blooded Choctaws was that of an aged man, who lived near Col. David Folsom, chief of the Choctaws, named Tun-a pin a-chuf-fa, (Our one weaver) hitherto as ignorant of the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ as it is possible to conceive. He manifested an interest in the subject of religion about six months before any other of his people in the neighborhood, and soon began to speak publicly in religious meetings, and gave evidence, by his daily walk and conversation, of a happy and glorious change, to the astonishment of his people, who could not comprehend the mystery. The old man, but now a new one, lived the life of a true and devoted Christian the few remaining years of his life, and then died leaving bright evidence of having died the death of the righteous. When he was received into the church, he was baptised and given the name of one of the missionaries, viz.: William Hooper, by his own request, to whom Mr. Hooper had endeared himself by many acts of kindness conferred upon the aged and appreciative Choctaw.

Shortly after he professed religion, he dictated a letter to Col. David Folsom, his nephew, which was written and translated into English by Mr. Loring Williams, of which the following is a copy:

“AI-UK-HUM-A; Jan. 30, 1828,” (A place of learning.)

“BROTHER:—Long time had we been as people in a storm which threatened destruction, until the missionaries came to our land; but now we are permitted to hear the blessed Gospel of truth. You, our brother and chief, found for us a good and bright path, and we would follow you in it. You are as our good father, and your words are good. Your

messengers (the missionaries), that you sent to us, we hear. When we think of our old ways, we feel ashamed. This blessed day I have given a true talk. The black and dirty clothes I used to wear I have taken off and cast away. Clean and good clothes, I now put on. My heart, I hope, had been made new. My bad thoughts I throw away. The words of the great Father above I am seeking to have in my mind.

The missionaries, in the Choctaw Nation, salute. The missionaries, chiefs, and people, I salute. O my chief, I, your uncle, salute you. I am your warrior. You must remember me in your love. The letter which I send you, you must read to your captains, leaders, and warriors. As I feel today, I wish to have all my Choctaw brothers feel. I am the first of the Choctaws that talk the good talk. My chief, as you go about among your people, you must tell them this, the dark night to me has gone, and the morning has dawned upon me. The missionaries at Mayhew, I salute you. Mr. Kingsbury, when this letter you see, you will forward it to Miko (chief) Folsom.

TUNAPINACHUFFA.

Soon after the writing of this letter, Mr Williams visited the venerable ex-chief and retired warrior of the Choctaws. As he drew near the humble log cabin of the aged Choctaw, his attention was attracted by the voice of singing. He halted a moment to listen. It was the aged Tunapinachuffa singing a song of Zion; and when Mr. Williams came up he found him sitting at the opposite side of his little cabin, resting his head on one hand and holding a catachism in the other, holding holy and sweet communion with his newly found Savior; and so absorbed was he in his meditations, that the presence of Mr. Williams was not known, until announced by the barking of the dogs; and yet, so deep and pleasant was his reverie, that he remained seemingly unconscious of everything around him until Mr. Williams came to his side and spoke to him. He then looked up, springing to his feet and greeted Mr. Williams with unfeigned manifestations of the greatest joy; and, at once, inquired after Mr. Kingsbury with expressions of the greatest affection; then requested Mr. Williams to tell Mr. Kingsbury, that "he did love the Savior with all his heart and soul;" that "he took great delight in the Sabbath, and loved to pray." that, "to-day heaven is near; it is not far away—I know it is near—I feel it." Mr. Williams and the new born babe in Christ, though feeble alone with the weight of nearly three score years and ten—the Psalmist's allotted period of man's earthly sojourn—joined in a song together, in praise to Him who has said: "Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; and then Tunapinachuffa offered up a

prayer to Him who is the Indian's God as well as the white man's.

Mr. Williams stated, in speaking of the interview with the venerable Choctaw, that, he prayed with the deepest sincerity for his family; then, that all his people "might be united to Christ in peace and love as with an iron chain; and that they might take hold of the Savior with their hands." At morning and at night this redeemed Choctaw child of God called his household around the family altar, nor ever permitted business or company to interfere with those sacred devotions.

But Tuna pin a chuffa was not an isolated case. Hundreds of similar cases could be mentioned among the young, as well as the aged, of those Choctaw converts under the teachings of the missionaries when living in their ancient possessions.

After the conversion of Tuna pin a chuffa, a great and wonderful change for the better was soon seen in not only Tuna pin a chuffa's district, but also in other districts—both in outward appearance and moral condition. The men soon began to acquire habits of industry, cultivating cotton and enlarging their corn fields. Temperance rapidly gained ground all over the Nation; and in nearly every house throughout the country soon were found the cotton card, the spinning wheel and the loom, with here and there blacksmith and wood-shops.

Soon large quantities of various cotton cloths were made by the Choctaw mothers and daughters; while the father and son raised corn, sweet potatoes, peas, beans, and various kinds of vegetables; and their willingness to work ran parallel with their progress and advancement in Christian knowledge. Nor was there any difficulty experienced by the missionaries in hiring Choctaws to work for them, both men and women, and even boys and girls; many of the men with their families, went to the adjoining States and picked cotton for the white farmers, after they had gathered their own crops. As cotton pickers, both in quantity and quality, day by day, they had no superiors; therefore, the white farmers paid them one dollar per hundred pounds, and also boarded them; and a thousand have been known to leave their Nation at one time to pick cotton in the States; and before they were driven to the wild wilderness far away to the west by the inexorable law of the whites, that "Might is Right," when dealing with the North American Indian; fifty, yea a hundred and fifty, drunken white men could be found in the contiguous States, to where one Choctaw would be found in the Nation most distant from the neighborhood of the white

settlements. Much has been said to prove the drunken Indian, to be a friend incarnate; and though I have seen drunken Indians, yet my experience has taught me that a drunken white man is far worse than a drunken Indian, and more to be feared ten to one, than the Indian.

After Tunapinachuffa, followed the conversion of Col. David Folsom, and many other leading men of the Nation, together with the common warriors and their wives; and to that extent was the interest in the subject of religion manifested by all that a special meeting was appointed in the woods by the missionaries; and at which, Col. David Folsom and others, together with the now zealous and good old Tunapinachuffa, took an active part. Though there were few Choctaws present, yet the Spirit of God was there; and one evening an unusual solemnity seemed to pervade the entire little company of worshippers, and so deeply felt by old Tunapinachuffa, that he was unable to longer restrain himself. He arose and commenced an exhortation to his people present, and continued for thirty or more minutes in such sublime Indian eloquence (Nature's gift untarnished by human art) such deep pathos, and such irresistible arguments, as are seldom heard anywhere.

At the close of his inimitable and indescribable exhortation, he, in a persuasive tone of voice, said: "All you who desire and are willing to receive these Good Tidings from above into your hearts and go with me to the good land above, come and sit on this log." What a moment was that to the noble-hearted and pious missionaries who were so fortunate as to be present! Who can justly describe it? First one, and then another and another, came forward and took their seats on that forest log, until it was covered, thus manifesting and openly avowing their determination to serve the living God; and there and then twelve adults became living, active witnesses for the cause of the world's Redeemer. That little religious meeting, in the deep solitudes of a Mississippi forest, closed; but the tidings of its strange proceedings and its more wonderful results spread far and wide, and it became the subject of conversation and inquiry for miles away; and soon was awakened such a feeling of curiosity and desire to learn more of this, to them strange and incomprehensible thing, that other meetings were appointed, to which hundreds gathered, and the result was they were multiplied all over the land and scores flocked to and around the standard of Christianity.

But this interest was confined for several months, almost exclusively, to the northern part of the Nation contiguous to Mayhew, whence the missionaries went out among the

Choctaws and taught and preached to them. The converts were at first gathered into one church organization though widely separated; hence their sacramental meetings were held in the woods under the wide extended branches of the mighty forest oaks of that day—God's natural temples—where many hundreds would congregate and spend several days worshipping God; and a more humble and devout assembly, of worshippers of the living God (without an indifferent or idle spectator) was never anywhere beheld than were those worshipping Choctaws. At one of these forest meetings, where the wind, (nature's harp) sighing amid the thick and wide extended limbs of the giant forest trees, had for ages untold received no response but that of the defiant war-hoop, now was mingled the praise of human tongues in anthems sweet with nature to nature's God; ninety Choctaws both men and women, were enrolled in the army of the Cross; and at another over a hundred,

Messrs. Williams, Smith, Howse and Bardwell, shortly after the establishment of the Mayhew mission, took charge of the one established in the southern part of the Nation among a clan of Choctaws called Okla Hunnali, (people Six), distant seventy or more miles from Mayhew, leaving Messrs. Kingsbury, (to whom the Choctaws gave the name Na-sho-ba No-wah (Walking Wolf), Byington (whom they named Lapi-sh O-la-han-chih, Sounding Horn), Cushman and a few others at Mayhew.

Soon after the close of the revival meetings in the northern part of the Nation, several new converts, in company with Col. David Folsom and a few missionaries of the Mayhew mission, made a journey to the Okla Hunnali mission to attend a religious meeting previously appointed. The Choctaws of that district, expecting them, came in large numbers from the surrounding villages to the appointed place to welcome them, and manifested the greatest delight regarding it as great favor conferred upon them by their friends who had come so far to attend their meetings. They assembled without ostentation, yet in all the paraphernalia of Choctaw custom, presenting a novel appearance to the eye of the novice. But the "tidings of great joy—peace on earth and good will to man"—to the red as well as the white, proclaimed and urged upon them with such evidence of truth, sincerity and deep feeling, was to them something new indeed, unseen and unfelt before.

Calm reflection assumed (as at the meetings in the northern section of the Nation) the place of thoughtlessness and indifference, (for an Indian can and does reflect as well as a white man), and soon were seen on many a painted face

trickling tears (though not given to weeping) forming little channels through the vermillion as they coursed their way down. And this meeting was also blessed with a gracious visitation of the Holy Spirit, and many precious souls (though Choctaws) were gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd as had been done in the northern portion of their country. At once a mighty change began all over their Nation wherever the missionaries went, who truly might be termed the Apostles of God to the Choctaws; and soon, one by one their ancient customs and habits were forever laid aside, culminating in a general change of things well adapted to their then, it may be truthfully stated, progressive condition. But among the most prominent features indicating a speedy reformation at this time (1826), was the enacting of a law forever banishing that curse of all curses O-ka Humma (Red Water) or properly O-ka Ho-mi (Strong Water) which, like that of the Medes and Persians changeth not, stands to-day unrepealed, and will so continue as long as they are permitted to exist as a Nation.

Many of the ancient Choctaws were adepts in the art of singing their native airs, of which they had many; but all effort to induce one of them to sing alone one of his favorite songs was fruitless. They invariably replied to the solicitation in broken English, "Him no good." Then sing me a war-song. "Him heap no good," with an ominous shake of the head. Then sing me a hunting song. "No good; he no fit for pale face." "Well, sing me a love song. "Wah"!(an ancient exclamation of surprise—now obsolete) much love song, him bad, no good for pale face." Though this was somewhat tantalizing yet it had to be endured.

Like all their race, the Choctaws never forgot an act of kindness be it ever so trivial; and many a white man overtaken by misfortune when traveling over their country, and weak beneath the remorseless grasp of hunger, has felt that the truth of the eastern proverb has been brought home to him: Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. More than once has it fallen to my lot to contribute to an Indian's immediate necessities, in days of their individual want and weakness; and, in after days—the incident by me long forgotten; they have returned the favor thirty fold; and for many favors have I become indebted to them, when I had nothing to return. Their great delicacy in conferring a favor was not the least admirable part of their conduct, often they would leave a large wild turkey upon the door-sill, or place a venison ham just within it, and steal away without saying a word, as if they feared you might suspect them of trying to buy your friendship,

when not enabled to secure it alone by merit; or that, to accept a present from a poor Indian might be humiliating to the pride of the receiver and they would spare him the mortification of returning thanks. Never was a race of people more sensitive of kindness, or more grateful for any little act of benevolence exercised toward them, or practiced the great Christian principle, Charity to a greater degree of perfection, especially in regard to strangers, than did the North American Indians. The missionaries everywhere and among all tribes, met them with kindness and confidence, and conducted themselves by the rules of strict integrity in all their dealings with them; and no instance has been recorded, where their confidence in the Indians was betrayed, or their good opinion of them destroyed.

The Choctaws were great imitators, and possessed a nice tact in adopting the manners of those with whom they associated. An Indian, however, is Nature's gentleman—never familiar, coarse or vulgar. If he takes a meal with you, he quietly waits to see you make use of the unaccustomed implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat, he exactly imitates with a grave decorum and as much apparent ease, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. He never attempts to help himself or demand more food, but patiently waits until you perceive what he requires. This innate politeness is natural to all Indians. But the mixture of white blood, while it may be said to add a little to the physical beauty of the half—race, yet produces a deplorable falling off from the original integrity of the Indian character; which, however, may be attributed wholly to the well known fact, that the young half-breeds mingle with the whites ninety per cent more than the full-bloods; and ever retain that peculiar characteristic of the Indian i. e. confidence in all professions of friendship until proved false, then never again to be trusted; thus are they easily made the dupes of the whites, and are ignorantly, and therefore unconsciously, led step by step down to a level with their destroyers, and too late awake to the consciousness that they are the victims. Thus is the professed grandeur of our civilization portrayed to the full-blood Indian. No wonder he wants none of it. If such is the result of that civilization we would have him adopt, no wonder he shrinks from it as he would from a fearful contagion.

No Indian was ever so selfish as to smoke alone in the presence of others. I have oft attended their social gatherings where, seated on the ground in little groups forming little circles, the personification of blissful contentment, I invariably saw the pipe on its line of march, and so continued

until the talk was ended. If but two were seated together, and one lighted his pipe, he only drew a few whiffs and then handed it to his companion, who also drew a whiff or two and returned it; and thus the symbol of peace, friendship and good will passed back and forth until the social chat was terminated.

The Choctaw women did not indulge in the use of tobacco in any way whatever when living east of the Mississippi, except a few in advanced years; and it was regarded as great a breach of female decorum for a Choctaw woman to use the weed, as it is with the white women of the present day to chew or smoke; and even the men confined its use exclusively to the pipe. But now they seem to have deviated to some extent from that good custom; for in my travels over their country during the last few years, I have frequently fallen in company with Choctaws, and when offered a chew of tobacco it was accepted by a few fullbloods, and chewed with as much gusto as we rode along together, as I dared to assume with all my long years of experience; and thus I ascertained that those of the present day do not confine the use of tobacco exclusively to the pipe as did their fathers of the long ago, proving the truthfulness of the adage, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and also good habits.

The innate politeness of the Indians, when in their strength and independence east of the Mississippi River, was truly remarkable. The early explorers were surprised at the perfection of this characteristic in the Choctaw Indians, and many expressed their admiration in their writings. If a Choctaw of the long ago met a white man with whom he was acquainted and on terms of social friendship, he took his proffered hand, then with a gentle pressure and forward inclination of the head, said, in a mild and sweet tone of voice: "Chishno pisah yukpah siah it tikana su," I am glad to see you my friend, and if he has nothing of importance to communicate, or of anything to obtain information, he passed on without further remarks; no better proof of good sense can be manifested, and well worthy of imitation.

But one of the many noble traits among the Choctaws was that of unfeigned hospitality; and to that extent that it became proverbial—deservingly so. When any one entered their house or hunting camp, be he a friend, mere acquaintance or entire stranger, they extended the hand of welcome—and it was sincere,—and after exchanging a few words of greeting, the visitor was invited to take a seat; after which, they observed the most profound silence, waiting for their visitor to report his business. When he had done this, the silent but attentive wife brought what food she might have

prepared, (they were seldom found without something on hand), and her husband said to his guest: "Chishno upah" "you eat." To exhibit a true knowledge of Choctaw etiquette, it became your duty to partake a little of every thing the hospitable wife had placed before you; otherwise you would, though unwittingly, cause your host and hostess to regard your neglect of duty as a plain demonstration of contempt for their hospitality—purposely intended and offered.

Whether the Choctaws assembled for social conversation or debate in council, there never was but one who spoke at a time, and under no circumstances was he interrupted. This noble characteristic belongs to all the North American Indians, as far as I have been able to ascertain. In the public councils of the Choctaws, as well as in social gatherings and religious meetings, the utmost decorum always prevailed, and he who was talking in the social circle or addressing the council or lecturing in the religious meeting, always had as silent and attentive hearers as ever delighted and blessed a speaker. A noble characteristic. And when a question had been discussed, before putting it to a vote, a few minutes were always given for silent meditation, during which the most profound silence was observed; at the expiration of the allotted time, the vote of the assembly was taken; and which, I have been informed, is still kept up to this day. For many years after they had arrived from their ancient homes to the present place of abode, no candidate for an office of any kind ever went around among the people soliciting votes; the candidates merely gave notice by public announcement, and that was all; and had a candidate asked a man for his support, it would have been the death knell to his election.

On the day of the election, the name of all the candidates were written in regular order upon a long strip of paper, with the office to which each aspired written opposite to his name; and when the polls were opened, this paper, with the names of the candidates and the offices to which each aspired written upon it, was handed to the voter when he presented himself at the polls to vote; who commenced at the top of the list and called out the name of the candidate he wished to support for the different offices; if the voter could not read, then one of the officers in charge of the election, who could read, took the paper and slowly read the names and the office each aspirant desired; and the voter called out the name of each candidate for whom he wished to vote as he read; and no candidate ever manifested any hard feelings

toward those who voted against him. Here was exhibited true liberty and free suffrage.

De Soto found the southern Indians to be an agricultural people, provident, patriotic, hospitable and generous, three hundred and fifty years ago; and when he tested their patriotism at Momabinah, and Chickasahha he learned to his satisfaction that their heroic bravery in defense of their country, their homes and heaven bequeathed right, was unsurpassed in the history of the world.

The missionaries found them in 1815 an unlettered people, yet far from meriting the title savage in the common acceptance of the word. They found them to be a noble hearted and interesting people free of a majority of the debasing vices practiced by the whites, and acquainted with many of the domestic and agricultural, and possessing many utensils and implements belonging to each; on a small scale 'tis true, yet amply sufficient for their wants.

They recognized and acknowledged a Supreme Being, —The Great Spirit, the creator and ruler of all things. This Great Spirit was held in great reverence by all Indians. Never did a North American Indian profane the name of his Creator or deny his power.

The Choctaw warrior, as I knew him in his native Mississippi forest, was as fine a specimen of manly perfection as I have ever beheld. He seemed to be as perfect as the human form could be. Tall, beautiful in symmetry of form and face, graceful, active, straight, fleet, with lofty and independent bearing, he seemed worthy in saying, as he of Juan Fernandez fame: "I am monarch of all I survey." His black, piercing eye seemed to penetrate and read the very thoughts of the heart, while his firm step proclaimed a feeling sense of his manly independence. Nor did their women fall behind in all that pertains to female beauty. I have seen among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, when living east of the Mississippi, as beautiful young women as could be found among any nation of people—civilized or uncivilized. Many of them seemed, and truly were, nymphs of the woods. They were of such unnatural beauty that they literally appeared to light up everything around them. Their shoulders were broad and square and their carriage true to Nature which has never been excelled by the hand of art, their long, black tresses hung in flowing waves, extending nearly to the ground; but the beauty of the countenances of many of those Choctaw and Chickasaw girls was so extraordinary that if such faces were seen to-day in one of the parlors of the fashionable world, they would be considered as a type of beauty hitherto unknown. It was the wild un-

trammelled beauty of the forest, at the same time melancholy and splendid. The bashful calm in their large, magnificent eyes, shaded by unusually long, black eye-lashes, cannot be described; nor yet the glance, nor the splendid light of the smile which at times lit up the countenance like a flash, exposing the leveliest white and even teeth. Vainly one was tempted to believe a whole nocturnal world lay in those eyes, the dark fringe of which cast a shadow upon the cheek; while they seemed to glance downward into a depth, dreamy, calm and melancholy, without a tinge or shadow of gloom. 'Twas a beauty indeed upon which they who looked, long gazed that they might call it up in after days, as some wild melody that haunts them still, when far away. Then the Choctaw's boast was—and justly too—"Chahtah siah!" and with as much merited pride as he of old "Romanus sum."

But alas! what a change has seventy-five years wrought upon this once free and happy people! How different the present generation from that happy, independent spirit that characterized their people when living in their ancient domains now the State of Mississippi! That manly bearing has given place to weakness and dejection; that eye, once so bright, bold and piercing, is now faint and desponding. The Choctaws once looked you straight in the eye with fearless yet polite, manly independence; his descendants now scarcely raise their heads to greet you. They seem no longer to view life through the rainbow lenses of sanguine hope, but as those in despair. Ah, the world may die, but there are some sorrows immortal. I have frequently met, here and there, a few Choctaws in Texas bordering on Red River. They seemed as strangers wandering in a strange land among whose people no voice of sympathy could be heard; no word of commiseration to be found; no smile of encouragement to be seen. With each different little band I tried to introduce a conversation only to be disappointed; and though I addressed them in their own native language; I could only obtained a reply in a few scarcely audible monosyllables. They remembered the past and were silent, yet how eloquent that silence.

In 1832, at Hebron, the home of the missionary, Calvin Cushman and his family, was the place appointed for the assembling of all the Choctaws in that district preparatory to their exodus from their ancient domains to a place they knew not where; but toward the setting sun as arbitrary power had decreed. Sad and mournful indeed was their gathering together—helpless and hopeless under the hand of a haman power that knew no justice or mercy.

I was an eye witness to that scene of despairing woe and

heard their sad refrain. I frequently visited their encampment and strolled from one part of it to another; while from every part of their wide extended camp, as I walked, gazed and wondered at the weird appearance of the scene, there came, borne upon the morn and evening breeze from every point of the vast encampment, faintly, yet distinctly, the plaintive sounds of weeping—rising and falling in one strangely sad and melancholy chorus, then dying away in a last, long-drawn wail. It was the wailing of the Choctaw women—even as that of Rachel for her children.

Around in different groups they sat with their children from whose quivering lips sobs and moans came in subdued unison; now, in wild concert united, their cries quivered and throbbed as they rose and fell on the night air, then dying away in a pathetic wail proclaiming, in language not to be misunderstood, the pressure of the anguish that was crushing their souls—hidden from human eyes and told only to the night. Truly, their grief was so deep, so overpowering, that even reason seemed to reel, blighted beneath its withering touch, too great to admit the comfort of human sympathy.

The venerable old men, who long had retired from the hardships and fatigues of war and the chase, expressed the majesty of silent grief; yet there came now and then a sound that here and there swelled from a feeble moan to a deep, sustained groan—rising and falling till it died away just as it began. True, a few encouraging smiles of hope, though utterly void of sincerity, would not have been out of place, but they were unlearned in such subtle arts; therefore, their upturned faces mutely, but firmly spoke the deep sorrow that heaved within, as they sat in little groups, their gray heads uncovered in the spray of dancing sunshine which fell through the branches of the trees from above, while pitiful indeed was the feeble semblance of approval of the white man's policy which they strove to keep in their care worn countenances; while the heart-piercing cries of the women and children, seated upon the ground with heads covered with shawls and blankets and bodies swinging forward and backward, set up day and night, sad tones of woe echoing far back from the surrounding but otherwise silent forests, presenting a scene baffling in description the power of all human language; while the young and middle-aged warriors, now subdued and standing around in silence profound, gazed into space and upon the scattered clouds as they slowly swept across the tender blue, lending wings to the imagination which seemed momentary to still, with a sense of their own eternal calm, the conflicting thoughts that then composed

the turbulent garison of their hearts. Inaudible, yet from flashing eyes and lips compressed that bespoke the emotions that surged within, could be read, "Why longer seek for hope amid the ashes of life"? While here and there was heard an inarticulate moan seeking expression in some snatch of song, which announced its leaving a broken heart.

But why dwell upon such bitter memories? My soul finds no pleasure in them. Deep down to undiscovered depths has my life among, and study of the North American Indians during over three score and ten years, enabled me to penetrate their human nature with all their endurances and virtues. What the world ought to know, that I have written; and especially for those who desire more light on that unfortunate race of people, and feel an interest in truth, justice, and what concerns humanity the world over. To me was offered the mission, and I accepted it because my conscience approved it as right; and I have thus far, exerted every power to fulfill even to the letter and shall so continue to the end; allowing each reader to freely think his or her own thoughts.

Every missionary among the Choctaws, when he entered the mission gave a pledge that he would devote his or her life to the service of God in the cause of civilizing and Christianizing the Choctaw people, with no remuneration whatever except that of food and clothing for himself and family. This was supplied by the Board of Foreign Missions established at Boston, Mass., to which Board everything pertaining to the mission in the way of property belonged—the missionaries owning nothing. This Board had spent a great deal towards the missions, and, in the removal of the Choctaws west, was unable to build up new missions there of sufficient number to supply labor for all of the missionaries; hence, all but three were absolved from their pledge, who soon returned to their friends in Massachusetts, while the three—Messrs Kingsbury, Byington and Hotchkins, with their families, followed the exiled Choctaws to their unknown homes to be found in the wilderness of the west. Mr. Calvin Cushman was one of the two who remained in Mississippi, and died at his old Missionary Post, Hebron, a few years after the banishment of his old and long tried friends the Choctaws, for whose moral and intellectual benefit he had so long and faithfully labored; and the other was Mr. Elijah Bardwell, who labored at Ok-la Hun-na-li sixty miles south west of Hebron, but who, after the banishment of the Choctaws, moved to a point a mile and a half east of the present town of Starkville, Mississippi. He too, with all the rest of his co-laborers, has long since also gone to his reward in the blissfu

immortality; but whose names still live, in honored remembrance in the hearts of a few aged Choctaws, who still survive.

As an example of the faithfulness with which those ancient missionaries adhered to every principle inculcated in the religion they professed among and preached to the Choctaws of the long ago, I will here relate the following as worthy of remembrance.

In the early days of the town of Starkville, Mississippi, a blacksmith, (John McGaughey), established a shop in the embryo city, and, in connection with his smithing, also traded in horses, keeping a few on hand all the time. Mr. Bardwell knowing this, and wishing to purchase a horse, called at Mr. McGaughey's shop one morning and asked him if he had a horse for sale that would be suitable for a farm. Mac. replying in the affirmative they went to the stable, where Mr. Bardwell, after examining the animal, asked the price. To this Mr. McGaughey replied: "Eighty-five dollars." "I regard that as too high a price," said Mr. Bardwell. Mr. McGaughey, well knowing the aged missionary and having unlimited confidence in his integrity, asked him what he believed the horse to be worth. To which Mr. Bardwell replied: "Sixty-five dollars." "You can have him at that price," responded Mr. McGaughey. Mr. Bardwell paid the money and took the horse. The trade was made in the spring of the year. Early in the following autumn, Mr. Bardwell called at the shop and, after the usual salutation, handed Mr. McGaughey twenty dollars, saying: "Here is that money that I owe you." Mr. McGaughey, in much astonishment, replied: "You are certainly mistaken. You do not owe me a dollar, you have always paid me the cash for all the work I have done for you in my shop." "True"! said Mr. Bardwell. "But this is not for work done in the shop, but is due you in a trade we made last spring." "What trade"? asked Mr. McGaughey in unfeigned surprise. "Why! in the purchase of a horse from you," replied Mr. Bardwell. "But you paid me the sixty-five dollars cash, the price for which I told you, you could have him." "True," replied Mr. Bardwell, "But you judged the horse to be worth eighty-five dollars, while I estimated his worth at only sixty-five; upon trial I have found him to be well worth the eighty-five dollars, the price you first asked for him. Here is your money." "But, Mr. Bardwell, I cannot accept the money. It was a fair trade." "Not so;" replied the aged missionary, "you were right, Mr. McGaughey in your judgment as to the correct value of the horse, and I was wrong. I insist upon your accepting that which is your just due." Mr. McGaughey

finally accepted the twenty dollars but only through his great respect for Mr. Bardwell, whose feelings he knew would be wounded if he did not accept the proffered twenty dollars.

Mr. John McGaughey, many years afterwards, frequently related this horse trade.

Seventy years ago, the Choctaw hunter generally hunted alone and on foot; and when he killed his game, unless small, he left it where it had fallen, and turning his footsteps homeward, traveled in a straight line, here and there breaking a twig leaving its top in the direction he had come, as a guide to his wife whom he intended to send to bring it home. As soon as he arrived, he informed her of his success and merely pointed in the direction in which the game lay. At once she mounted a pony and started in the direction indicated; and guided by the broken twigs, she soon arrived at the spot, picked up and fastened the dead animal to the saddle, mounted and soon was at home again; then soon dressed and prepared a portion for her hunter lord's meal, while he sat and smoked his pipe in meditative silence. No animal adapted for food was ever killed in wanton sport by any Indian hunter.

As a marksman the Choctaw could not be surpassed in the use of the rifle. It mattered not whether his game was standing or running; a bullet shot from his rifle, when directed by his experienced eye, was a sure messenger of death. A shotgun was regarded with great contempt, and never used. The rifle, and the rifle alone, would he use. To surprise a Choctaw warrior or hunter in the woods—see him before he saw you—was a feat not easily accomplished; in fact, impossible by an experienced white woodsman, and extremely difficult even by the most experienced. His watchful and practiced eye was always on the alert, whether running, walking, standing or sitting; and his acute ear, attentive to every passing sound, heard the most feeble noise, which, to the white man's ear was utter silence.

Years ago I had a Choctaw (full-blood) friend as noble and true as ever man possessed, and whom once to know was to remember with an esteem approaching the deepest affection; and of whom I was justly proud and in whom I took delight; and to-day, had I a hundred tongues, I could not express my appreciation of that noble friend. He was indeed a cordial to my heart—oft imparting to me an earnest of happiness which I thought had fled. Oft in our frequent hunts together, while silently gliding through the dense forests ten or fifteen rods apart, he would attract my attention by his well-known ha ha (give caution) in a low but distinct tone of voice, and point to a certain part of the woods where he had discovered an animal of some kind; and though

I looked as closely as possible I could see nothing whatever that resembled a living object of any kind. Being at too great a distance to risk a sure shot, he would signal me to remain quiet, as he endeavored to get closer. To me that was the most exciting and interesting part of the scene; for then began those strategic movements in which the most skillful white hunter that I have ever seen, was a mere bungler. With deepest interest, not unmixed with excitement, I closely watched his every movement as he slowly and stealthily advanced, with eyes fixed upon his object; now crawling noiselessly upon his hands and knees, then as motionless as a stump; now stretched full length upon the ground, then standing erect and motionless; then dropping suddenly to the ground, and crawling off at an acute angle to the right or left to get behind a certain tree or log, here and there stopping and slowly raising his head just enough to look over the top of the grass; then again be hidden until he reached the desired tree; with intense mingled curiosity and excitement, when hidden from my view in the grass, did I seek to follow him in his course with my eyes. Oft I would see a little dark spot not larger than my fist just above the top of the grass, which slowly grew larger and larger until I discovered it was his motionless head; and had I not known he was there somewhere I would not have suspected it was a human head or the head of anything else; and as I kept my eyes upon it, I noticed it slowly getting smaller until it gradually disappeared; and when he reached the tree, he then observed the same caution slowly rising until he stood erect and close to the body of the tree, then slowly and cautiously peeping around it first on the right, then on the left; and when, at this juncture, I have turned my eyes from him, but momentarily as I thought, to the point where I thought the game must be, being also eager to satisfy my excited curiosity as to the kind of animal he was endeavoring to shoot, yet, when I looked to the spot where I had just seen him—lo! he was not there; and while wondering to what point of the compass he had so suddenly disappeared unobserved, and vainly looking to find his mysterious whereabouts, I would be startled by the sharp crack of his rifle in a different direction from that in which I was looking for him, and in turning my eye would see him slowly rising out of the grass at a point a hundred yards distant from where I had last seen him. "Well, old fellow," I then ejaculated to myself, "I would not hunt for you in a wild forest for the purpose of obtaining your scalp, knowing, at the same time, that you were somewhere about seeking also to secure mine; I would just call to you to come and take it at once and save anxiety."

Talk about a white man out maneuvering an Indian in a forest, is an absurdity—veritable nonsense.

Frequently have I proposed to exchange guns with George (that was his name—simply George and nothing else) my double barrel shot-gun for his rifle, but he invariably refused; and when I asked for his objection to my gun, he ever had but one and the same reply—"Him push." He did not fancy the reaction or "kicking" so oft experienced in shooting the shot-gun which George had, no doubt, once experienced to his entire satisfaction. Generous and faithful George! I wonder where you are to-day? If on the face of God's green earth, I am sure—humble though you may be—there is one true heart above the sod that still beats in love for me.

It was truly wonderful with what ease and certainty the Choctaw hunter and warrior made his way through the dense forests of his country to any point he wished to go, near or distant. But give him the direction, was all he desired; with an unerring certainty, though never having been in that part of the country before, he would go over hill and valley, through thickets and canebrakes to the desired point, that seemed incredible. I have known the little Choctaw boys, in their juvenile excursions with their bows and arrows and blow-guns to wander miles away from their homes, this way and that through the woods, and return home at night, without a thought or fear of getting lost; nor did their parents have any uneasiness in regard to their wanderings. It is a universal characteristic of the Indian, when traveling in an, unknown country, to let nothing pass unnoticed. His watchful eye marks every distinguishing feature of the surroundings—a peculiarly leaning or fallen tree, stump or bush, rock or hill, creek or branch, he will recognize years afterwards, and use them as land marks, in going again through the same country. Thus the Indian hunter was enabled to go into a distant forest, where he never before had been, pitch his camp, leave it and hunt all day—wandering this way and that over hills and through jungles for miles away, and return to his camp at the close of the day with that apparent ease and unerring certainty, that baffled all the ingenuity of the white man and appeared to him as bordering on the miraculous. Ask any Indian for directions to a place, near or distant, and he merely points in the direction you should go, regarding that as sufficient information for any one of common sense.

In traveling through the Choctaw Nation in 1884, at one time I desired to go to a point forty miles distant, to which led a very dim path, at times scarcely deserving the name,

and upon making inquiry of different Choctaws whom I frequently met along my way, they only pointed in the direction I must travel and passed on; and being ashamed to let it appear that I did not have sense enough to go to the desired point after being told the direction, I rode on without further inquiry, and by taking the path, at every fork that seemed to lead the nearest in the direction I had been told to travel, I, in good time, reached my place of destination. So, after all, the Choctaws told me all that was necessary in the matter.

The ancient Choctaw warrior and hunter left the domestic affairs of his humble home wholly to the management of his wife and children. The hospitalities of his cabin, however, were always open to friend or stranger, but before whom he ever assumed a calm and respectful reserve, though nothing escaped his notice. If questioned he would readily enter into a conversation concerning his exploits as a warrior and hunter, but was indifferent upon the touching episodes of home, with its scenes of domestic bliss or woe, though their tendrils were as deeply and strangely interwoven with the fibres of his heart as with those of any other of the human race. The vicissitudes of life, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, were regarded as unworthy the consideration of a warrior and hunter; but the dangers, the fatigues and hardships of war and the chase as subjects only worthy to be mentioned. Yet, with all this, in unfeigned affection for his wife, children, kindred and friends; in deep anxiety for them in sickness and distress; in untiring efforts to relieve their necessities and wants; in anxiety for their safety in hours of danger; in fearless exposure of himself to protect them from harm; in his silent yet deep sorrow at their death; in his unassumed joy in their happiness; in these all Indians stand equal to any race of people that ever lived. And when roaming with him years ago in the solitudes of his native forests, and have looked upon him, whose nature and peculiar habits have been declared by the world to have no place with the rest of the human family, and then have gone with him to his humble, but no less hospitable, forest home, and there witnessed the same evidences of joy and sorrow, of hope and fear, of pleasure and pain that are every where peculiar to man's nature, I could but be more firmly established in that which I long had known, that the North American Indian, from first to last, had been wrongfully and shamefully misrepresented, and though in him are blended vindictive and revengeful passions, so much condemned by the civilized world, yet I found these were equally balanced by warm, generous, and noble feelings, as were found in any class of the human race:

To the ancient Choctaw warrior and hunter, excitement of some kind was indispensable to relieve the tedium of the nothing-to-do in which a great part of his life was spent. Hence the intervals between war and hunting were filled up by various amusements, ball plays, dances, foot and horse races, trials of strength and activity in wrestling and jumping, all of which being regulated by rules and regulations of a complicated etiquette.

But the Tolik (Ball play) was the ultimatum of all games—"the sine qua non" of all amusements to the Indians of the south; and to which he attached the greatest importance, and in the engagement of which his delight reached its highest perfection, and in the excelling of which his ambition fell not below that of him who contested in the Olympic games of ancient Greece.

A Choctaw Tolik seventy years ago, was indeed a game that well might have astonished the Titan, and diverted them, pro. tem. at least, from their own pastime. But when I look back through the retrospective years of the long past to that animating scene, and then read in recent years the different attempts made by many through the journals of the day to describe a genuine Choctaw Ball-play of those years ago, it excites a smile and only intensifies the hold memory retains of that indescribable game. No one, who has not witnessed it, can form a just idea of the scene from any description given; for it baffles all the powers of language and must be seen to be in any way comprehended. The base ball-play of the present day, so popular among the whites, in point of deep interest and wild excitement produced in the spectator, when compared to the Chashpo Tolik (Ancient Ball-play) of the Choctaws east of the Mississippi river, bears about the same relation that the light of the crescent moon does to the mid-day light of the mighty orb of day in a cloudless sky. However, I will attempt a description, though well aware that after all that can be said, the reader will only be able to form a very imperfect idea of the weird scene.

When the warriors of a village, wearied by the monotony of every day life, desired a change that was truly from one extreme to that of another, they sent a challenge to those of another village of their own tribe, and, not infrequently, to those of a neighboring tribe, to engage in a grand ball-play. If the challenge was accepted, and it was rarely ever declined a suitable place was selected and prepared by the challengers, and a day agreed upon. The Hetoka (ball ground) was selected in some beautiful level plain easily found in their then beautiful and romantic country. Upon the ground, from

three hundred to four hundred yards apart, two straight pieces of timber were firmly planted close together in the ground, each about fifteen feet in height, and from four to six inches in width, presenting a front of a foot or more. These were called Aiulbi, (Ball posts.) During the intervening time between the day of the challenge and that of the play, great preparations were made on both sides by those who intended to engage therein. With much care and unaffected solemnity they went through with their preparatory ceremonjes

The night preceding the day of the play was spent in painting, with the same care as when preparing for the war-path, dancing with frequent rubbing of both the upper and lower limbs, and taking their "sacred medicine."

In the mean time, tidings of the approaching play spread on wings of the wind from village to village and from neighborhood to neighborhood for miles away; and during the first two or three days preceding the play, hundreds of Indians—the old, the young, the gay, the grave of both sexes, in immense concourse, were seen wending their way through the vast forests from every point of the compass, toward the ball-ground; with their ponies loaded with skins, furs, trinkets, and every other imaginable thing that was part and parcel of Indian wealth, to stake upon the result of one or the other side.

On the morning of the appointed day, the players, from seventy-five to a hundred on each side, strong and athletic men, straight as arrows and fleet as antelopes, entirely in a nude state, excepting a broad piece of cloth around the hips, were heard in the distance advancing toward the plain from opposite sides, making the heretofore silent forests ring with their exulting songs and defiant hump-he! (banter) as intimations of the great feats of strength and endurance, fleetness and activity they would display before the eyes of their admiring friends. The curiosity, anxiety and excitement now manifested by the vast throng of assembled spectators were manifested on every countenance. Soon the players were dimly seen in the distance through their majestic forests, flitting here and there as spectres among the trees. Anon they are all in full view advancing from opposite sides in a steady, uniform trot, and in perfect order, as if to engage in deadly hand to hand conflict; now they meet and intermingle in one confused and disorderly mass interchanging friendly salutations dancing and jumping in the wildest manner, while intermingling with all an artillery of wild Shakuplichihî that echoed far back from the solitudes of the surrounding woods.

Then came a sudden hush—a silence deep, as if all Nature had made a pause—the prophetic calm before the bursting storm. During this brief interval, the betting was going on and the stakes being put up; the articles bet were all placed promiscuously in one place, often forming a vast conglomeration of things too numerous to mention, and the winning side took the pile. This being completed, the players took their places, each furnished with two kapucha (ball-sticks), three feet long, and made of tough hickory wood thoroughly seasoned. At one end of each ka-puch-a a very ingenious device, in shape and size, very similar to that of the hand half closed, was constructed of sinews of wild animals, in which they caught and threw the ball. It was truly astonishing with what ease and certainty they would catch the flying ball in the cups of the sticks and the amazing distance and accuracy they would hurl it through the air. In taking their places at the opening of the play, ten or twenty, according to the number of players engaged, of each side were stationed at each pole. To illustrate, I will say, ten of the A. party and ten of the B party were placed at pole C.; and ten of the B. party and ten of the A. party at pole D. The ten of the B party who were stationed at the pole C. were called Fa-lo-mo-li-chi (Throw-backs); and the ten of the A. party also stationed at pole C. were called Hat-tak fa-bussa (Pole men), and the ten of the A. party stationed at the pole D. were called Fala molichi, and the ten of the B. party stationed at the pole D., Hattak fabussa. The business of the Falamolichi at each pole was to prevent, if possible, the ball thrown by the opposite party, from striking the pole C.; and throw it back towards the pole D. to their own party; while that of the Hattak fabussa at pole C. was to prevent this, catch the ball themselves, if possible, and hurl it against the pole C., and the business of the Falamolichi and Hattak fabussa at the pole D. was the same as that at the pole C. In the centre, between the two poles, were also stationed the same number of each party as were stationed at the poles, called Middle Men, with whom was a chief "Medicine man," whose business was to throw the ball straight up into the air, as the signal for the play to commence. The remaining players were scattered promiscuously along the line between the poles and over different portions of the play-ground.

All things being ready, the ball suddenly shot up into the air from the vigorous arm of the Medicine Man, and the wash-o-ha (playing) began. The moment the ball was seen in the air, the players of both sides, except the Falamolichi and Hattak fabussa, who remained at their posts, rushed to

the spot, where the ball would likely fall, with a fearful shock. Now began to be exhibited a scene of wild grandeur that beggared all description. As there were no rules and regulations governing the manner of playing nor any act considered unfair, each of course, acted under the impulse of the moment regardless of consequences.

They threw down and ran over each other in the wild excitement and reckless chase after the ball, stopping not nor heeding the broken limbs and bruised heads or even broken neck of a fallen player. Like a herd of stampeded buffaloes upon the western plains, they ran against and over each other, or any thing else, man or beast, that stood in their way; and thus in wild confusion and crazed excitement they scrambled and tumbled, each player straining every nerve and muscle to its utmost tension, to get the ball or prevent his opponent, who held it firmly grasped between the cups of his trusty kapucha, from making a successful throw; while up and down the lines the shouts of the players—"Falamochi! Falamochi!" (Throw it back! Throw it back) as others shouted Hokli! Hoklio! (Catch! Catch!) The object of each party was to throw the ball against the two upright pieces of timber that stood in the direction of the village to which it belonged; and, as it came whizzing through the air, with the velocity comparatively of a bullet shot from a gun, a player running at an angle to intercept the flying ball, and when near enough, would spring several feet into the air and catch it in the hands of his sticks, but ere he could throw it, though running at full speed, an opponent would hurl him to the ground, with a force seemingly sufficient to break every bone in his body—and even to destroy life, and as No. 2 would wrest the ball from the fallen No. 1 and throw it, ere it had flown fifty feet, No. 3 would catch it with his unerring kapucha, and not seeing, perhaps an opportunity of making an advantageous throw, would start off with the speed of a deer, still holding the ball in the cups of his kapucha—pursued by every player.

Again was presented to the spectators another of those exciting scenes, that seldom fall to the lot of one short lifetime to behold, which language fails to depict, or imagination to conceive. He now runs off, perhaps, at an acute angle with that of the line of the poles, with seemingly super-human speed; now and then elevating above his head his kapucha in which safely rests the ball, and in defiant exultation shouts, "hump-he! hump-he!" (I dare you) which was acknowledged by his own party with a wild-response of approval, but responded to by a bold cry of defiance from the opposite side. Then again all is hushed and the breathless silence is

only disturbed by the heavy thud of their runningfeet. For a short time he continues his straight course, as if to test the speed of his pursuing opponents; then begins to circle toward his pole. Instantly comprehending his object, his running friends circle with him, with eyes fixed upon him, to secure all advantages given to them by any stragetic throw he may make for them, while his opponents are mingled among them to defeat his object; again he runs in a straight line; then dodges this way and that; suddenly he hears the cry from some one of his party in the rear of the parallel running throng, who sees an advantage to be gained if the ball was thrown to him, "Falamolichi"! "Falamolichi"! He now turns and dashes back on the line and in response to the continued cry—"Falamolichi"! he hurls the ball with all his strength; with fearful velocity it flies through the air and falls near the caller; and in the confusion made by the suddenly turning throng, he picks it up at full speed with his kapucha, and starts toward his pole. Then is heard the cry of his hattak fabussa, and he hurls the ball toward them and, as it falls, they and the throw-backs stationed at that pole, rush to secure it; and then again, though on a smaller scale, a scene of wild confusion was seen—scuffling, pulling, pushing, butting—unsurpassed in any game ever engaged in by man. Perhaps, a throw-back secures the ball and starts upon the wing, in the direction of his pole, meeting the advancing throng, but with his own throw-backs and the polemen of his opponents at his heels; the latter to prevent him from making a successful throw and the former to prevent any interference, while the shouts of "Falamolichi!" "Falamolichi!" arose from his own men in the advancing runners. Again the ball flies through the air, and is about to fall directly among them, but ere it reaches the ground many spring into the air to catch it, but are tripped and they fall headlong to the earth. Then, as the ball reaches the ground again is brought into full requisition the propensities of each one to butt, pull, and push, though not a sound is heard, except the wild rattling of the kapucha, that reminded one of the noise made by the collision of the horns of a drove of stampeding Texas steers. Oft amid the play women were seen giving water to the thirsty and offering words of encouragement; while others, armed with long switches stood ready to give their expressions of encouragement to the supposed tardy, by a severe rap over the naked shoulders, as a gentle reminder of their dereliction of duty; all of which was received in good faith, yet invariably elicited the response—"Wah!" as an acknowledgement of the favor.

From ten to twenty was generally the game. Whenever

the ball was thrown against the upright fabussa (poles), it counted one, and the successful thrower shouted; "Illi tok," (dead) meaning one number less; oft accompanying the shout by gobbing vociferously like the wild turkey, which elicited a shout of laughter from his party, and a yell of defiance from the other. Thus the exciting, and truly wild and romantic scene was continued, with unabated efforts on the part of the players until the game was won. But woe to the inconsiderate white man, whose thoughtless curiosity had led him too far upon the hetoka. (ball ground) and at whose feet the ball should chance to fall; if the path to that ball was not clear of all obstructions, the 200 players, now approaching with the rush of a mighty whirlwind would soon make it so. And right then and there, though it might be the first time in life, he became a really active man, if the desire of immediate safety could be any inducement, cheerfully inaugurating proceedings by turning a few double somersets, regardless as to the scientific manner he executed them, or the laugh of ridicule that might be offered at his expense; and if he escaped only with a broken limb or two, and a first-class scare, he might justly consider himself most fortunate. But the Choctaws have long since lost that interest in the ball-play that they formerly cherished in their old homes east of the Mississippi River. 'Tis true, now and then, even at the present day, they indulge in the time honored game, but the game of the present day is a Lillipution—a veritable pygmy—in comparison with the grand old game of three quarters of a century ago; nor will it be many years ere it will be said of the Choctaw tohli, as of ancient Troy—"Ilium fuit."

To any one of the present day, an ancient Choctaw ball-play would be an exhibition far more interesting, strange, wild and romantic, in all its features, than anything ever exhibited in a circus from first to last—excelling it in every particular of daring feats and wild recklessness. In the ancient ball-play, the activity, fleetness, strength and endurance of the Mississippi Choctaw warrior and hunter, were more fully exemplified than anywhere else; for there he brought into the most severe action every power of soul and body. In those ancient ball-plays, I have known villages to lose all their earthly possessions upon the issue of a single play. Yet, they bore their misfortune with becoming grace and philosophic indifference and appeared as gay and cheerful as if nothing of importance had occurred. The education of the ancient Choctaw warrior and hunter consisted mainly in the frequency of these muscular exercises which enabled him to endure hunger, thirst and fatigue; hence they often indulged in protracted fastings, frequent foot

racers, trials of bodily strength, introductions to the war-path, the chase and their favorite Tolih.

They also indulged in another game in which they took great delight, called Ulth Chuppih, in which but two players could engage at the same time; but upon the result of which, as in the Tolih, they frequently bet their little all. An alley, with a hard smooth surface and about two hundred feet long, was made upon the ground. The two players took a position at the upper end at which they were to commence the game, each having in his hand a smooth, tapering pole eight or ten feet long flattened at the ends. A smooth round stone of several inches in circumference was then brought into the arena; as soon as both were ready, No. 1 took the stone and rolled it with all his strength down the narrow inclined plane of the smooth alley; and after which both instantly started with their utmost speed. Soon No. 2, threw his pole at the rolling stone; instantly No. 1, threw his at the flying pole of No. 2, aiming to hit it, and, by so doing, change its course from the rolling stone. If No. 2 hits the stone, he counts one; but if No. 1 prevents it by hitting the pole of No. 2, he then counts one; and he, who hits his object the greater number of times in eleven rollings of the stone, was the winner. It was a more difficult matter to hit either the narrow edge of the rolling stone, or the flying pole, than would be at first imagined. However, the ancient Chahtah Ulte Chupih may come in at least as a worthy competitor with the pale-face Ten-pin-alley, for the disputed right of being the more dignified amusement.

Judge Julius Folsom of Atoka, Indian Territory, informed me that a friend of his, Isaac McClure, found an Ulth Chuppih ball in a mound near Skullyville, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, and not knowing what it was, brought it to him for information. This proves that the Indians who occupied the territory prior to the Choctaws also indulged in the game of Ulth Chuppih.

The following was furnished me by my learned friend H. S. Halbert, of Mississippi, a genuine philanthropist and true friend to the North American Indian race:

"The Great Ball Play and Fight on Noxubee" (a corruption of the Choctaw word Nakshobih, a peculiarly offensive odor), between the Creeks and Choctaws.

"In the fall of 1836, there died in the southern part of Noxubee county an aged Indian warrior named Stonie Hadjo. This old Indian had resided in the county for years and was very popular with the pioneers, who regarded him as an upright and truthful man. He was a Creek by birth, a Choctaw by adoption. This old warrior would often tell of a

great ball play and fight which occurred between the Creeks and Choctaws in Noxubee county. This event, from date given by him, must have occurred about the year 1790.

"On Noxubee river there was anciently a large beaver pond, about which the Creeks and Choctaws had a violent dispute. The Creeks claimed it by priority of discovery, while the Choctaws asserted their right to it because it lay in their own territory. As the fur trade at Mobile and Pensacola, (corruption of the Choctaw words *puska okla*, bread people, then small places, but the main points of trade for the southern Indians) was lucrative, each party was loath to renounce the right to the beavers. The two Nations finally agreed to settle the matter by a ball-play. A given number of the best players were accordingly selected from each Nation, who were to decide, by the result of the game, to which Nation, the exclusive right to the beaver pond should belong. Great preparations were made by each party for this important event. They commenced preparing on the new moon and it took them two whole moons and until the full of the third to complete preparations. Great quantities of provisions had to be procured, and the ball players had to subject themselves meanwhile to the usual requirement of practice, the athletic exercises customary on such occasions.

"Finally the day came, and Stonie Hadjo said that there were ten thousand Indians, Creeks and Choctaws, camped around the ball ground on Noxubee river. The Creek Chief who held the highest command, after seeing his people properly encamped left to pay a visit of ceremony to great Chief of the Choctaws, who lived at some distance. Stonie Hadjo give the names of those two chiefs, but these names cannot now be recalled." (If I mistake not, the Choctaw Chief was Himakubih, now to kill). "Every thing being now ready the play commenced, and it was admitted on all sides to have been the closest and most evenly matched game ever witnessed by either nation. Fortune vascillated from Creek to Choctaws and then from Choctaw to Creek. At last, it was a tied game, both parties standing even. One more game remained to be played which would decide the contest. Then occurred a long and terrible struggle lasting for four hours. Every Creek and every Choctaw strained himself to his utmost bent. Finally after prodigious feats of strength and agility displayed on both sides, fortune at last declared in favor of the Creeks. The victors immediately began to shout and sing! The Choctaws were greatly humiliated. At length a high spirited Choctaw player, unable longer to endure the exultant shouts of the victorious party, made an

nsulting remark to a Creek player. (Who, in retaliation, Choctaws state, threw a petticoat on the Choctaw—the the greatest insult that can be offered to an Indian). The latter resented it, and the two instantly clutched each other in deadly combat. The contagion spread, and a general fight with sticks, knives, guns, tomahawks and bows and arrows, began among the ball players. Then warriors from each tribe commenced joining in the fight until all were engaged in bloody strife.

“The fight continued from an hour by the sun in the evening with but little intermission during the night, until two hours by the sun the next morning. At this juncture the great chiefs of the Creeks and the Choctaws arrived upon the ground and at once put a stop to the combat, runners having been dispatched at the beginning of the fight to these two leaders to inform them of the affair. The combatants upon desisting from the fight, spent the remainder of the day in taking care of the wounded; the women watching over the dead. The next day the dead were buried; their money, silver ornaments, and other articles of value being deposited with them in their graves. The third day a council convened. The Creek and the Choctaw chiefs made “talks” expressing their regrets that their people should have given way to such a wild storm of passion resulting in the death of so many brave warriors. There was no war or cause for war between the two Nations and they counceled that all forget the unhappy strife, make peace and be friends as before. This advice was heeded. The pipe of peace was smoked, all shook hands and departed to their homes.

“Stonie Hadjo stated that five hundred warriors were killed outright in this fight and that a great many of the wounded afterward died. The Creeks and Choctaws had had several wars with each other, had fought many bloody battles, but that no battle was so disastrous as this fight at the ball ground. For many long years the Creeks and Choctaws looked back to this event with emotions of terror and sorrow. For here, their picked men, their ball players, who were the flower of the two Nations, almost to a man perished. Scarcely was there a Creek or Choctaw family, but had to mourn the death of some kinsman slain. For several years the Creeks made annual pilgrimages to this ball ground to weep over the graves of their dead. The Choctaws kept up this Indian custom much longer. Even down to the time of their emigration in 1832 they had not ceased to make similar lamentations.

“After the fight, by tacit consent, the beaver pond was left in the undisputed possession of the Choctaws; but it is

said that soon afterwards, the beaver entirely abandoned the pond. According to Indian superstition, their departure was supposed to have some connection with the unfortunate fight.

"In 1832, a man named Charles Dobbs settled on this ball and battle ground. Stonie Hadjo, who was then living in the vicinity, pointed out to him many of the graves, wherein money and other valuables were buried. Dobbs dug down and recovered about five hundred dollars in silver, and about two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of silver ornaments.

"This ground is situated on the eastern banks of Noxubee river, about five miles west of Cooksville and about two hundred yards north of where Shuqualak (corruption of Shoh-pakalih, Sparkling,) creek empties into Noxubee. The beaver pond, now drained and in cultivation, is situated on the western bank of Noxubee, about half a mile north of the ball-ground.

Frequently disputes between the ancient Choctaws and Muscogeas arose as a result of a ball-play, but which too frequently terminated in a fearful fight, followed by a protracted war. My friend, H. S. Halbert, informed me by letter, of another, which was told to him by an aged Choctaw who remained in Mississippi with others at the time of the Choctaw exodus in 1832. It is as follows:

"The war in 1800 between the Choctaws and Creeks had its origin in a dispute about the territory between the Tombigbee and Black Warrior rivers, which both Nations claimed. It was finally agreed to settle the matter by a ball-play. The play occurred on the west bank of the Black Warrior, a mile below Tuscaloosa. The Creek chief was named Tuskegee, the Choctaw, Luee, (corruption of La wih, being equal). Both parties claimed the victory. A violent dispute arose which resulted in a call to arms followed by a furious battle in which many were killed and wounded on both sides, but the Choctaws were victorious. This occurred in the spring. The Choctaws after the fight withdrew to their homes. The Creeks, stung by defeat, invaded the Choctaw Nation in the ensuing fall under Tuskegee and fought the second battle in the now Noxubee county, in which the Creeks were victorious. Luee again commanded the Choctaws." But the Choctaws being reinforced, another battle was soon after fought in which the Choctaws under Himarkubih, were victorious and drove the Creeks out of their country. I have been told that previous to our civil war the trees still showed signs of the ancient conflict.

The Choctaws, at the time of their earliest acquaintance

with the European races, possessed, in conjunction with all their race of the North American Continent, a vague, but to a great extent, correct knowledge of the Oka Falama, "The returning waters," as they termed it—The Flood!

The Rev. Cyrus Byington related a little incident, as one out of many interesting and pleasing ones that frequently occurred when traveling through their country from one point to another in the discharge of his ministerial duties, over seventy years ago. At one time he found night fast approaching without any visible prospect of finding a place of shelter for the night, safe from the denizens of the wilderness through which his devious path was leading him. Then and there roads were unknown and paths alone led the traveler from place to place. Soon, however, he discovered an humble cabin a few hundred yards distant, directly to which the little path was leading him, and which he readily recognized as the home of a Choctaw hunter. Several little children were engaged in their juvenile sports near the house, who, upon seeing the white stranger approaching, made a precipitate retreat into the house. The mother hastened to the door to learn the cause of the alarm—saw, gazed a moment, and then as suddenly disappeared. As Mr. Byington rode up, he observed an Indian man sitting before the door, whose appearance betokened his experience in the vicissitudes of life to have reached four score years or more, who cheerfully extended the hospitality of his humble home to the solitary and wayworn stranger.

But nothing strange in this, for who ever heard of an American Indian refusing the hospitality of his cabin, however so humble, to a passing stranger? Soon Mr. Byington was also seated before the cabin door near the aged Choctaw, and very naturally took a survey of the surroundings. It was a cloudless eve in May, 1825. The calm beautiful day was just drawing to a close and the slanting sunbeam fell in a dreamy sort of indolent beauty upon the delicate shrubbery beneath the majestic trees that towered above in stately grandeur dangling with their branches in a careless radiance and throwing upon them such gorgeous tints, as they alone can bestow at the last moment of their departing glory. Far away before the admiring gaze of the humble missionary, stretched a gently undulating plain which seemed to extend beyond the sunbeams into the gray twilight of the distant east. Here and there dense masses of foliage on the north, south and west, deepening and darkening into increasing depths of shade, blended so imperceptibly with the outstretching shadows which they cast, that it was difficult to tell where the reality ceased and the shadow began. Various

kinds of birds were now flocking from the open plain into the recesses of the dark foliage of the surrounding trees, and, with noisy twitterings seemed disputing for the occupancy of their favorite roosting place upon some selected twig; lovely flowers of variegated hue filled the air with sweetest perfume, rendering it a luxury to breathe; while here and there little groups of cattle and horses, lazily cropped the new and tender grass or idly lay upon its soft carpet, which now covered the ground with living green. The aged warrior, true to his nature, had sought his cabin door that, undisturbed, he might look upon the scene that stretched in a wild panorama of beauty before his appreciative and admiring gaze. Romantic and lovely indeed were all the surroundings of that forest home, so truly characteristic of the Indian in the selection of his abode. The old warrior and hunter, ere his meditations were disturbed by the coming stranger, was, no doubt, silently and attentively listening to the voice of memory calling him from afar off, back to the sunny days of early youth, while his ears caught other cadences that whispered of man-hood's strength, when, untrammelled by the weight of years, he roamed o'er his native land, and, with eagle-eye and nimble-foot, pursued his game, or, with stealthy step, followed the war-path in its dubious windings through the distant country of his foes. But to the cultivated mind of the man of God, who now sat by his side and also viewed the glories of the scene, how different the emotions awakened! His thoughts arose from Nature's beauties to the sublimities and glories of Nature's God. For it was the place and hour to enter Nature's sacred temple and there commune with her in her own mystic language; to see the beautiful where others see it not; to hear anthems that whisper to man of hope and joy in the diapason of the gentle zephyrs, making the appreciative heart thankful to be alive; while pitying the dwellers in crowded cities who never see or enjoy aught like this.

After an exchange of a few words, and the aged man had learned who his guest was, for he had heard of the good missionaries, mutual confidence was at once established between the two; especially as the stranger was conversant, to some extent, in his native Choctaw tongue. During the conversation of the evening, the good missionary, true to his trust, narrated to his aged host the story of the Cross, with all its interesting bearings, and in conclusion set forth, with much eloquence, the importance and necessity of his host's immediate attention to the things that appertained to his interests beyond the sphere of time; to all of which the old man listened in profound silence, and with the deepest inter-

est and attention; then rising from his seat and taking Mr. Byington by the hand and leading him to the corner of the little cabin where the setting sun could be seen in full view, he pointed to it and said: "Your talk is, no doubt, true and good, but it is strange and dark to me. See yonder is the sun of my life; it but lingers upon the western sky. It is now too late for me to follow your new and strange words. Let me continue in the path I long have walked, and in which my fathers before me trod; the Great Spirit tells me, it will lead me to the happy hunting grounds of the Indian, and that is sufficient for me." And who can say it was not? With unshaken faith he believed the Great Spirit would take him at the hour of death to the happy hunting ground—the heaven of the Indian, the only one of which he had ever heard. Then pointing to his children and grand-children, he continued: "Tell your new talk to them and to my young people. They have time to consider it. If it is a better way to the happy hunting grounds than the Indian's, teach them to walk in it, but persuade me not to now forsake my long known path, for one unknown and so strange to me." Mr. Byington, deeply interested in his aged friend, related, in connection with other Bible truths, the account of the flood. Instantly the old veteran's countenance brightened up, and with a smile of self-confidence said: "You no longer talk mysteries. I know now of what you speak. My father told me when a boy of the Oka Falama." Mr. Byington then asked him, if he knew how long since it occurred. The old veteran, with an air of injured innocence, by the doubt expressed in the question of his veracity for truth, stooping, filled both hands with sand, then, with an expression of triumphal confidence, said: "As many seasons of snow ago, as I hold grains of sand in my hand."

During the fall of 1887, I was boarding at a Choctaw friend's in the territory, a man of noble characteristics, and one day related to him the above incident. I was struck with his remark. As I closed, he said in a slow and mournful tone of voice; "Ever thinking of the good of their people,—the young and rising generations coming after them." I asked a more explicit explanation. He replied; "The aged men of my people always expressed more concern for the welfare of the young than they did for themselves. That old Choctaw, of whom you have just spoken, seemed to realize that it was too late for him to be benefited by the teachings of the good white man, but still was anxious for him to do all the good he could for the young and rising generation of his Nation. Why is the Indian so traduced by the white man? Has my race no redeeming traits?" Shame for my

own race hushed me to silence, and I made no reply, as he arose and quietly left my room—and me to my unpleasant reflections.

The Choctaw hunter was famous as a strategist when hunting alone in the woods; and was such an expert in the art of exactly imitating the cries of the various animals of the forests, that he would deceive the ear of the most experienced. They made a very ingeniously constructed instrument for calling deer to them, in the use of which they were very expert; and in connection with this, they used a decoy made by cutting the skin clear round the neck, about ten inches from the head of a slain buck having huge horns, and then stuffing the skin in one entire section up to the head and cutting off the neck where it joins the head. The skin, thus made hollow from the head back, is kept in its natural position by inserting upright sticks; the skin is then pulled upwards from the nose to the horns and all the flesh and brains removed; then the skin is repulled to its natural place and laid away to dry. In a year it has become dry; hard and inoffensive, and fit for use. All the upright sticks are then taken out except the one next to the head, which is left as a hand-hold. Thus the hunter, with his deer-caller and head decoy, easily enticed his game within the range of his deadly rifle; for, secreting himself in the woods, he commenced to imitate the bleating of a deer; if within hearing distance, one soon responds; but, perhaps, catching the scent of the hunter, stops and begins to look around. The hunter now inserts his arm into the cavity of the decoy and taking hold of the upright stick within, easily held it up to view, and attracted the attention of the doubting deer by rubbing it against the bushes or a tree; seeing which, the then no longer suspicious deer advanced, and only learned its mistake by the sharp crack of the rifle and the deadly bullet.

The antlers of some of the bucks grew to a wonderful size, which were shed off every February, or rather pushed off by the forthcoming new horns, a singularly strange freak of nature, yet no less true. There was also a strange and ancient tradition among the Choctaw and Chickasaw hunters, before their exodus to their present place of abode that, as soon the horns dropped off, the buck at once PAWED a hole in the ground with his feet (it being always soft during the season of shedding, from the frequent rains) into which he pushed the fallen horns and carefully covered them up. This may seem fabulous, yet there are good grounds upon which to establish, at least a probability, if not its truth. I have heard of white hunters who had been attracted by the appearance of something being freshly covered up, with th

tracks of deer alone at and around the spot, and, upon digging down, have found the horns of a deer. In many hunts in the forest of Mississippi, during many years, where the deer almost filled the woods, I have never seen a deer horn except those attached to a skull—left in the woods by the hunter, or those of a buck that had died a natural death. The forests were burnt off the latter part of every March, and thus the ground, was entirely naked and a deer's horn, if above ground, could have been seen a hundred yards distant, but they were not seen. The fires of the forest were not hot enough to burn them. Now what became of them if not buried by the bucks, as hundreds were shed yearly?

The Choctaw warrior was equally as expert in deceiving his enemy as he was in that of the wild denizens of his native forests. When upon the war-path the Choctaws always went in small bands, which was the universal custom of their entire race, traveling one behind the other in a straight line; and, if in the enemy's territory each one stepped exactly in the tracks of the one who walked before him, while the one in the extreme rear defaced, as much as possible, their tracks, that no evidence of their number, or whereabouts might be made known to the enemy. In these war excursions, the most profound silence was observed; their communications being carried on by preconcerted and well understood signs made by the hand or head; if necessary to be audible, then by a low imitative cry of some particular wild animal.

The dignity of chieftainship was bestowed upon him, who had proved himself worthy by his skill and daring deeds in war; and to preserve the valiant character of their chief, it was considered a disgrace for him to be surpassed in daring deeds by any of his warriors; at the same time, it was also regarded as dishonorable for the warriors to be surpassed by their chief. Thus there were great motives for both to perform desperate deeds of valor—which they did; nor did they wait for opportunities for the display of heroism, but sought perils and toils by which they might distinguish themselves. These war parties, gliding noiselessly like spectres through the dense forests, painted in the most fantastic manner conceivable, presented a wild and fearful appearance, more calculated to strike terror to the heart of the beholder than admiration. Though they advanced in small bodies and detached parties, yet in their retreats they scattered like frightened partridges, each for himself, but to unite again at a pre-arranged place miles to the rear. No gaudy display was ever made in their war excursions to their enemy's country. They meant business, not display,

depending on the success of their expedition in their silent and unexpected approach, patient watching, and artful strata-gems. To fight a pitched battle in an open field giving the enemy an equal chance, was to the Choctaws the best evidence of a want of military skill. But unlike most of their race, they seldom invaded an enemy's territory from choice; but woe to the enemy, who attributing this to cowardice, should have the presumption to invade their country; like enraged bears robbed of their young, they would find the Choctaw warriors, to a man, ready to repel them with the most desperate and fearless bravery ever exhibited by any race of men. Yet, to them, no less than to the whites, strategy was commendable, and to outwit an enemy and thus gain an advantage over him, was evidence of great and praiseworthy skill.

DUELS.—The duelist, according to the white man's code of honor, was regarded by the Choctaws with utmost contempt, the fool above all fools; and in this, manifesting much better sense than the white man with all his boasted idea of honor. That a man would stand up openly before his enemy to be shot at with the opportunity of getting an open shot at him, was a code of honor beyond their comprehension, a piece of nonsense in the indulgence of which a Choctaw could not be guilty.

I did once hear, however, of a young Choctaw warrior accepting a challenge from a white man in their nation east of the Mississippi river. A white man, who had been living in one of their villages for several months, taking offense at something a young warrior had done, and well-knowing the repugnance with which the Choctaws regarded the white man's code of honor, thought it a proper time to impress them with the belief that he was very brave, since he had but little to fear that he would be called upon to put it to the test; therefore, gave him a verbal challenge, in the presence of many other Choctaw warriors, to fight him a duel according to the white man's code; and to impress upon the minds of the by-standers that where there was so much bravery, there must be a proportional amount of honor, the heroic challenger informed the young Choctaw that, as he was the challenged party, the white man's code of honor nobly awarded to him the choice of weapons, time and place. To all of which the young Choctaw listened in meditative silence. All eyes were turned upon him expecting a negative reply; none more so than the "brave" pale-face. At that moment he sprang to his feet and with a nimble bound placed himself directly before the face, and within a few feet of his challenger, and, with his piercing eyes upon, said in broken

English, "You say, me hab choice of weapon, time, and place, too?" "Yes," responded the now dubious white brave; then looking around upon all with a determined eye, to the astonishment of all, the challenger by no means excepted, exclaimed in a calm tone of voice: "Pale-face, me fight you to-marler wid rifle." Then turning to one of the by-standers he said: "You take him" (pointing to his challenger) "to-marler, sun so high," (pointing to the east) one mile dis way, put him behind tree, den you come back." Then turning to another, continued: "You take me to-marler, sun same so high" (again pointing to the east) "one mile dis udder way, put me behind tree, too, den you come back." Then turning his penetrating black eyes fully upon the then astonished "man of honor," and looking him straight in the eyes, said: "Pale-face, you hunt me to-marler, and me hunt you to-marler; you see me first, den you shoot me first; me see you first, den me shoot you first." The pale-face warrior, quickly concluding that prudence then and there was evidently the better part of valor, wisely declined the honor with all the prospective pleasure of the morrow's hunt; to the great amusement of the Choctaws, who by their continued tantilizing, soon drove the would-be duellist from their territory.

Upon this subject, I here quote the following from the pen of Rev. Israel Folsom, a Choctaw, with whom I was personally acquainted, east of the Mississippi river, and kindly furnished me by his amiable daughter, Czarena, now Mrs. Robb, a noble Christian lady living in Atoka I. T. (from Aia-tuk-ko, a protection or shield.)

"They had duels too; but they were quite different from any that has been practiced by any of the Indians of the continent or the whites; and which most commonly proved fatal to both parties. When a quarrel or difficulty occurred between two warriors, a challenge was sent by one to the other; not to meet and take a pop at each other with pistols, as is the case in civilized and refined Nations, but in reality, it was a challenge for both to die. It was understood in no other way; this was the mode of trying the man's bravery, for they believe that a brave man, who possesses an honest and sincere heart, would never be afraid to die: It was usual for each one to select his own friend to dispatch him. If one should back out from the challenge, they considered it as a great mark of cowardice and dishonesty in him, and he would be despised by his relations and friends, and by the whole tribe. If a challenge was given and accepted, it was certain to end in the death of both parties; this mode of deciding difficulties had a strong tendency to restrain men from quarreling and fighting among themselves, for fear of being

challenged and consequently compelled to die, or forever be branded with dishonesty and cowardice, and afterwards live a life of degradation and disgrace. Hence, it was a common saying among them, that a man should never quarrel, unless he was willing to be challenged and to die. On one occasion a sister seeing her brother about to back out from a challenge stepped forward and boldly offered herself to die in his stead, but her offer was not accepted, and she was so mortified at her brother's want of courage that she burst into tears."

Thus they fought the duel: When one Choctaw challenged another the challenge was given verbally, face to face, the time and place then and there designated. If accepted (and it was almost certain to be) the two went to the place each with his second. The two combatants then took their places unarmed about twenty feet apart, each with a second at his right side with a rifle in hand. At a given signal each second shot the combatant standing before him. That closed the scene. Each had proven himself a Tush-ka Siah; (warrior I am) and that was satisfactory to all.

To have it said, "he died bravely," was the highest ambition of the Choctaw warrior, and thus it is even to the present day. He regards death as merely a transmigration to the happy hunting-ground, to which many of his friends had already gone. His rifle, so long his boon companion and trusty friend, together with his tomahawk, knife and tobacco, he only required to be deposited in the grave by his side as all the requisites necessary for him, when he arrived at the land of abundant game to resume the sports of the chase; frequently a little corn and venison were also placed in the grave, by the hand of maternal fore-sight and love, that her warrior boy might not hunger during his long journey.

There was a peculiar custom among the ancient Choctaws, prior to 1818, which, according to tradition, was as follows: For many years after the marriage of her daughter, the mother-in-law was forbidden to look upon her son-in-law. Though they might converse together, they must be hidden the one from the other by some kind of a screen, and when nothing else offered, by covering her eyes. Thus the mother-in-law was put to infinite trouble and vexation lest she should make an infracton upon the strange custom; since, when travelling or in camp often without tents, they were necessarily afraid to raise their heads, or open their eyes through fear of seeing the interdicted object.

Another peculiarity, which, however, they possessed in common with other tribes, was, the Choctaw wife never called her husband by name. But addressed him as "my son

or daughter's father;" or more commonly using the child's name, when if Shah-bi-chih, (meaning, to make empty, the real name of a Choctaw whom I know) for instance, she she calls her husband "Shah-bi-chih's father." Another oddity in regard to names was, the ancient Choctaw warriors seemed to have a strange aversion to telling their own names, and it was impossible to get it unless he had an acquaintance present, whom he requested to tell it for him.

THE CHOCTAW YA-YAHS; CRIES OVER THE DEAD.—Their manifested sorrow and wailing over the graves of their dead were affecting in the extreme—truly bordering on the sublime in their severe simplicity; and had the Indian characteristics been rightly understood, and the nature of their lamentations justly comprehended by the whites, their ancient "Yayahs" might well have been compared to the complaints of the mother of Eurialus, in the *Æneid*: the same passionate expressions of deep sorrow, and the same extravagance of grief, whose affecting tones sank deep into the inexperienced heart. For twelve months, at various intervals, the women repaired to the grave of the last deceased relative or friend there to weep and express their unassumed, heart-felt griefs to the memory of the dead, loved in life and lamented in death, thus manifesting the tender sensibility of the Indian female. And though those tender and affecting exhibitions of affection may be regarded by the arrogant whites as having their origin in ignorance, superstition and error, yet how hard that heart must be that pardons not the illusion that soothes the sufferings of a bereaved soul. But that age in which superstition held her empire undisputed in the Choctaw mind has long since past; and that noble people, however seemingly low, or however opposed in their progress by conflicting and opposing circumstances, have years ago turned towards truth, and have long since attained that goal which reason has erected in their breasts equal to that of the White Race.

The deep and unaffected grief of a Choctaw mother at the death of a daughter, and that also of a father at the loss of an only son in whom rested his fondest hopes, words are inadequate to describe. With tearless eyes and solemn countenance the bereaved father strolled about his little premises, seemingly unconscious of all the surroundings, while the frequent outbursting of grief in the loud lamentations of the mother was truly a Rachel weeping for her children. There never lived a race of people more affectionate one to another than the Choctaws in their ancient homes. They actually seemed as one great brotherhood—one loving, trusting family; nor has there been any material change

from that day to this. 'Tis true, they were subject to like passions with all imperfect humanity, and in momentary fits of passion, excited by the white man's "Personal Liberty," one sometimes killed another; but as soon as his drunken fit had worn off and momentary anger cooled, he manifested the deepest sorrow for the unfortunate affair; nor did he ever try to escape from the punishment attending the crime—never; but calmly offered himself as a voluntary sacrifice to the offended law.

They held specified cries for the dead, which to us of the present day would appear strange and even bordering upon the romantic, yet could not be witnessed without emotions of sadness. After the death and burial, the time was set by the near relations of the deceased for the cry, and notice was given to the neighboring villages for their attendance, to which all gave a ready response. When assembled, as many as could conveniently, would kneel in a close circle around the grave, both men and women; then drawing their blankets over their heads would commence a wailing cry in different tones of voice, which, though evident to a sensitive ear that the rules of harmony had been greatly overlooked, produced a solemnity of feeling that was indescribable, to which also the surroundings but added to the novelty of the scene; for here and there, in detached little groups, were seated upon the ground many others, who in solemn demeanor chatted in a low tone of voice and smoked the indispensable pipe; while innumerable children of all ages and sexes, engaged in their juvenile sports and in thoughtless glee mingled their happy voices with the sad dirge of their seniors; which added to the barking of a hundred dogs intermingling with the tinkling chimes of the little bells that were suspended upon the necks of as many ponies, made a scene baffling all description. At different intervals, one, sometimes three or four together, would arise from the circle of mourners, quietly walk away and join some one of the many little groups seated around, while the vacancy in the mourning circle was immediately filled by others, who promptly came forward, knelt, drew their blankets over their heads, and took up the mournful strain; and thus for several days and nights, the wailing voices of the mourners, the gleeful shouts of thoughtless yet innocent and happy childhood; the howling and barking of innumerable dogs, and the tinkling of the pony-bells of every tone imaginable, in all of which dissonance was a prominent feature, was heard for miles away through the surrounding forests, echoing a wild, discordant note, more incomprehensible than the united voices of a thousand of the different denizens of the wilderness, of which no one, who

has not been an eye witness, can form even the most remote conception. If alone in the silent gloom of the wilderness, the boldest heart would quail, and the strongest nerve relax, unless the course and meaning were known and understood; for he could but believe that all the lost spirits of the lower world had left their dark and dismal abodes, ascended to earth, and, in one mystic concert, brayed the fearful discord. More than once have I witnessed the scene and heard the wailing thereof. Oft, in the calm still hours of a starry night, have I heard the dubious tones of a distant Choctaw Indian cry, and as the disconnected sounds, borne upon the night breeze, floated by in undulating tones, now plainly audible, then dying away in the distance, I must confess there was a strange sadness awakened in my breast, unfelt and unknown before or since. It must be heard to be comprehended. When the time for the cry had expired, the mourning was exchanged for a previously prepared feast; after the enjoyments afforded in the participation of which, all joined in a jolly dance; thus happily restoring the equilibrium so long physically and mentally disturbed. Then each to his home returned, while the name of the departed was recorded among the archives of the past,—to be mentioned no more.

The relatives of the deceased, who lived at too great a distance to conveniently to cry over the grave of the dead set up a post a short distance from the house, around which they gathered and cried alternately during a period of twelve months. Such were some of the ancient characteristics of this peculiar but interesting people of the long ago, most of which, however, have long since been abandoned and numbered with the things of yore.

The faces of the Choctaw and Chickasaw men of sixty years ago were as smooth as a woman's, in fact they had no beard. Sometimes there might be seen a few fine hairs (if hairs they might be called) here and there upon the face, but they were few and far between, and extracted with a pair of small tweezers whenever discovered. Oft have I seen a Choctaw warrior standing before a mirror seeking with untiring perseverance and unwearied eyes, as he turned his face at different angles to the glass, if by chance a hair could be found lurking there, which, if discovered, was instantly removed as an unwelcome intruder. Even to-day, a full-blood Choctaw or Chickasaw with a heavy beard is never seen. I have seen a few, here and there, with a little patch of beard upon their chins, but it was thin and short, and with good reasons to suspect that white blood flowed in their veins.

It is a truth but little known among the whites, that the

North American Indians of untarnished blood have no hair upon any part of the body except the head. My knowledge of this peculiarity was confined, however, to the Choctaws and Chickasaws alone. But in conversation with an aged Choctaw friend upon this subject, and inquiring if this peculiarity extended to all Indians, he replied; "To all, I believe. I have been among the Comanches, Kiowa's and other western Indians, and have often seen them bathing, men and women, promiscuously together, in the rivers of their country, and found it was the same with them, their heads alone were adorned with hair."

In conversation soon after with a Creek friend upon the subject in regard to the full-blood Creeks, he said, "They have no hair whatever upon the body, except that of the head, and the same is the case with all full-bloods that I have seen of other tribes." It is also the testimony of all the early explorers of this continent.

In their ancient councils and great national assemblies, the Choctaws always observed the utmost order and decorum, which, however, is universally characteristic of the Indians everywhere. In those grave and imposing deliberations of years ago convened at night, all sat on the ground in a circle around a blazing fire called "The Council Fire." The aged, who from decrepitude had long retired from the scenes of active life, the war-path and the chase, formed the inner circle; the middle aged warriors, the next and the young warriors, the outer circle. The women and children were always excluded from all their national assemblies. The old men, beginning with the oldest patriarch, would then in regular succession state to the attentive audience all that had been told them by their fathers, and what they themselves had learned in the experience of an eventful life—the past history of their nation; their vicissitudes and changes; what difficulties they had encountered, and how overcome; their various successes in war and their defeats; the character and kind of enemies whom they had defeated and by whom they had been defeated, the mighty deeds of their renowned chiefs and famous warriors in days past, together with their own achievements both in war and the chase; their nation's days of prosperity and adversity; in short, all of their traditions and legends handed down to them through the successive generations of ages past; and when those old seers and patriarchs, oracles of the past, had in their turn gone to dwell with their fathers in the Spirit Land, and their voices were no longer heard in wise counsel, the next oldest occupied the chairs of state, and in turn rehearsed to their young braves the traditions of the past, as related to them

by the former sages of their tribe, together with their own knowledge; and thus were handed down through a long line of successive generations, and with much accuracy and truth, the events of their past history; and when we consider the extent to which all Indians cultivated that one faculty, memory, their connections in the history of the past is not so astonishing. I will here relate a little incident (frequently published) in the life of the famous Indian chief, Red Jacket, as an evidence of strength and correctness of the Indian's memory. It is said of Red Jacket, that he never forgot anything he once learned. On a certain occasion, a dispute arose in a council with his tribe and the whites, concerning the stipulations made and agreed upon in a certain treaty. "You have forgotten," said the agent, "we have it written on paper." "The paper then tells a lie," replied Red Jacket. "I have it written down here," he added, placing his hand with great dignity on his brow. "This is the book the Great Spirit has given the Indian; it does not lie." A reference was immediately made to the treaty in question, when, to the astonishment of all present, the document confirmed every word the unlettered warrior and statesman had uttered. There can be little doubt but that a large majority of their traditions are based upon truth; though passing as they have through so long a period of time, it is reasonable to suppose that many errors have crept in.

But one has given his opinion, on page 92 of his "History of the Indian Tribes of North America," in the following positive and presumptuous assertion, though his apparent ignorance of all the characteristics (well known to the thousands of the White Race who have lived among them and studied them a long life-time) of the North American Indians so plainly manifested throughout his entire work, entitles his assumed learned opinion regarding the truth or untruth of the traditions of the North American Indians, or anything else concerning that people, to but little, if any, credit. He boldly asserts, with a seemingly great indifference as regards its truth, that "Nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their (the Indians') earlier traditions; and probably there is not a single fact in all their history, supported by satisfactory evidence, which occurred half a century previous to the establishment of the Europeans." Though all admit that the voices of tradition coming from all Nations—even from our own ancestors, the Britons—are enshrouded, to a greater or less extent, in dense and dubious fogs, and become more dim and distant as we go further back into the past. Yet that does not necessarily bring even

the traditions of the North American Indians under his edict, "Nothing can be more uncertain, and more unworthy, we will not say of credit, but of consideration, than their traditions," as here comes to our aid modern Oriental Discovery, with records engraven on rocks and stamped on bricks—records contemporary with the events, and in all cases independent of the modern authority—since the records have been hidden from the eyes of both the believer and disbeliever. Inscriptions are disclosed, in languages now dead, in characters long forgotten, and to which every key had been apparently lost. Ancient cities and countries, Thebes, Ninevah, Pompeii, Balbee, Babylon, Jerusalem and Egypt rise to testify and confirm the credit of many of the traditions, fables and legends of the Old World. And so also, from the buried past of the New World, hundreds of witnesses have already been summoned, and are still being summoned, that confirm the credit of the traditions and legends of the North American Indians, and to which they pointed back through the long vista of ages past, ere the Indians were known to the White Race, and give the merited contradiction to the assertion that their traditions "merit not even consideration."

An ancient Choctaw tradition attributes the origin of the prairies along the western banks of the Tombigbee River, to some huge animals (mammoth) that existed there at the advent of their ancestors from the west to Mississippi. Their tradition also states that the Nahullo, (Supernatural) a race of giant people, also inhabited the same country, with whom their forefathers oft came in hostile contact. These mighty animals broke off the low limbs of the trees in eating the leaves, and also gnawed the bark off the trees, which, in the course of time, caused them to wither and die; that they roamed in different bands, which engaged in desperate battles whenever and wherever they met, and thus caused them to rapidly decrease in numbers; and that, in the course of years all had perished but two large males, who, separate and alone, wandered about for several years—each confining himself to the solitude of the forest many miles from the other. Finally, in their wanderings they met, and at once engaged in terrible conflict in which one was killed. The survivor, now monarch of the forests, strolled about for a few years wrapt in the solitude of his own reflections and independence—then died, and with him the race became extinct.

That the Choctaw traditions of both the mammoth and great men, was based on truth as to their former existence in the southern and western parts of this continent is satis-

factorily established by the many mammoth skeletons of both men and beasts and fragments of huge bones that have been, and are continually being found in different parts of the country, and all of whom, according to their tradition were contemporary with the ancient fathers of the present Indian race. It is well known that the ancient existence of those giants and mammoth was wholly unknown to the White Race, until the excavation of their bones proved their former existence; yet were known to the Indians to have existed and so declared; but which was regarded by the whites as only an Indian fable, unworthy of belief or even a second thought. A huge skeleton of one of those ancient animals was found in March, 1877, four miles east of the town of Greenville, Hunt county, Texas. I secured a fragment of the skeleton, evidently a part of the femoral bone, which measured twenty-one inches in circumference. A tooth measured three inches in width, five inches in length along the surface of the jaw bone and five inches in depth into the jaw, and weighed the seemingly incredible weight of eleven pounds. The teeth proved the monster herbiferous, the anamel of which was in a perfect state of preservation. The greater part of the frame crumbled to dust, as soon as exposed to the action of the air.

Here then it had found a burial place, among others of the prehistoric population of the various animals which held possession of this continent before, perhaps, the advent of man, rising up before us like some old granite dome, weather-beaten and darkened by the lapse of ages past. But death came to it, as to its predecessors, whose cemeteries time has opened here and there, and revealed to the scrutiny of the curious, the testimony of vanished age. Many citizens of the immediate neighborhood visited the place of disinterment, and viewed the solitary grave and looked with wondering interest upon this stranger of hoary antiquity arising from his forest tomb where he has so long slept in silence, unknown and unsung; whose history, as that of his mighty race, is wrapt in the eternal silence of the unknown past. Yet, to one who seeks to muse o'er the mysteries of the unwritten long ago, this fossil tells a story of the mystic days of yore and of the multiplied thousands of years since old Mother Earth commenced to bear and then destroy her children.

Ah, could the records of the ages to which they point be restored, how many doubts and problems would be solved? But they only tantalize us by their near approach and uddiminished inscrutableness, while imagination shrinks from the contemplation of the intervening years between. Yet, from those relics of the ages past, an unlimited field for the

imagination is open to view, which many thinkers have attempted to explore only to find themselves utterly lost.

"Hupimmi hattak tikba a mintih hushi aiokatula" (our forefathers came from the west), declare the ancient Choctaws through their tradition, and "they saw the mighty beasts of the forests, whose tread shook the earth; but our forefathers' ancestry came from the northwest beyond the the big water."

"Tis but the tradition of the ignorant Indian—a foolish fable," responded he of the pale-face, of boasted historical attainments. When lo! accident unearths the long hidden monster of traditional record, and the truth of the rejected declaration of the despised Indian is established, and with equal truth establishing the fact that, mid all our boasted ancient pedigree, theirs is more ancient, and perhaps more honorable, reaching back through the vista of pre-historic times to the dim and hazy regions of ages past and unknown.

Also of the tradition of the Choctaws which told of a race of giants that once inhabited the now State of Tennessee, and with whom their ancestors fought when they arrived in Mississippi in their migration from the west, doubtless Old Mexico. Their tradition states the Nahulló (race of giants) was of wonderful stature; but, as their tradition of the mastodon, so this was also considered to be but a foolish fable, the creature of a wild imagination, when lo! their exhumed bones again prove the truth of the Choctaws' tradition. In the fall of 1880, Mr. William Beverly, an old gentleman 84 years of age living near Plano, Collin County, Texas, and who was born in west Tennessee and there lived to manhood, stated to me that near his father's house on a small creek were twenty-one mounds in consecutive order forming a crescent, each distant from the other about fifty feet and each with a base of seventy-five or eighty feet in diameter, and rising to an average height of forty feet; that he, when a boy twelve years of age, was present with his father, when an excavation was made in one of the mounds in which human bones of enormous size were found, the femoral bones being five inches longer than the ordinary length, and the jaw bones were so large as to slip over the face of a man with ease. This statement was confirmed by Rev. Mr. Rudolph of McKinney, Texas, and several others, all men of undoubted veracity, which places the truth of the former existence of the mounds, their excavations and results, as well as the Choctaw tradition, beyond all doubt and even controversy.

In regard to the race of giants that once occupied the

now State of Tennessee and mentioned in the tradition of the ancient Choctaws, Mr. H. S. Halbert; an esteemed friend, says in a letter to me, January 22, 1878, "I will give you some facts which modern researches have thrown upon the ancient occupancy of this continent, on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States stretching from the coast of North Carolina up to and through New England. I refer particularly to the seaboard.

"I am satisfied that the Indian race were in occupancy of this seaboard region only about 200 years before the discovery of America in 1492, I give the reasons:

"About the year 1000, A. D. (I quote the date from memory, not having the authorities before me) the Northmen discovered America and made some settlements on the New England coast. All this, as you know, is historical. The Northmen there came in contact with a people whom they called Skrellings. Now these Skrellings, from the description given by them were not Indians, but Esquimaux. They were the same kind of people the Northmen had previously met in Greenland and whom they called also Skrellings, or rather Skraellinger. This is plain proof that 500 years before Columbus, the Esquimaux race was inhabiting the seaboard of New England and not the Indians.

"Again, the Tuscarora Indians, now living in Canada, but formerly from North Carolina, state in their traditions that they came from the west and settled on the North Carolina seaboard about the year A. D. 1300. Their traditions also state that they came in contact with a people of short stature, ignorant of maize and eaters of raw flesh.

"Now to whom does this description apply but to the Esquimaux? Thirdly, relics have been discovered—implements of various kinds, along the seaboard exactly similar to those used by the Esquimaux of the present day. All this is plain proof to my mind, that the Esquimaux once inhabited the Atlantic seaboard as far south as North Carolina, and that they were pushed northward by the influx of the incoming Indian tribes; and that the Indian had not been settled but for comparatively a short period in this seaboard at the time of Columbus' discovery. The Mound Builders seemed to have never occupied this seaboard stretching from North Carolina upward. Now as to the Delaware tradition.

"The Delawares, or Leni Lenape as they style themselves in their native tongue, have a tradition that they came from the west. When they came to the Great River, perhaps, somewhere in the latitude of St. Louis, they found a people of tall stature, and living in towns. This

people the Delawares called Allegewi. They asked the Allegewi for permission to cross the river, which was granted. The Allegewi, however, seeing the Indians constantly coming from the west in such large numbers, and fearing they would ultimately dispossess them of their country, commenced war upon them. After years of fighting, the Allegewi were defeated and driven out of their country—retreating southward, and the Delawares and other tribes took possession of their country. Now these Allegewi are without doubt the same stock of people spoken of in Choctaw tradition as the Nahoolo.”

The word Nahoolo is a corruption of the Choctaw word Nahullo and is now applied to the entire White Race, but anciently it referred to a giant race with whom they came in contact when they first crossed the Mississippi river. These giants, says their tradition, as related to the missionaries occupied the northern part of the now States of Mississippi and Alabama and the western part of Tennessee. The true signification of the word Nahullo is a superhuman or supernatural being, and the true words for white man are Hattak-tohbi. The Nahullo were of white complexion, according to Choctaw tradition, and were still an existing people at the time of the advent of the Choctaws to Mississippi; that they were a hunting people and also cannibals, who killed and ate the Indians whenever they could capture them, consequently the Nahullo were held in great dread by the Indians and were killed by them whenever an opportunity was presented; by what means they finally became extinct, tradition is silent.

“Chemical analysis of the bones of this giant race in Tennessee and elsewhere,” says Mr. H. S. Halbert, in a letter of January 3rd, 1878, “indicate the ravages of one of the most terrible diseases to which flesh is heir. Bones exhumed from these ancient cemeteries indicate with painful certainty that syphilis was, at least, one cause of the extinction of this ancient people.¹ It was long supposed that syphilis was imported into this continent by the European race. That may have been the case, in the historical period, but I have no doubt it prevailed with awful fatality among that ancient people, who dominated a large portion of this continent before the advent of the Indian race.”

“Mr. Grant Lincicum, (Dr. Gideon Lincicum, with whom I was personally acquainted, was an educated white man, who came to the Choctaw Nation after the advent of the missionaries, and settled at Columbus, then a small place, and afterwards wrote a MS. of the Choctaw habits, customs, traditions and legends, which has been lost) “stated that

they (the Mound Builders) were, according to the Choctaw tradition, a hunting people. He certainly must be in error on this point. (Not so; Lincicum used the pronoun "they" with reference to the Nahullo, and not to the Mound Builders, of whom their traditions never spoke). Now I believe that the Mound Builders were of much fairer complexion than the Indian, perhaps almost, if not quite, as fair as we, and were an agricultural people also. Disease and war no doubt were the main causes of their extinction. Detached offshoots of them may have amalgamated with the Indian tribes, and thus lost their physical peculiarities, but at the same time kept up with their tribal organization. The Mandan Indians (now extinct) are supposed to have been a degenerate and amalgamated offshoot of the Mound Builders. In their manners and customs they were strikingly different from the other Indians. I have no doubt but the researches of antiquarians in some manner, to us yet unknown, will throw much light upon the early occupants of this continent."

Be that as it may, I still believe in the Choctaw traditions—that the Nahullo who inhabited North Mississippi and Alabama, and West Tennessee, were "a hunting people," as they have left no trace whatever of having been agriculturists, as the unbroken forests of majestic trees of ages growth, that covered the land everywhere at the advent of the Europeans, evidently prove.

Still I admit, with friend Halbert, that, possibly the Allegewi of Delaware tradition may be the Nahullo of Choctaw tradition,—if they were of white complexion, as the word Nahullo is emphatically applied to the white race and no other. If white, may they not be of the Northmen, who, it is said, "established a few colonies upon the Atlantic coast A. D. 1000.?" Then, if the North American Indians are not the Mound builders, (which has not yet been satisfactorily proved) may not the Northmen be?

Some have believed that the Nahullo were the Carib Indians, as they were said to be of gigantic stature and also cannibals, and who once inhabited our Gulf coast. They were found by Columbus in the West Indies, and they are still found in the isles of the Caribbean sea and Venezuela. The early French writers of Louisiana called the Caribs by their Indian name Attakapas, and Attakapas Parish in Louisiana took its name from that tribe. The French translated Attakapas, Man-eater. Attakapas is a corruption of the Choctaw words Hattakapa, (man eatable) which they (the French), no doubt, got from the Choctaws, who gave the tribe that name. I am inclined to believe that the Nahullo

of the Choctaw tradition were not regular cannibals, but that they sacrificed human victims in their religious ceremonies, which in extreme cases may, perhaps, have required their officiates to eat a portion also of the victim's flesh. The same also of the Caribs,—hence Hattakapa, (man eatable) instead of Hattakupa, eater.

That the fore-fathers of the present Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees and Muscogeas migrated ages ago from Mexico to their ancient abodes east of the Mississippi river there can be scarcely a doubt; and that they were a branch of the Aztecs there is much in their ancient traditions and legends upon which to predicate, at least, a reasonable supposition, if not a belief. The Aztecs are regarded by some as the first of the human race that came to the North American continent, and by others as one of the oldest races of the human family upon earth, whose records and traditions point back to those of the books of *Genesis* and *Job*. Though the historical legends of the above named tribes do not divide the ages past of their race into four epochs as the Aztecs, as *Gama Dom Vasco Da*, the Portuguese mariner and discoverer of the maritime route to India near the close of the 14th century, asserts; and the first of which terminated in a destruction of the people of the world by famine, the second by wind, the third by fire, and the fourth by water, (very similar to the traditions and legends of the Hindoos), yet they do point back to many historical facts of the Christian's Bible, which have been handed down by tradition through ages and point to great and important events of the long past, equally showing that their race, as well as the Aztecs, are among the oldest of the human race, and also among the first that came to the North American continent. These legends, traditions and parts of histories point back to pestilences, plagues and catclysms preceded by long periods of darkness, then dense clouds followed by the return of light to the earth, during which the human race was nearly exterminated, which are fully sustained by the geologists of the present day, who affirm that there has been an age of thick clouds and of floods, snows and glacier ice.

The Choctaws' endurance of pain—even to excruciating torture—and to him the true exponent of every manly virtue, was equal to that of any of his race and truly astonishing to behold; and he who could endure the severest torture with the least outward manifestation of suffering, was regarded by his companions as most worthy of admiration and adulatory praise, the bravest of the brave. No race of the human family, of which I have read or heard, ever endured torture, without a murmur, groan or sigh, as did the North Ameri-

can Indians when inflicted by an enemy to elicit a groan or sigh—to them a manifestation of disgraceful weakness; therefore, both men and women, endured the fire at the stake, or to be cut to pieces by piece-meal, without any manifestation of pain whatever; but derided their tormentors and mocked at their efforts to force even a groan from their victim. Of all the animals of their forests, there were but two that no torture could force from them a manifestation of pain—the wolfe and the opossum:

Even the little Choctaw boys took delight in testing the degrees of their manhood by various ways of inflicting pain. I have often seen the little fellows stir up the nests of yellow jackets, bumble-bees, hornets and wasps, and then stand over the nests of the enraged insects which soon literally covered them, and fight them with a switch in each hand; and he who stood and fought longest without flinching—foreshadowed the future man—was worthy the appellation of Mighty Warrior. But the business ends of the hornets, bees and wasps, noted for their dispatch in all matters of this kind, universally effected a hasty retreat of the intruder upon their domiciles, sooner or later—much to the delight of his youthful companions and acknowledged by an explosion of yells and roars of laughter. But the discomfitted embryo warrior consoled himself by daring any one of his merry-making companions to “brave the lion in his den,” as he had and endure longer than he did the combined attacks of the valiant little enemy. The challenge was most sure to be accepted, but invariably with the same result, a retreat at the expense of a hearty laugh. From one to three minutes was the average length of a battle, the insects holding the field invariably. I have also seen them place a hot coal of fire on the back of the hand, wrist and arm, and let it burn for many seconds—bearing it with calm composure and without the least manifestation of pain; thus practicing those first lessons of endurance which were to enable them, when arrived to manhood, to undergo the most dreadful tortures without manifestation of pain, or experience the deepest sorrow without the slightest emotion. Verily, who can offer a better claim than the North American Indian to the title, “The stoic of the woods—the man without a tear?” As a race of people, they have exhibited a power of enduring the severest torture of which it is possible to conceive without a murmur, without a groan, or even the movement of a muscle; in this differing from all Nations of people that have ever been known to exist. A few years ago, in the Sherman and Sheridan’s wars of exterminating the unfortunate and helpless western Indians, it is stated that, during a fight with

some white men who had made an attack upon an Indian village of a western tribe, an Indian mother concealed her little daughter—a mere child—in a barrel, telling her to remain perfectly quiet no matter what should take place. After the battle the soldiers found the little girl with her arm fearfully shattered by a minnie ball, but the little sufferer had not uttered a word. Was there ever recorded of any other Nation of people such manifestations of heroic fortitude?

Patience was also considered among the Choctaws a bright and manly virtue and in connection with that of endurance, formed the basis from which they derived all the other qualities of their characters; and they estimated their success, both in war and hunting, as depending almost exclusively upon their unwearied patience and the ability of great and long endurance.

The ancient Choctaws were as susceptible to all the pleasing emotions produced by the sweet concords of sound as any other people, yet their musical genius, in the invention of musical instruments, never extended beyond that of a cane flute and a small drum, which was constructed from a section cut from a small hollow tree, over the hollow part of which was stretched a fresh deer skin, cleansed from the hair, which became very tight when dried; and when struck by a stick made a dull sound, little inferior to that of our common snare-drum; which could be heard at a considerable distance; and though uncouth in appearance, and inharmonious in tone, as all drums, still its "voice" was considered an indispensable adjunct as an accompaniment to all their national and religious ceremonies; even as the ear-splitting discords of the civilized snare or kettle-drum, united with the deafening roar of the base drum are considered by the white man as indispensable in all his displays of harmony. Yet the ancient Choctaw, in all his solemn ceremonies, as well as amusements and merry-makings, did not depend so much upon the jarring tones of the diminutive drum, as he did upon his own voice; which in concert with the monotonous tones of the drum,—to the cultivated and sensitive ear a mere jargon of sound,—was to the Indian ear the most exciting music, and soon wrought him to the highest state of excitement. In all their dances they invariably danced to the sound of the indispensable drum, accompanied with the low hum of the drummer, keeping exact step with its monotonous tone. In the social dance alone were the women permitted to participate, which to the youthful maiden of "sweet sixteen," was truly the ultimatum of earthly bliss.

But little restraint, parental or otherwise, was placed upon their children, hence they indulged in any and all

amusements their fancy might suggest. The boys in little bands roamed from village to village at their own pleasure, or strolled through the woods with their blow-guns and bow and arrows, trying their skill upon all birds and squirrels that were so unfortunate as to come in their way. They were but little acquainted with the principles of right and wrong, having only as their models the daring deeds of their fathers in war and the chase, they only yearned for the time when they might emulate them in heroic achievements; and one would very naturally infer that these boys, ignorant of all restraint from youth to manhood, would have been, when arrived to manhood, a set of desperadoes, indulging in every vice and committing every crime. But not so. No race of young people ever grew up to manhood in any nation who were of a more quiet nature and peaceful dispositions than the youths of the old Mississippi Choctaws. They seldom quarreled among themselves even in boyhood, and less, when arrived to the state of manhood. To them in youth as well as in advanced years, as to all of their race, the dearest of all their earthly possessions from childhood to manhood, from manhood to old age, and from old age to the grave, was their entire and unrestrained freedom; and though untrammelled by mortal restraint, yet there seemed to exist in their own breasts a restraining influence, a counteracting power, that checked the ungoverned passions of their uncultivated natures through life, and kept them more within the bounds of prudence and reason, than any race of uneducated people I ever knew.

Among every North American Indian tribe from their earliest known history down to the present, there was and is a universal belief in the existence of a God, and Supreme Being, universally known among all Indians as the Great Spirit; and with whose attributes were associated all the various manifestations of natural phenomena; and in point of due respect and true devotion to this Great Spirit—their acknowledged God—they as a whole to-day excel, and ever have excelled, the whites in their due respect and true devotion to their acknowledged God. Never was an Indian known to deny the existence of his God—the Great Spirit—and attribute the creation of all things, himself included, to chance. Never was a North American Indian known to deny the wisdom and power of the Great Spirit as manifested in the creation of an intellectual and immortal being, yet found and acknowledged it in the monkey.

Never was an Indian known to deny his immortality bestowed upon him by the Great Spirit. Immortality, that most sublime thought in all the annals of fallen humanity,

has ever found a resting place immovably fixed in every Indian's heart, not one excepted; and under its benign influence, their uncultivated minds have expanded and shadows of death been disarmed of terror; and though, through all the ages past has been heard the inquiry—"Is there a latent spark in the human breast that will kindle and glow after death?" and though earth's learned of all time have pondered over it, and pronounced it the world's enigma, and affirmed and still affirm, death to be the end of all, eternal oblivion, an endless sleep, yet the unlettered children of nature, the despised, down-trodden Indians, have long had the problem solved to their own satisfaction and peace of mind, never experiencing a doubt.

To the Choctaws, as well as to all Indians, the voice of the distant muttering thunder that echoed from hill to hill through their wide extended forests; the roaring wind and lightning flash that heralded the approaching storm, were but the voice of that Great Spirit, and they made them the themes that filled their souls with song and praise. They ever heard the voice of that unseen Great Spirit throughout all nature—in the rustling leaf and the sighing breeze; in the roaring cataract and the murmuring brook; and they expressed their souls' adoration; understood and comprehended by them alone, in their songs and dances. To them all nature ever spoke in language most potential, and their immortality and future existence in another world they never doubted, though their ideas of future rewards and punishments beyond the tomb were feeble and confused.

It was their ancient custom to leave the murderer in the hands of the murdered man's relatives and friends; and, as "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" was recorded upon their statute book, he was, sooner or later, most sure to fall by an unknown and unseen hand. Sometimes, however, the slayer appeased the avenger by paying a stipulated amount; but this was of rare occurrence. Soon after the missionaries were established among them, a company of armed and mounted police, called "Light Horse Men," were organized for each district, in whom was vested the power of arresting and trying all violators of the law. They were continually riding over the country settling all difficulties that arose among parties or individuals, and arresting all violators of the law. The custom of leaving the murderer to be disposed of as the relatives of the deceased saw proper, was then set aside, and the right of trial by the Light Horse who acted in a three fold capacity—sheriff, judge and jury, was awarded to all offenders. The Light Horse were composed of a brave and vigilant set of fellows, and nothing es-

caped their eagle eyes; and they soon became a terror to white whiskey peddlers who invaded the Choctaw territories at that time. When caught, the whiskey was poured upon the ground and the vender informed that his room was preferable to his company.

When a murder was committed, the Light Horse at once took the matter into consideration, and after hearing all the testimony pro and con, pronounced the verdict in accordance thereto. If the person accused was found to be guilty, there and then, the time and place of his execution was designated, and the doomed man was informed that his presence would accordingly be expected. He never failed to make his appearance at the appointed place and hour, and all things being ready, a small red spot was painted directly over his heart as a target for the executioner; and, being placed in position, calmly received the fatal bullet, soon the grave closed over him and thus the matter ended. Sometimes the condemned would request a short respite, a few days extension of time, assigning as a reason for the desired delay, that a grand ball-play, dance or hunt, was soon to take place, in which he desired to participate, and as it did not take place until after the appointed day of his execution, he requested the favor of postponing his little affair until afterward. The request was seldom refused. The doomed man then designated the day and hour on which he would return and attend to the matter under consideration. He went to the ball-play, the dance, or the hunt, engaged in and enjoyed his anticipated fun, then returned true to his promised word and paid the penalty of the violated law, by calmly receiving the fatal shot. The rifle was invariably used as the instrument of execution, for the soul of the Choctaw who had been executed by hanging was regarded as accursed—never being permitted to join his people in the happy hunting grounds, but his spirit must forever haunt the place where he was hung. Hence their horror of death by hanging, and the gallows has ever been unknown among them. If the condemned should fail to appear, which was never known to be, at the time and place of his execution, or should manifest any emotion of fear during his execution, it was regarded as a disgrace to himself, his relatives, and his nation as a Choctaw warrior, which no length of time could ever efface; hence their honor, resting upon their firmness in the hour of death, was watched with jealous care. Never was a full-blood Choctaw known to evade the death penalty, passed upon him by the violated law, by flight. If he violated the law he calmly abided the consequences, hence all places of imprisonment were unknown. For minor offenses, whipping was the punishment; fifty

lashes for the first offense, one hundred for the second, and death by the rifle for the third offense in case of theft, and so it is today.

He who had been condemned to receive this punishment never attempted to evade it; but promptly presented himself, or herself, at the designated place of punishment. This punishment was inflicted several times at the mission of Hebron, to which I was an eye witness. Before the hour appointed, the neighborhood assembled around the church which stood about forty rods distant from the mission-house, where they indulged in social conversation and smoking; never, however, mentioning, or even hinting the subject which had brought them together. The culprit was as gay and cheerful as any of them, walking with an air of perfect indifference, chatting and smoking with the various groups sitting around on blankets spread upon the ground. Precisely at the moment designated, the Light-Horse, who constituted a sort of ambulatory jury, to arrest, try and punish all violators of the law, would appear. The crowd then went into the church, closed the door and commenced singing a religious hymn, taught them by the missionaries, which they continued until the tragedy outside was over. At the same time the culprit shouted "Sa mintih!" I have come! then ejaculated "Sa kullo!" (I am strong!) He then elevated his arms and turned his back to the executioner and said: "Fum-mih!" (whip). When he had received fifteen or twenty blows, he calmly turned the other side to the Fum-mi (one who whips); and then again, his back, uttering not a word nor manifesting the least sign of pain. As soon as the whipping was over, the church door was opened and the whole assembly came out and shook hands with the "Fum-ah" (whipped), thus reinstating him to his former position in society, and the subject was then and there dropped, never to be mentioned again, and it never was.

The Choctaws had great pride of race. The warrior's proudest boast was Choctaw Siah! (I am a Choctaw!) and he still clings to it with commendable tenacity even as he does to his native language. It has been said that no people have been truly conquered who refuse to speak the language of the conqueror; therefore the North American Indians, that subdued, yet unsubduable people, have never ceased to speak their native tongue.

The law on whipping for minor offenses, especially that for theft, was, fifty lashes on the bare back for the first offense; one hundred for the second, and death by the rifle for the third. This law is still in force in the Choctaw Nation. Truly, if the whites would adopt this method of dealing with

their own thieves, would there not be less stealing among them?

As an illustration of this peculiar characteristic of the Indians—so different from that of any race of whom I have heard—i. e., never fleeing from, or in any way attempting to evade the penalties of the violated law, I here introduce the sad scene in the execution of Chester Dixon, a Choctaw youth convicted of murder at a term of the Circuit Court of the Choctaw Nation in December, 1883.

Chester Dixon was a young, full-blood Choctaw, about 17 years of age. He was subject to fits, during which he seemed to be unconscious of his acts. Aside from this malady, he was considered rather a bright boy. He lived with his mother and step-father, five or six miles from Atoka. Their nearest neighbors were a Choctaw known as Washington and Martha, his wife. One evening Washington, on his return home from Atoka, was shocked in finding the body of his wife lying on the floor of his cabin fearfully mangled, the head severed from the body, with several frightful gashes, evidently inflicted with an ax, which lay by the side of the corpse. The alarm was given, and it was soon ascertained that Chester Dixon was seen coming from the house, in which the deed had been committed, covered with blood. He was arrested, tried by the Choctaw law, condemned, and sentenced to be shot on an appointed day, at noon. He was neither confined nor guarded, but went where he pleased, having pledged his word of honor, however, that he would be at the place of execution punctual to the hour appointed. Here I would deviate a little from the subject, to show how prone the whites are to misrepresent the Indians in nearly everything they write about them; and it does seem that they cannot write a half dozen words about this people without shamefully misrepresenting them. It seems incredible, nevertheless it is true, as the thousands of publications that flood the country prove. I saw an article in a Texas newspaper in regard to this very case of Chester Dixon, in which the writer says: "The laws of the Choctaws provide for no APPEAL, or poor Chester's case might have been re-considered; for after his conviction he was attacked with one of his accustomed fits, which was conclusive and satisfactory evidence that he was subject to temporary aberration, during which he was irresponsible for his actions. His attorney had neglected to make this plea in behalf of his client during the trial, and once the sentence of death having been pronounced it was unalterable." Now, the above is utterly false, and the writer should learn to keep in respectful distance of the truth, at least, before he attempts to write about the Choc-

taws. The truth is, the laws of the Choctaws provide for three appeals—first from the County Court to the District Court; thence to the Supreme Court; thence to the United States Supreme Court. But to return to Chester Dixon. A few days before the execution, Dixon came with his step-father to Atoka for the purpose of ordering his coffin. He had his measure taken for the grave, and then calmly informed his step-father where he wished to be buried.

The day of execution came; and a few, mostly whites assembled at the place of execution to witness the sad scene. The doomed boy did not make his appearance to within twenty or thirty minutes of the appointed time, and many of the whites, judging from their own standpoint, began to doubt the integrity of the Choctaw, and expressed those doubts one to another. But true to his plighted word, the truthful youth soon rode up; and, dismounting from his horse, quietly walked up to a little group of Choctaws, who were sitting around a fire, without taking any notice whatever of the surroundings, and calmly took his seat upon the ground, with his head bowed between his knees as if lost in meditation. An aged Choctaw man soon approached him, and, speaking to him in his own language, encouraged him to bravely meet his fate as a young Choctaw brave; and to die willingly, since nothing but his life could atone for the one he had taken; and also to feel that his people had been just in condemning him. He spoke not a word nor raised his head during his old friend's conversation; but at its conclusion he looked up and around for a moment, then grasped the old man's hand, as if to say, I'll be firm, and he was to the last. Then his Choctaw friends, both men and women came up and bade him their last earthly adieu; with all of whom he shook hands, but spoke not a word. After which, the sheriff brought the unfortunate boy a change of clothing, in which he clothed himself for the grave, without the least discernible sign of agitation; he then took his seat on a blanket spread for him, and his mother combed his hair with calm composure—her last act of maternal love; and though, with a heart bleeding at every pore, no outward manifestation was made, yet her face told the storm of grief that raged within; while, true to her nature, she clung to her boy to the last moment, to console him with a mother's presence and a mother's love.

The sheriff then told Chester that the hour of execution had come. He arose at once and quietly walked to the spot pointed out to him by the sheriff, and stopped facing his coffin—the personification of calm composure and firm resignation. His step-father and cousin then walked up, the

former taking him by the righthand and the latter by the left. The same venerable old man who had first approached him, again came forward and made a little black spot upon his breast, just over the heart, and once more whispered a few words of parting encouragement, then walked away. The sheriff then bound a handkerchief over his eyes, asked him to kneel, and beckoned to a man who had until then kept himself concealed. This man was a cousin of Chester Dixon, and had been chosen by Chester to do the shooting. He now advanced, and taking his position five or six paces from the poor boy, leveled his winchester rifle and fired. The ball went to the mark. At the report of the rifle Dixon fell forward, and died without a struggle. The mother now came forward took charge of the lifeless body of her boy, and with the assistance of friends, laid it away in the grave. No confusion nor even the semblance of excitement disturbed the solemn proceedings. And when contrasted to the civilized mode of punishment that of hanging—the Choctaw method is certainly more humane and effective, to say the least of it.

I will state another instance that took place among the Choctaws when living in their ancient domains.

A Choctaw unfortunately killed another in a fit of passion. He was duly tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot on a certain day; but requested a stay of the execution, upon the plea that his wife and little children would be left in a destitute condition unless he was allowed to return home and finish making his broop. His request was granted with no other assurance than his pledged word that he would return and receive his death sentence. The day of execution was fixed at a time when the crop would be matured, and the doomed man returned to his home and family. The fatal day came and found the necessary labor on the crop finished and also the noble Choctaw at the appointed hour and place, where he calmly received the fatal bullet which at once closed his earthly career.

Thus sacred was held the noble virtue, Truth, among the ancient Choctaws when they lived east of the Mississippi river; and thus sacred is it still held among the full-bloods west of the same river; and I have never known or heard of a full-blood Choctaw or Chickasaw, during my personal acquaintance with that truly grand and noble people for seventy-five years, who violated his pledged word of honor by failing to appear at the time and place designated, to suffer the penalties of the violated law, be it death by the rifle or fifty or a hundred lashes at the whipping post. And truly it may be said: No race of people ever adhered with greater ten-

acity to truth, or the greater hatred for the falsehood, than did and do the Choctaws. They truly abhorred and still abhor a liar. Years before the advent of the missionaries among them, one of their chiefs was strangely addicted to lying; and so great did their disgust finally become that they, in council assembled, banished him from their Nation under pain of death if he ever returned. This exiled chief then settled with his family in the now parish of Orleans, Louisiana, on a small tract of land which projects into lake Pontchartrain, and erected his lonely cabin near a bayou which is connected with the lake. And to this day, that small tract of land, it is said, is called Ho-lub-i Miko (Lying Chief), having taken its name from the exiled Choctaw chief.

The territories of the Choctaws in 1723, in which year the seat of the French government in Louisiana, then under Bienville, was definitely transferred from Natchez to New Orleans, then containing about one hundred houses and three thousand inhabitants, extended from the Mississippi River to the Black Warrior, east: and from Lake Pontchartrain to the territories of the Natchez, west, and Chickasaws, north. They possessed upwards of sixty principal towns, and could muster, as was estimated, twenty-five thousand warriors.

The Choctaws called all fables Shukha Anump (hog talk) as a mark of derision and contempt. Some of their fables, handed down by tradition through unknown generations, were similar in the morals taught by those of the famous Æsop. One of these Shukha Anumpas was that of the turkey and the terrapin:—A haughty turkey gobbler, with long flowing beard and glossy feathers, meeting a terrapin one bright and beautiful spring morning, thus accosted him with an expression of great contempt; "What are you good for?" To which the terrapin humbly replied "many things." "Name one," continued the turkey. "I can beat you running," said the terrapin. "What nonsense!" "I thought you were a fool, now I know it," continued the turkey.

"I repeat it, I can beat you running, distance half a mile" continued the terrapin. "To prove you are a fool in believing such an absurdity, I'll run the race with you," responded the turkey with marked disgust. The day was appointed, the distance marked off, and the agreements entered into, one of which was, the terrapin was to run with a white feather in his mouth by which the turkey might be able to distinguish him from other terrapin; another was, the turkey was to give the terrapin the advantage of one hundred yards in the start. In the intervening time of the race, the wily

terrapiu secured the assistance of another terrapiu to help him out of his dilemma, and thereby establish the reputation of the terrapiu family in point of fleetness to the discomfiture of the haughty turkey. Therefore, he secretly placed his assistant, with the white insignia also in his mouth, at the terminus to which the race was to be run. Early on the morning of the day agreed upon, the competitors were at their posts—the contemptuous turkey at the goal, and the dispassionate terrapiu a hundred yards on the line. The turkey was to give the signal for starting by a loud gobble. The signal was given, and the race was opened. The turkey soon came up with the terrapiu, who had gotten but a few feet from his goal, and shouted derisively as he passed by “What a fool!”

To which the terrapiu ejaculated—“Not as big as you imagine.” The confident turkey ran on about half way, and then stopped and turned off a little distance to secure his breakfast, but kept an eye on the track that the terrapiu might not pass unobserved. After feeding about some time and not seeing any thing of the terrapiu, he began to fear he had passed him unobserved; therefore, he started again at full speed; and not overtaking the terrapiu as he expected, he redoubled his exertions and reached the goal breathless, but to find the terrapiu with the white feather in his mouth (his supposed opponent) already there, Moral.—The scornful are often outwitted by those upon whom they look with contempt.

In estimating character, all the ancient Indians that once lived east of the Mississippi river, if the statement of the early writers and noble missionaries be true, and he, whose incredulity would make him doubt their statements is incapable of believing any thing—even his own senses—regarded moral worth alone; The man must possess truth, honor, patriotism, bravery, hospitality and virtue—all of which seemed intuitive to the minds and hearts of those North American Indians of the south. I know this will be regarded by thousands of my own race as untenable ground. Nevertheless, I speak of that I know—obtained by a long life, personal acquaintance with the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and the same acquaintance with different missionaries to the Cherokees, Muscogeas and Seminoles, all sustained by the great philanthropist Oglethorpe and the noted ministers of the gospel John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, and their missionary successors sent out to the Indians by the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches; and more, proving beyond doubt the susceptibility of the North American Indians to easily become civilized and christianized.

In the disposition of their dead, the ancient Choctaws practiced a strange method different from any other Nation of people, perhaps, that ever existed. After the death of a Choctaw, the corpse wrapped in a bear skin or rough kind of covering of their own manufacture, was laid out at full length upon a high scaffold erected near the house of the deceased, that it might be protected from the wild beasts of the woods and the scavengers of the air. After the body had remained upon the scaffold a sufficient time for the flesh to have nearly or entirely decayed, the Hattak fullih nipi foni. (Bone Picker) the principal official in their funeral ceremonies and especially appointed for that duty—appeared and informed the relatives of the deceased that he had now come to perform the last sacred duties of his office to their departed friend. Then, with the relatives and friends, he marched with great solemnity of countenance to the scaffold and, ascending which, began his awful duty of picking off the flesh that still adhered to the bones, with loud groans and fearful grimaces, to which the friends below responded in cries and wailings.

The Bone-Picker never trimmed the nails of his thumbs, index and middle fingers which accordingly grew to an astonishing length—sharp and almost as hard as flint—and well adapted to the horrid business of their owner's calling. After he had picked all the flesh from the bones, he then tied it up in a bundle and carefully laid it upon a corner of the scaffold; then gathering up the bones in his arms he descended and placed them in a previously prepared box, and then applied fire to the scaffold, upon which the assembly gazed uttering the most frantic cries and moans until it was entirely consumed. Then forming a procession headed by the Bone-Picker the box containing the bones was carried, amid weeping and wailing, and deposited in a house erected and consecrated to that purpose and called A-bo-ha fo-ni, (Bone-house) with one of which all villages and towns were supplied. Then all repaired to a previously prepared feast, over which the Bone-Picker, in virtue of his office, presided with much gravity and silent dignity.

As soon as the bone-houses of the neighboring villages were filled, a general burial of the bones took place, to which funeral ceremony the people came from far and near, and, in a long and imposing procession, with weeping and wailing and loud lamentations of the women, bore off the boxes of bones to their last place of rest, and there depositing them in the form of a pyramid they were covered with earth three or four feet in depth forming a conical mound. All then

returned to a previously designated village and concluded the day in feasting.

Thus many of the mounds found in Mississippi and Alabama are but the cemeteries of the ancient Choctaws; since, as often as the bone-houses became filled, the boxes of bones were carried out to the same cemetery and deposited on the previously made heap commencing at the base and ascending to the top, each deposit being covered up with earth to the depth of three or four feet, and thus, by continued accession through a long series of ages, became the broad and high mounds, concerning which there has been so much wild speculation with so little foundation for truth or common sense. Even at the time the missionaries were established among them (1818), many of the mounds were of so recent date that not even bushes were growing upon them, though the custom of thus laying away their dead had become obsolete: still a few Bone-Pickers had survived the fall of their calling, and were seen, here and there, wandering about from village to village as ghosts of a departed age, with the nails of the thumb, index and middle fingers still untrimmed, and whose appearance indicated their earthly pilgrimage had reached nearly to a century, some of whom I personally knew.

Shortly before the advent of the missionaries, the custom of placing the dead upon the scaffolds was abolished, though not without much opposition; and that of burial in a sitting posture was adopted, with also new funeral ceremonies, which were as follows: Seven men were appointed whose duty it was to set up each a smooth pole (painted red) around the newly made grave, six of which were about eight feet high, and the seventh about fifteen, to which thirteen hoops (made of grape vines) were suspended and so united as to form a kind of ladder, while on its top a small white flag was fastened. This ladder of hoops was for the easier ascent of the spirit of the deceased to the top of the pole, whence, the friends of the deceased believed, it took its final departure to the spirit land.

They also believed that the spirits of the dead, after their flight from the top of the pole to the unknown world, had to cross a fearful river which stretched its whirling waters athwart their way; that this foaming stream has but one crossing, at which a cleanly peeled sweet-gum log, perfectly round, smooth and slippery, reached from bank to bank; that the moment the spirit arrives at the log, it is attacked by two other spirits whose business is to keep any and all spirits from crossing thereon. But if a spirit is that of a good person, the guardians of the log have no power over it,

and it safely walks over the log to the opposite shore, where it is welcomed by other spirits of friends gone before, and where contentment and happiness will forever be the lot of all.

But alas, when the spirit of a bad person arrives at the log-crossing of the fearful river, it also is assailed by the ever wakeful guards, and as it attempts to walk the slippery log they push it off into the surging waters below, to be helplessly borne down by the current to a cold and barren desert, where but little game abounds and over which he is doomed to wander, a forlorn hope, naked, cold and hungry.

When a death was announced, which was made by the firing of guns in quick succession, the whole village and surrounding neighborhood—almost to a man—assembled at once at the home of the deceased, to console and mourn with the bereaved. On the next day a procession was formed headed by seven men called Fabussa Sholih (Pole-bearer), each carrying on his shoulder a long, slender pole painted red, and all slowly and in profound silence marched to the grave, where the poles were at once firmly set up in the ground—three on each side of the grave, and one at the head, on which thirteen hoops were suspended while on its top a small white flag fluttered in the breeze. The corpse was then carefully placed in its last earthly place of rest, the grave filled up, and all returned to the former home of the departed. They had specified cries at the grave of the deceased, which continued for thirteen moons. At the termination of each cry, a hoop was taken off of the pole, and so on until the last one was removed; then a grand funeral ceremony was celebrated called Fabussa halut akuchchih, (pole to pull down). And the manager of the pole-pulling was called Hattak iti i miko, (their chief man); and the hunters sent out to provide venison for the company on that occasion, were called Hattak (man) illi (dead) chohpa (meat). That is, meat for the dead man; or, more properly, meat for the obsequies of the dead man.

To this celebration, or last commemoration the dead, when all had assembled, the Fabussa halulli, (the same Fabussa Sholih who had set up the poles) under the command of the Hattak iti i miko (the same who bore and set up the long pole upon which was attached the hoops and flag) slowly and silently marched in solemn procession to the grave and pulled up the poles, and carried them off together with the hoops and concealed them in a secret place in the forest where they were left to return to dust forever undisturbed.

As soon as the Fabussa Hallulli had disposed of the poles and hoops, preparations were begun for the finale—a

feast and the grand *Aboha hihlah*, home dancing, or dancing home of the deceased good man to the land of plenty and happiness, and the bad man to the land of scarcity and suffering.

The festivities continued during the day and the night following the pole-pulling. On the next morning all returned to their respective homes; and from that day he or she of the grave became a thing of the past, whose names were to be mentioned no more. And they were not.

Among the ancient Choctaws, a mare and colt, cow and calf, and a sow and pigs were given to each child at its birth, if the parents were able so to do,—and all, with few exceptions, were able; this stock, with its increase under no circumstances whatever, could be disposed of in any way; and when he or she, as the case might be, became grown, the whole amount was formally conveyed over to him or her. Thus when a young couple started out in life they had a plenty of stock, if nothing more.

Diseases, they believed, originated in part from natural causes, therefore their doctors sought in nature for the remedies. Graver maladies, to them, were inexplicable, and for their cures they resorted to their religious superstitions and incantations. They were very skillful in their treatment of wounds, snake bites, etc., Their knowledge of the medicinal qualities of their various plants and herbs, in which their forests so bountifully abounded, was very great. 'Tis true they were powerless against the attacks of many diseases—importations of the White Race, such as small-pox, measles, whooping-cough, etc; yet, they did not exhibit any greater ignorance in regard to those new diseases, to them unknown before, than do the doctors of the White Race, who have had the experience of ages which has been handed down to them through the art of printing, manifest in regard to the new diseases that so oft attack their own race. The art of blood-letting and scarifying was well understood and practiced by many of their doctors, as well as the virtue of cold and warm baths; and in many of the healing arts they fell not so far below those of the White Race as might be supposed, though many white doctors imagine themselves perfect in the healing art, since forsooth their diplomas boast the signatures of the medical faculties in the world.

In cases of bowel affections they use persimmons dried by the heat of the sun and mixed with a light kind of bread. In case of sores, they applied a poultice of pounded ground ivy for a few days, then carefully washing the afflicted part with the resin of the copal-tree. For fresh wounds they made a poultice of the root of the cotton-tree which proved

very efficacious; to produce a copious perspiration, a hot decoction of the China root swallowed, had the desired effect. They possessed an antidote for the bite and sting of snakes and insects, in the root of a plant called rattle snake's master, having a pungent yet not unpleasant odor. The root of the plant was chewed, and also a poultice made of it was applied to the wound, which at once checked the poison and the patient was well in a few days. The medical properties of the sassafras, sarsaparilla, and other medicinal plants, were known to them. They possessed many valuable secrets to cure dropsy, rheumatism, and many other diseases, which, no doubt, will ever remain a secret with them, proving that their powers of observation, investigation and discrimination, are not, by any means, to be regarded as contemptible; while their belief, that the Great Spirit has provided a remedy in plants for all diseases to which poor humanity seems an heir, and never refuses to make it known to those who seek the knowledge of it by proper supplications, is praiseworthy in them to say the least of it.

Their doctors were held in great veneration, though they oft practiced upon their patrons many frauds. Millfort, p. 298, says: "when one of them had a patient on hand a long time, and the poor sick fellow's means had been exhausted he privately told the relatives that his skill was exhausted, that he had done all in his power to no avail, and that their friend must die within a few days at farthest; and, with great seeming sympathy, set forth the propriety of killing him, and so terminate his sufferings at once. Having the utmost confidence in the doctor's judgment and knowledge of the case, and also believing the case hopeless, the poor fellow was at once killed." In proof of this, he states that in 1772 a doctor thus advised concerning one of his patients. "The sick man," he says, "suspecting, from the actions of his physician, that he was advising the propriety of ending his suffering by having him killed, with great effort succeeded one night in crawling out of the house and making good his escape. After much suffering he succeeded in making his way into the Muscogee Nation, and fortunately went to the house of Col. McGillivry, who, Samaritan like, took him into his house, and soon restored him to his usual health. At the expiration of several months he returned to his home, and found his relatives actually celebrating his funeral by burning the scaffold which they had erected to his memory, with the accustomed weeping and wailing,—believing him to be dead. His unlooked for appearance among them, at that solemn hour and place, threw them into the greatest consternation, and, in horror and wild dismay, all

fled to the woods. Finding himself thus received by his own relatives and friends, he returned in disgust to the Muscogeese and spent the remainder of his days among them. But when his relatives had become truly satisfied that he did not die, and was actually alive and well, they made the doctor pay heavily for the deception he had practiced upon them, by killing him."

The greatest mortality among them was most generally confined to the younger children; while longevity was a prominent characteristic among the adults. After the age of six or eight years the mortality of disease among them was less than among the white children of the present day after that age. But after those baneful diseases, scarlet fever, measles, mumps, whooping-cough, diseases unknown to them before, had been introduced among them, the fatality among the children was distressing, frequently destroying the greater number of the children in a village or neighborhood;—being wholly ignorant as they were of the proper mode of treatment was a great cause of the fearful fatality. Mental or nervous diseases were unknown to the ancient Choctaws; and idiocy and deformity were seldom seen. But of all the "diseases" introduced among them by the whites, the most pernicious and fatal in all its features, bearings, and consequences, to the Choctaw people, was, is, and ever will be, Okahumma (red water or whiskey); which, when once formed into habit, seemed to grow to a species of insanity equal even to that so often exhibited among the whites.

"The Medicine Man," was a dignitary who swayed his scepter alike among all Indians, but was altogether a very different personage from the common physician. The Medicine Man professed an insight into the hidden laws of Nature; he professed a power over the elements, the fish of the waters and the animals of the land; he could cause the fish to voluntarily suffer themselves to be caught, and give success to the hunter by depriving the denizens of the forest of their natural fear of man; he could impart bravery to the heart of the warrior, strength and skill to his arm and fleetness to his feet; yea, could put to flight the evil spirits of disease from the bodies of the sick. He could throw a spell or charm over a ball player that would disenable him to hit the post; or over the ball-post that would prevent its being hit by anyone whom he wished to defeat. Such were the professed attainments of the Indian "Medicine Man." But whether he possessed all or any of the supernatural powers he professed, it matters not, it is certain, however, that he possessed one thing, the power, art, or skill, call it which you may, to make his people believe it, and that was all-sufficient for him

—even as it is with all humbugs. The Choctaws regarded dreams as the direct avenues to the invisible world, the divine revelations of the Great Spirit. If a vision of the spirit of an animal appeared to the hunter in his dream, he felt confident of success on the morrow's hunt. But though he invoked the friendship, the protection and the good will of spirits, and besought the mediation of the Medicine Man, he never would confess his fear of death. But chide not too harshly, reader, the poor, unlettered Indian for his superstitions and wild beliefs, for the same long existed among the civilized Nations of the world, nor are they entirely exempt even at the present day, nor is it likely they ever will be.

They lived in houses made of logs, but very comfortable; not more rude or uncouth, however, than many of the whites even of the present day. Their houses consisted generally of two rooms, both of which were used for every domestic purpose—cooking, eating, living and sleeping; nor was their furniture disproportionate with that of the dwelling—for the sitting room, a stool or two; for the kitchen, a pot or kettle, two or three tin cups, a large and commodious wooden bowl, and a horn spoon, constituted about the ultimatum—'twas all they needed, all they wanted, and with it they were perfectly contented and supremely happy.

Tafula; (pro. Tarm-fúl-ah, hominy; corrupted to Tomfuller), is made of pounded corn boiled, using lye for fermentation, and tafula tobi ibulthoh (boiled corn mixed with beans) were, and are to the present day, favorite dishes among the Choctaws; nor need it be thought strange, as they are dishes worthy the palate of the most fastidious. The tafula, their favorite and indispensable dish was put into a large bowl, around which all gathered, and each in turn using the horn spoon to replenish his waiting mouth with the coveted luxury. But little pains was taken in the preparation of their food, which was as rude, though clean and nice, as the means of preparing it. Having no tables or dishes, except the wooden bowl, nor knives and forks, they squatted around the pot of boiled meat and bowl of tafula, and each used his or her fingers in extracting the contents of the pot, and conveying it to the mouth, and the horn spoon by turns in doing obeisance to the tafula—all in perfect harmony and jollity.

They use another preparation for food called Botah Kapussa, (cold flour) which was made of parched corn pounded very fine; an ounce of which mixed with a little water would in a few minutes become as thick as soup cooked by a fire. Two or three ounces of this were sufficient to sustain a man for a day. In their war expeditions it

was an indispensable adjunct—the *sine qua non*—to the warrior's bill of fare, as they could not shoot game with the rifle when upon the war-path in their enemy's territories for fear of giving notice of their presence. *Bunaha* was another food much used in the long ago. It was made of pounded meal mixed with boiled beans to which is added a little lye, then made into a dough wrapped in corn husks and boiled. *Oksak* (hickory nut), *atapah* (broken in) is still another; this was made of pounded meal mixed with the meat of the hickory nut instead of boiled beans, and cooked as *bunaha*. I have eaten the three kinds, and found them very palatable.

They were great lovers of tobacco; yet never chewed it, but confined its use exclusively to the pipe, in which they smoked the weed mixed with the dried leaf of the aromatic sumac, which imparted to the smoke a delightful flavor, agreeable even to the most fastidious nose. But they now have learned to chew, which I ascertained by actual observation, when riding over their country visiting them during the year 1884 to 1890. Frequently I have ridden several miles with different Choctaws, with whom I accidentally fell in company, and to whom I offered a chew of tobacco, which was frequently accepted; and I noticed they chewed it with as much apparent delight and gusto, as their white brothers, proving themselves worthy rivals in the accomplished art. However, I could state that the habit is not as universal, by great odds, as among the white.

All the drudgery work about the house and the hunting camp was done by the wife assisted by her children; and as the wife of the Choctaw warrior and hunter was regarded as the slave of her husband, so likewise may equally be regarded the unfortunate wives of many of the boasted civilized white men of this 19th century.

With the Choctaw wife, as with all Indians, parturition was matter that gave no uneasiness whatever; nor did it interfere with her domestic affairs, but for a few hours. Unlike her civilized sister, she neither required nor desired, nor accepted any assistance whatever. I have known them to give birth to a child during the night, and the next morning would find them at the cowpen attending to the affairs of the dairy. To have a man physician, on such occasions, was as abhorrent to her sense of modesty and revolting to her feelings, as it was wholly unnecessary. And the old custom is still adhered to by the present Choctaw wife and mother. After a child was born, after undergoing the usual necessary preliminaries, it was placed in a curiously constructed receptacle called *Ullosi afohka*, (infant receptacle) where it spent principally the first year of its life, only

when taken out for the purpose of washing and dressing. This curiously made little cradle (for such it may truly be called) was often highly ornamented with all the paraphernalia that a mother's love and care could suggest or obtain. The little fellow's face, which was always exposed to view, was carefully protected by a piece of wood bent a few inches above and over it. Contented as Diogenes in his tub, the babe would remain in its little prison for hours without a whimper; part of the time asleep, and part of the time awake looking around in its innocence with calm and tranquil resignation. According to her convenience, the mother suspended her thus cradled child on her back, when walking, or the saddle when riding; or stood it up against a neighboring tree, if a pleasant day, that it might enjoy the fresh and pure air, and exhilarating sunshine; or suspend it to the projecting limb of a tree there to be rocked to sleep and pleasant dreams by the forest breeze. As soon as it was old enough to begin to crawl, it bade an informal adieu to its former prison, but to be found perched upon its mother's back, where it seemed well contented in all its journeys—long or short. It was truly astonishing with what apparent ease the Choctaw mother carried her child upon her back. The child was placed high up between the shoulders of the mother, and over it was thrown a large blanket, which was drawn tightly at the front of the mother's neck, forming a fold behind; in this the child was placed and safely carried, with seemingly little inconvenience to either mother or child. When the little chap had grown to such proportions as to be no longer easily thus transported, he was fastened to the saddle upon the back of a docile pony, which followed the company at pleasure; though here and there stopping momentarily to bite the tempting grass that grew along the pathway, then briskly trotting up until it had again reached its proper place in rank and file, indifferent to the jolting experienced by the youthful rider tied upon its back, who, however, seemed to regard it with stoical indifference. When arrived at the age of four or five years, he was considered as having passed through his fourth and last chrysalis stage, and was then untied from the saddle and bid ride for himself; and soon did the young horseman prove himself a true scion of the parent tree, as a fearless and skillful rider.

Though the Allosi afohka has long since passed away with other ancient customs, still the Choctaw mother carries her child upon her back as she of a century ago, and loves it with the same fond and strong love; and though she did not, nor does not, express it by any outward manifestations, yet

her love was and is real, perfect and constant; nor was she ever known to trust her babe to a hired nurse. The love for their children and untiring devotion to their homes and families, and their profound regard for the aged, were indeed beautiful and touching traits in the characteristics of the Choctaw women. In fact, the great respect and uniform kindness paid by the Indians everywhere, and under all circumstance, to the aged of their people, might justly bring the blush of shame upon the face of many of the young twigs of the professed enlightened white race. The Choctaw women of years ago were a merry, light-hearted race, and their constant laugh and incessant prattle formed a strange contrast to the sad taciturnity of the present day. The easily conjectured cause precludes the necessity of being mentioned here.

Adair (p. 89) says; "the Choctaws, in an early day, practiced the custom of flattening the heads of their infants by compression, and were first known to the whites by the name of Flat Heads." Be that as it may, the custom had long ceased to be practiced, when later known.

Wherever they went, distant or otherwise, many or few, they always traveled in a straight line, one behind the other. They needed no broad roads, nor had they any; hence, they dispensed with the necessity of that expense, road-working, so grudgingly bestowed by all white men. Paths alone, plain and straight, then led the Choctaws where now are broads roads and long high bridges, from village to neighborhood, and from neighborhood to village, though many miles apart; and so open and free of logs, bushes, and all fallen timber, was their country then, rendered thus by their annual burning off of the woods, it was an easy matter to travel in any direction and any distance, except through the vast cane-brakes that covered all the bottom lands, which alone could be passed by paths.

On hunting excursions, when a party moved their camp to another point in the woods, whether far or near, they invariably left a broken bush with the top leaning in the direction they had gone, readily comprehended by the practiced eye of the Choctaw hunter. They kept on a straight line to where a turn was made, and whatever angle there taken, they travelled it in a straight line, but left the broken bush at the turn indicating the direction they had taken. If a wandering hunter happens to stumble upon the late deserted camp and desired to join its former occupants, the broken but silent bush gave him the information as to the direction they had gone. He took it and traveled in a straight line perhaps for several miles; when suddenly his ever watchful eye saw a

broken bush with its top leaning in another direction. He at once interpreted its mystic language—"Here a turn was made." He too made the turn indicated by the bush; and thus traveled through the unbroken forest for miles, directed alone by his silent but undeviating guide, which was sure to lead him to his desired object.

All North American Indians, have always held their lands in common; occupancy alone giving the right of possession, a custom peculiar to the North American Indians, and a living proof of practical communism, as far as land is concerned, at least. When a Choctaw erected a house upon a spot of ground, and prepared a few acres for his corn, beans, potatoes, etc., so long as he resided upon it as his home, it was exclusively his, and his rights were strictly respected by all; but if he left it and moved to another place, then his claim to his forsaken home was forfeited; and whoever saw proper could go and take possession; nor was the second occupant expected to remunerate the first for the labor he had done. However, if No. 1, afterward should desire to return to his previous home he could do so, provided no one had taken possession. The present time, if one improves a place and leaves it, no one has the right to take possession of the deserted place without permission of the one who improved it.

The famous little Choctaw pony was a veritable forest camel to the Choctaw hunter, as the genuine animal is to the sons of Ishmael. His unwearied patience, and his seemingly untiring endurance of hardships and fatigue, were truly astonishing—surpassing, according to his inches, every other species of his race—and proving himself to be a worthy descendant of his ancient parent, the old Spanish war-horse, introduced by the early Spanish explorers of the continent. In all the Choctaws' expeditions, except those of war in which they never used horses, the chubby little pony always was considered an indispensable adjunct, therefore always occupied a conspicuous place in the cavalcade. A packsaddle which Choctaw ingenuity had invented expressly for the benefit of the worthy little fellow's back, and finely adapted in every particular for its purpose, was firmly fastened upon his back, ready to receive the burden, which was generally divided into three parts, each weighing from forty to fifty pounds. Two of these were suspended across the saddle by means of rawhide rope one-fourth of an inch in diameter and of amazing strength, and the third securely fastened upon the top, over all of which a bear or deer skin was spread, which protected it from rain. All things being ready, the hunter, as leader and protector, took his position in front, sometimes on foot and sometimes astride a pony of

such diminutive proportions, that justice and mercy would naturally have suggested a reverse in the order of things, and, with his trusty rifle in his hand, without which he never went anywhere, took up the line of march, and directly after whom, in close order, the loaded ponies followed in regular succession one behind the other, while the dutiful wife and children brought up the rear in regular, successive order, often with from three to five children on a single pony—literally hiding the submissive little fellow from view. Upon the neck of each pony a little bell was suspended, whose tinkling chimes of various tones broke the monotony of the desert air, and added cheerfulness to the novel scene. Long accustomed to their duty, the faithful little pack-ponies seldom gave any trouble, but in a straight line followed on after their master; sometimes, however, one here and there, unable to withstand the temptation of the luxuriant grass that offered itself so freely along the wayside, would make a momentary stop to snatch a bite or two, but the shrill, disapproving voice of the wife in close proximity behind, at once reminded him of his dereliction of order and he would hastily trot up to his position; and thus the little caravan, with the silence broken only by the tinkling pony bells, moved on amid the dense timber of their majestic forests, until the declining sun gave warning of the near approaching night. Then a halt was made, and the faithful little ponies, relieved of their wearisome loads which they had borne throughout the day with becoming and uncomplaining patience, were set free that they might refresh themselves upon the grass and cane—nature's bounties to the Indian—that grew and covered the forests in wild abundance. Late next morning—for who ever knew an Indian, in the common affairs of life, to be in a hurry or to value time? Time! He sees it not; he feels it not; he regards it not. To him 'tis but a shadowy name—a succession of breathings, measured forth by the change of night and day by a shadow crossing the dial-path of life) the rested and refreshed ponies were gathered in, and, each having received his former load, again the tinkling chimes of the pony bells alone disturbed the quiet of the then far extending wilderness, announcing in monotonous tones the onward march, as the day before, of the contented travelers; and thus was the journey continued, day by day, until the desired point was reached.

The Indian unlike the white man, often received a new name from some trivial incident or some extraordinary adventure, which frequently occurred, especially in their wars. Anciently the Choctaws and Muscogees were uncompromising enemies, ever making raids into each others territories.

At one time a Muscogee party invaded the Choctaw country, and made a sudden and unexpected attack upon a band of Choctaw warriors. The Choctaws, though surprised, made a brave resistance, and, after a short but furious fight, defeated and put their assailants to flight. A vigorous pursuit at once ensued in which a fleet young Choctaw warrior named Ahaikahno, (The Careless) had far in advance of his comrades, killed a Muscogee, and was in the act of scalping him, when two Muscogee warriors turned and rushed toward him with their utmost speed. The Choctaws in the rear, seeing the danger of Ahaikahno, who was ignorant of his two fast approaching foes, shouted to him with all the strength of their voices—Chikke-bulilih chia! Chikke bulilih chia! (pro. Chik-ke (Quickly) bul-elih (run) che-ah (you!). Ahaikahno, hearing the shout and seeing his danger, was not slow in heeding the advice. Ever afterwards Ahaikahno bore the additional name Chikke Bulilih Chia. Both parties lost many warriors in this short but bloody fight, and the little mound erected by the Choctaws over the common grave of their slain warriors was still to be seen down to the year of the Choctaw migration west, in 1831-'2.

Nearly every river, creek, lake, rock, hill and vale, was endeared to them, by a name given to it from some peculiarity, some incident or adventure of the past, that was significant of the same; and in which were embodied the remembrance of the heroic achievements of a long line of ancestry; some in nature's rocks, mountains, hills, dells, woods, and waters; while others took substantial form in the impressive memorials reared by loving hearts and willing hands in the form of mounds over their dead. Many of those names were beautifully significant; but alas, how corrupted by the whites, to that extent indeed, that not even one has retained its original purity. Think you, reader, it was an easy matter for the Choctaws, with such a country as they then possessed, endeared to them by ten thousand times ten thousand ties as strong as were ever interwoven around the human heart, to cut loose from this their ancient home, and set sail on an unknown sea for distant ports in an unknown land, and under the pilotage of those pretended friends, who they had found could not be trusted.

Of all the wild animals of the cane-brake, the wild boar truly merited the name of being the most dangerous, when brought to bay, the panther or bear not excepted, and in attacking him, coolness and a steady nerve were as necessary as perfect marksmanship. In this kind of sport a novice would always find it the better part of valor to keep in mind that "distance lends enchantment to the view;" for he seldom

made a charge without leaving his mark, since that charge I can attest by frequent observation, was no child's play. One stroke with his long, keen tusks, was all he wanted to kill an offending dog, or even disembowel a horse; and woe to the hunter that carelessly or with foolhardiness approached too near; if he failed to make a dead-shot, his life was the forfeit; for with the rush of a whirlwind, and the agility of a cat, he sprang from his lair, and more sure and fatal was his stroke as he passed, than the stroke of a dagger in the hands of an enraged man. An effectual shot was only made by shooting him through the brain, as his shoulders were protected by a massive shield extending from his short neck two-thirds of the way to the hips, and impervious even by a ball shot from the rifle of that day; his enormous head, set off by ears about the size of a man's hand, standing straight up, and his powerful jaws, armed with four fearful tusks, two short stubby ones protruding from the upper and two long, dagger-like ones from the lower lips, with a backward curve, combined with his strength and activity, rendered him a formidable foe, and made him truly the monarch of the Mississippi canoe-brake 70 years ago. From his short legs and sluggish appearance, when secretly seen from a distance moving about at his leisure, one would have supposed him slow in point of speed; but such was not the case. For as soon as you gave him a good cause to bestir himself, he did it to such a good purpose that it was hard for a common horse to escape his pursuit for a short distance, or to overtake him in his flight. But of the two contingencies the latter, so far as the hunter was concerned, was immeasurably the safer; since his temper was as short as his legs, and very little indeed sufficed his boarship's philosophy to constitute sufficient provocation, to make a sudden whirl, present and about face, and instantly make a furious charge; then, if the horseman was not as quick to make the turn, there was a collision, always to the great advantage of the boar.

To intrude upon his retreat when at bay, even though no malicious propensities had been proven against the trespasser, was madness; for he charged the intruder without hesitation and with positively such terrific impetuosity that proved there was no reservation about his conduct nor opportunity intended to be given to the incautious visitor for making any mistake as to his intentions; and he then and there learned to his entire satisfaction that, if he intended to have apologized to his boarship, it would be policy to do so in writing at some future day; as, at that moment, it was decidedly the best to get out of the way nor seek leisure for explanation of the intrusion, since the monster was coming

down upon him, with now and then a snort, that emphatically said, "Out you go," as intelligibly as ever snorts said anything, yet singularly expressive, unmistakably meaning prompt ejection from his premises; and though his progeny were styled the "racers, razor backs, subsoilers, jumpers, and rail splitters," by the early white settlers, yet, with his fleetness, agility, strength and savage snout armed with those terrible tusks—veritable lancets indeed—which in many instances grew to incredible dimensions both in size and length—his majesty was justly styled the undisputed monarch of the Mississippi cane-brakes. His courage was indeed fearless and defiant, and with a reckless ferocity that no sane hunter had the nerve to resolutely receive. Oft he waited not for presumptuous provocation, but waged war at once on hunter and dogs as soon as trespassing on his domains, whom he calmly faced with a defiant front that indicated a business propensity not to be safely misjudged, as he slowly turned from side to side seemingly to scan the immediate surroundings and take in the situation; but when he set himself to going after man or dog, he displayed an agility and address which those who have once experienced it pronounced amazing, nor desires ever again to test his boarship's peculiarities by personal experience. He often wandered companionless, then he became more morose and malignant, and more dangerous to intrude upon. One of this character, for reasons best known to himself, ventured under the cover of a dark night, to sleep with the tame hogs belonging to the missionary station, Hebron, over which Mr. Calvin Cushman had jurisdiction, soon after the exodus of the Choctaws. At that early day, hounds were a protective necessity against the carnivorous wild animals that numerously abounded in the forests, though Mr. Calvin Cushman was never known to fire a gun at a wild animal of any kind, or to go into the woods as a hunter. but left that wholly to others, among whom his three sons were generally found. The visitor had overslept himself, or, at least, was a little dilatory the next morning in starting for his home in the cane-brake, and thus was discovered about daybreak, by one of the hounds between whom and his boarship uncompromising hostility existed. At once the hound gave notice to his companions in the yard of the presence of their hated and dreaded enemy by loud and vociferous barking, to which the whole pack, gave immediate response by rushing headlong over the yard fence, and in full cry hastened to the call of their fellow. At once they rushed for the wild intruder, who, taking in the surroundings, broke at once for his citadel in the swamp two miles away across an intervening forest

with no undergrowth in which to shelter himself in case of being overtaken by his pursuing foes. My brother and I, knowing from the wild outcry of the hounds that they had discovered some wild animal of merit, seized our rifles, rushed to the barn, saddled our hunting horses and mounted; then listened a moment to ascertain the bearings of the hounds whose cry was now faintly heard in the distance, but gave evidence that the object of their pursuit was no small matter. At once we started at full speed through the open forest, and, after running a mile or more, stopped to listen, when we ascertained that they had overtaken the night intruder, whatever he was, and brought him to bay, but still nearly a mile distant. Again we put our horses at full speed, and thus continued until we had reached the top of a high ridge, where came into full view, about three hundred yards distant, the hounds encircling a huge wild boar. For a minute we silently stood and gazed upon the exciting scene.

The hounds (eight in number) knowing, from sad experience, the characteristics of their foe, were running this way and that around the old monarch of the canebrake, but observing the judicious caution to keep twenty or thirty feet distant from him, who defiantly stood in the centre of the circle and boldly solicited closer quarters. No undergrowth obstructed our view, and the whole play was being enacted before us. Now a hound would make a dash at his rear only to be met by the about face of the agile boar, which caused the hound to also make an about face followed by a hasty retreat, then one would succeed in giving him a snap in the rear, which caused the boar, not only to make a quick turn, but also to make a rush for a few paces after the now retreating dog, but to be again pinched in the rear by some one of his more venturesome assailants. Finally one made a dash at the rear of the boar with high expectations of securing a good bite; but poor Pete was not quick enough in his whirl, for the boar, in his sweep, struck him with his curving tusks upon the thigh making an ugly wound three or four inches in length and to the bone. Pete at once acknowledged his defeat by a shrill cry and immediate retreat to the rear. Thinking it time to take a hand in the fray, we dismounted, and leaving our horses concealed, cautiously advanced to the scene of action, but taking care not to let his boarship learn of our proximity. But not much danger of that, as his attention was wholly engaged with the still tormenting dogs. When we had approached within a hundred yards, we halted behind a large tree and formed our plan of attack, as we silently peeped from our hiding place and viewed the scene. The boar was still ignorant of our presence;

but the hounds had evidently suspected our presence somewhere, by frequently looking back and sniffing the air, and then barking more vigorously at the boar and making bolder and more frequent attacks upon his rear.

He was truly a magnificent specimen of his race, of a sandy color, full grown, and in fine condition. His huge head was adorned with enormous, curving tusks with one sweep of which he could cut a man, dog or horse into threads. His little red eyes, nearly covered with shaggy hair, now glowed like coals of fire, beneath a pair of ears about the size of a man's hand which stood perfectly erect; his tail, though curled once at his body, nearly touched the ground with its long shaggy hairs; his cavernous mouth was white with foam—proof that he was mad all over; his bristles about four inches long, extended from his ears to his tail, and stood up erect and stiff, while every hair upon his body seemingly quivered with rage; the massive sinews of his great chest stood out like small ropes as he turned from side to side, exposing also to view the outlines of the almost impervious shield that enveloped his shoulders. He was truly an incarnation of immense strength, activity, courage, and brutal ferocity.

Our curiosity being satisfied in viewing his dimensions and appearance, it was resolved that my brother, who was the more courageous and the better marksman, should crawl to a large tree that stood exactly between us and the boar, which would bring him within fifty or sixty yards of his boardship, and also, the sure range of his rifle, while I was to keep my position as a rear guard in case of a compulsory retreat. By good fortune he gained the tree unobserved by hound or boar; then arose to his feet and brought his rifle to his shoulder, with the barrel resting against the right side of the tree, thus being enabled to keep his body wholly concealed. Soon I saw the boar turn his head exactly toward the tree and instantly the crack of the rifle mingled with the baying of the hounds, and the fierce brute pitched over on his nose to be instantly covered with exultant dogs who bit and snapped their fallen foe. We hurried up, only to see a convulsive shiver run through the huge mass of flesh and bone, and the fierce glare of the eye as it died out slowly, like a coal fading in the sunlight as the white ashes cover it. The rifle ball had accomplished its mission of death.

In conclusion, I will but add: If those, who to-day talk about dangerous game, would like to enjoy a rough and tumble encounter, I would, could I recall the last seventy years, recommend to them a wild boar of the Mississippi cane-

breaks, with strong testimonials; nor would they have far to go, at that day, to find him.

O-ka-it-tib-ih-ha county, Mississippi, as well as its sister counties, has been the scene of many hard struggles between the contending warriors of the different tribes, who inhabited the noble old state in years of the long past; not only from the statements and traditions of the Choctaws, who were among the last of the Indian race whose council-fires lit up her forests, and whose hoyopatassuha died away upon her hills, but also from the numerous fortifications and intrenchments, that were plainly visible, ere the ploughshare had upturned her virgin soil, and her native forests still stood in their primitive beauty and grandeur. From those rude fortifications, plainly identified many years after the advent of the missionaries, strong positions were evidently held by each contending party; yet they seemed to have been constructed with no regard to mathematical skill, but rather as circumstances demanded or would admit. Such at least were the intrenchments enclosing the Shakchi Humma old fort; and the many evidences, such as rusted tomahawks, arrow-heads, human bones, teeth and fragments of skulls that were continually being ploughed up for many years, proved the hard contested fight of the Shakchi Hummas and the allied Choctaws and Chickasaws; and that the brave but greatly out-numbered Shakchi Hummas had disputed every inch of the ground, and had only yielded to the superior numbers of the combined Choctaws and Chickasaw warriors. The ancient Choctaws, as well as all other Indians, did not confine their battles to forts and intrenchments, but fought as circumstances offered, oftener in small bodies than in large. Hence, they never drew out their forces in open field, but fought from behind trees, stumps and logs; each seeking every possible advantage of his enemy, regarding all advantages gained as wholly attributable to superior skill; all advantages lost, to want of it.

According to the statements made by the Choctaws to Mr. Calvin Cushman, when first established among them as a missionary, nearly eighty years ago, the Shakchi Hummas, a warlike and very overbearing tribe of Indians, were wholly exterminated by the combined forces of the Choctaws and Chickasaws about the year 1721.

I was personally acquainted with a remarkable old Choctaw warrior, by the name of Ish-iah-hin-la, (you liable to go) who claimed to have fought through the Shakchi Humma war. He was said to be the last surviving Choctaw warrior of that memorable conflict, and died in 1828 at the advanced

age of 107 years, so he claimed to be. Indeed the old warrior's white locks, wrinkled face, shriveled and decrepit body, indicated life's journey to have reached that point; and, as longevity was frequent at that time (as even to-day) among the Indians, many then living whose ages reached eighty and ninety years. I did not doubt the old man's statement. He took great delight in relating many incidents of that war and oft amused my boyish fancy in telling many thrilling scenes in which he participated. This war had its origin from the overbearing disposition of the Shakchi Humma, and the frequent murders committed by their war parties upon the Choctaws and Chickasaws. The account, as related by the Choctaws to the missionaries, is in substance, about as follows: Many years after the Choctaws and Chickasaws had established themselves east of the Mississippi river, a Choctaw chief, named Shakchi Humma (Crawfish Red), recrossed the Mississippi river, with his family and a large number of his adherents, and established a colony (under the name of their chief, Shakchi Humma) in, now the state of Arkansas,

In the course of years this colony became greatly enlarged by constant accessions; and, with increasing numbers and strength, also became insolent and overbearing to that extent that a war arose between them and another tribe, in which they were defeated and driven back over the Mississippi to their former country. After being established there, (not as Choctaws but as Shakchi Hummas, disregarding their ancient kindred ties) they adopted an arrogant and aggressive policy towards both the Choctaws and Chickasaws, who, provoked beyond longer endurance, formed a secret alliance in an exterminating war against the Shakchi Hummas.

Then followed a three years war of extermination (famous in Choctaw tradition) culminating at the battle of Oski Hlopah and blotting out the Shakchi Humma nation. The Choctaws and Chickasaws took the war path together, resolving to exterminate their insolent enemies or be exterminated themselves. At this juncture, several large parties of Shakchi Humma hunters were camped on Noxubee creek, as much game had congregated there owing to the destruction of the range in many parts of the country by the accidental fall fires. The Choctaws, being aware of the locality of the Shakchi Humma hunters, opened the war by making an unexpected attack upon them and slew the greater part, throwing their dead bodies into the creek which caused an awful stench, which gave the name Nahshobili to the creek, and opened hostilities in good earnest between the

Choctaws and Chickasaws on one side and the Shakchi Hummas on the other.

Extermination being th ewar-cry adopted by the contestants, both parties fought with desperation. But, unexpectedly as the two allied tribes had rushed upon their unsuspecting and unprepared enemies (thus in the outset gaining great advantage) yet the Shakchi Hummas soon rallied from their discomfiture caused by their surprise; and then commenced one of those fierce and bloody conflicts, so oft engaged in by the Red Men in the years of the hoary past, but known only to themselves. In union there is strength, is an old but true adage; and thus it proved to the Choctaws and Chickasaws. Though fortune for a while appeared to waver, vacillating from the one side to the other and seeming at a loss on whom to bestow her smiles, but finally looked with favor upon the two allied tribes. The Shakchi Hummas, after many reverses and great losses, finally sought to protract the strong struggle by taking refuge in their intrenched villages. But one after another of these fell into the hands of the victorious Choctaws and Chickasaws, who now had become fearless by their success, and, e're the third year of the desperate conflict had closed, every village had been taken, and destroyed, and the majority of the inhabitants slain. The few who escaped united their strength and finally took their last stand at a point now known as Lyon's bluff on Oski Hlopah (Cane stripped) river known now as Trimcane, about nine miles northeast of Starkville, Mississippi, hopeless, yet determined to fight to the death. Sheltered by a few logs and banks of earth, the last of that once powerful and arrogant tribe, now fought as only men in despair can and do fight, sending many of their enemies to precede them to the hunting grounds in the great beyond. How true it is, that man is a being, when placed in danger and devoid of hope—that oasis amid the arid desert of life—who is to be dreaded! When hope has fled, despair usurps its place; and none despair till they behold death staring them in the face; and when life, with all its beautiful shades and colors, is bleached with the bitterness of death, 'tis then man becomes desperate; and even the most timid have then accomplished feats of daring seemingly incredible. Such was the forlorn hope cooped up in that little fort, if fort it might be called. Surrounded on all sides without the possibility of escape, and sheltered only by a few logs and piles of dirt; yet they baffled all attempts of their enemies to dislodge them.

Like tigers at bay, they fought day and night, though hour by hour thinned in numbers, till at last but few remained; yet that handful yielded not, nor asked for quarter,

but singing their death song, and ever and anon hurling back their defiant war-whoops, they continued to fight, killing everyone who attempted to scale their little breast-work of logs and earth. For many days did the warriors of that log and mud fort successfully hold out, bravely driving back their assailants in every charge. At length, the Choctaws and Chickasaws, maddened at the obstinate resistance of the now desperate Shakchi Hummas, and the continued falling here and there of their own warriors, with a mighty rush broke over the feebly defended walls of logs and earth, but to be met by the little squad of still defiant Shakchi Hummas, who received them with the last shout of their still defiant war-whoop. Then, for a few moments, was heard the clashing and ringing of the tomahawks as the busy scene of death went on; each Shakchi Humma warrior fighting, not for life or for glory, but in mad despair—seeking to kill ere he was killed. But soon the last death-dealing blow was struck that blotted out forever the Shakchi Humma Nation. Only one of the whole tribe was left, and that one was a young girl about sixteen or eighteen years of age, who was spared on account of her wonderful beauty. She was adopted by the Choctaws, and lived to be nearly or quite a hundred years old, and was living some years after the advent of the missionaries among them. Mr. H. Peden, who lived fourteen miles from Hebron, the home of Mr. Calvin Cushman, stated that Mr. P. P. Pitchlynn, who had often spoken to him of this old Shakchi Humma captive, one day pointed her out to him at a religious meeting of the Choctaws. Mr. Peden stated that she was the oldest looking human being that he had ever seen, and from her appearance, he judged her to be over a century old. She died a few years before the venerable old warrior, Stahenka; but lived to hear the tidings of the Cross preached to her race, though the only survivor of her own tribe, exterminated in the bright morn of her youthful but eventful life. Alas, the single combats of the heroes of history or fable may amuse the fancy and engage the admiration; the skillful evolutions of war may inform the mind; but in the uniform and terrible picture of a general assault, all is blood, horror and desolation; nor shall I further attempt to delineate, at the distance of nearly two centuries, a scene at which the actors themselves were incapable of forming any just or adequate idea. But such is the only history of the Shakchi Hummas whose blood still runs in the veins of a few Choctaws—descendants of the girl saved at the tragic destruction of her tribe—one of whom became a chief of the Choctaws and died in 1884 at his home

a few miles east of Atoka, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.. His name is Coleman Cole.

The Choctaws, like all of their race, had no written laws, and their government rested alone on custom and usage, growing out of their possessions and their wants; yet was conducted so harmoniously by the influence of their native genius and experience, that one would hardly believe that human society could be maintained with so little artifice. As they had no money, their traffic consisted alone in mutual exchange of all commodities; as there was no employment of others for hire, there were no contracts, hence judges and lawyers, sheriffs and jails were unknown among them. There were no beggars, no wandering tramps, no orphan children unprovided for in their country, and deformity was almost unknown, proving that nature in the wild forest of the wilderness is true to her type. Their chief had no crown, no sceptre, no body guards, no outward symbols of authority, nor power to give validity to their commands, but sustained their authority alone upon the good opinion of their tribe. No Choctaw ever worshipped his fellow man, or submitted his will to the humiliating subordinations of another, but with that sentiment of devotion that passed beyond the region of humanity, and brought him in direct contact with nature and the imaginary beings by whom it was controlled, which he divined but could not fathom; to these, and these alone, he paid his homage, invoking their protection in war and their aid in the chase.

The ancient Choctaws believed, and those of the present day believe, and I was informed by Governor Basil LeFlore, in 1884, (since deceased) that there is an appointed time for every one to die; hence suicide appeared to them as an act of the meanest cowardice. Though they regarded it as a sacrilege to mention the names of their dead, still they spoke of their own approaching death with calmness and tranquility. No people on earth paid more respect to their dead, than the Choctaws did and still do; or preserved with more affectionate veneration the graves of their ancestors. They were to them as holy relics, the only pledges of their history; hence, accursed was he who should despoil the dead. They had but a vague idea of future rewards and punishments. To them a future life was a free gift of the Great Spirit, and the portals of the happy hunting grounds would be opened to them, in accordance as their life had been meritorious as a brave warrior. They were utterly ignorant of the idea of a general resurrection, and it was difficult for them to be induced to believe that the body would again be raised up.

But to-day finds the Choctaws advanced in knowledge and improvement, which has produced a revolution in their moral and intellectual condition and in the current of their thoughts and ideas. Though seemingly slow to many has been their progress, yet not more so than other nations. For it must be remembered, that to-day there are many nations on the eastern continent, where a knowledge of letters has been known for centuries, and whose intellectual advantages have been much superior to that of the North American Indians, who have not yet reached that moral and intellectual culture that many tribes of the Indians have. It required over 2000 years for us to rise from a state of savage barbarity to our present state of advancement, though, 'tis true they have had, to a small extent, the advantages of our civilization; but when we take into consideration the great disadvantages which even the five civilized tribes have labored under and the many oppositions they have had to encounter from first to last, in their commendable efforts to moral and intellectual improvement, (though enjoying the advantages of the teachings of the faithful and noble missionary for half a century) from the corrupting influences and pernicious examples of the base white men who have ever cursed their country, even as fated Egypt of old was cursed by the visitations of the locusts, frogs and lice, we have just and good reasons to be surprised that they have made the progress they have.

As a proof of the Indian's love of country and the scenes of his childhood, so cruelly denied him by his oppressors, I will state that a few years after they had moved west, a few Choctaw warriors, seemingly unable to resist the desire of once more looking upon the remembered scenes of the unforgettable past, returned to the homes of their youth; for a few weeks they lingered around, the very personification of hopeless woe, with a peculiar something in their manner and appearance, which seemed to speak their thoughts as absently following a long dream that was leading them to the extreme limits of their once interminable fatherland. But their souls could not brook the change, or the ways of the pale-face. They gazed awhile, as strangers in a strange land, then turned in silence and sorrow from the loved vision they never would enjoy or look upon again, but which they never would forget, and once more directed their steps toward the setting sun and were seen no more. But nothing strange in this; for who does not delight, even in after years to return to the well remembered walks of early life! the touch of the long vanished hands, and the echo of the voices that are hushed, all seem to return, reminding us in touching accents of unutterable pathos, of the days that are no

more! again are we united with the days of childhood, calling up by-gone joys. Truly, what a hallowing glory invests our past, beckoning us back to the haunts of boyhood's days! again the songs we sang sweep o'er the harp of memory in tones of sweetest melody! again the faces that early went down to the tomb, that cheerless habitation of the dead, smile on us with unchanging love and tenderness. The past! To every heart, what a fairy land. Who would not keep the memory of those days unsullied, unalloyed from those that raise a sadness in the soul! Ah! as a token from some lost loved one, whose name is only spoken within the secrets of the heart, would I cherish and keep them with memories that never die.

The Indians have ever been termed a nomadic race, and as such have been represented by all who have written about them. There certainly never has a greater error been promulgated about any people. I refer to the southern Indians who formerly lived east of the Mississippi river. How far the Indians of the western plains may merit the title, I will not attempt to judge, being but little acquainted with their habits and customs, ancient or modern. But I have no fears in saying that no people merited less the appellation, nomadic, than those who formerly dwelt east of the Mississippi river. Webster, the standard authority, gives the definition of nomadic as signifying, "Moving from place to place," and how that word could in any way justly be applied to the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Muscogee Indians, who were never known to move in the knowledge of the whites, until moved by them from their ancient domains to their present location, is a difficult matter to comprehend. In 1540, De Soto found them in the very spot from which the government moved them in 1832, 1836, and 1840. In 1623, the early settlers of Virginia found them exactly where De Soto had left them. When the French established themselves in Mobile, Alabama, they found them still where the Virginia settlers had found them. In 1735, the Carolina traders found them exactly where De Soto, the Virginians and the French had found them. In 1744, Adair found them still where De Soto, the Virginians, the French, and the Carolina traders, had found them, and lived among the Chickasaws thirty years. In 1771, Roman still found them at the very place where De Soto, the Virginians, the French, the Carolina traders and Adair, had found them; and states, in his travels through the Choctaw Nation, he passed through seventy of their towns. In 1815, the missionaries still found them exactly where De Soto, the Virginians, the French, the Carolinian traders, Adair, and Roman had found

them. In 1832, the United States Government found them still where De Soto, the Virginians, the French, the Carolina traders, Adair, Roman, and the missionaries had found them, and moved them to their present place of abode in 1832; and 1899, A. D. finds them just where the government put them sixty-seven years ago. So they have "moved from place to place," once in 359 years, and then moved by the force of arbitrary power, they are called nomadic.

Of the Indians it may be truly said:

"But on the natives of that land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brooked they long their friendly faith abused;
For with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaimed, 'to arms!' and fast to arms they sprung."

They were truly men of the past, as well as men of the woods, yet noble and true, glorying in their ancestors, and living in their deeds by reverencing what they had handed down to them.

The Choctaws, from their earliest history, have ever maintained their independence, and their love of country, amounting to almost idolatry, which cannot be described by words; and, in defending it, they utterly despised danger and mocked at fear.

Having no alphabet nor written language, their knowledge was conveyed to the eye by rude imitation. In the pictures of various animals which had been drawn on smooth substance, a piece of bark, or tree, there he recognized a symbol of his tribe; and in these various figures which he saw sketched here and there, he read messages from his friends. The rudest painting, though silent and unintelligible to the white man, told its tale to the Choctaws. He abhorred restraint of any kind, while liberty, free and unrestrained, was the ruling passion of his soul; the natural and unrestrained propensities, of his wild nature were his system of morals, to which he firmly adhered and tenaciously followed. They had no calendar, but reckoned time thus: The months, by the full or crescents moons; the years by the killing of the vegetation by the wintry frosts. Thus, for two years ago the Choctaw would say: Hushuk (grass) illi (dead) tuklo (twice); literally, grass killed twice, or, more properly, two killings of the grass ago. The sun was called Nittak hushi—the Day-sun; and the moon, Neuak hushi, the Night-sun and sometimes, Tekchi hushi—the Wife of the sun. Their almanac was kept by the flight of the fowls of the air; whose coming and going announced to them the progress of the advancing and departing

seasons. Thus the fowls of the air announced to the then blessed and happy Choctaw the progress of the seasons, while the beasts of the field gave to him warning of the gathering and approaching storm, and the sun marked to him the hour of the day; and so the changes of time were noted, not by figures, but by days, sleeps, suns and moons—signs that spoke the beauty and poetry of nature. If a shorter time than a day was required to be indicated two parallel lines were drawn on the ground, a certain distance apart, then pointing to the sun he would say: "It is as long as it would take the sun to move from there to there." The time indicated by the moon was from its full to the next; that of the year, from winter to winter again, or from summer to summer. To keep appointments, a bundle of sticks containing the exact number of sticks as there were days from the day of appointment to the appointed, was kept; and every morning one was taken out and thrown away, the last stick announced the arrival of the appointed. This bundle of twigs was called Fuli (sticks) kauah (broken) broken sticks.

The abundant game of his magnificent and wide extended forests, which he never killed in wanton sport, no more than a white man would kill his cattle, but only as his necessities demanded, together with the fish of his beautiful streams, his fields of corn, potatoes, beans, with that of the inexhaustible supplies of spring and summer berries of fine variety and flavor, and winter nuts, all united to consummate his earthly bliss in rendering him a successful huntsman, a good fisherman, and cheerful tiller of the ground. The Choctaws have long been known to excel all the North American Indians in agriculture, subsisting to a considerable extent on the produce of their fields. In mental capacity the Choctaws, as a race of people, both ancient and modern, were and are not inferior to the whites; and their domestic life, as I know them seventy years ago, would sustain in many respects, a fair comparison with average civilized white communities. Their perspective faculties were truly wonderful; and the Choctaws of to-day, to whom the advantages of an education have been extended, have given indisputable evidence of as great capacity for a high order of education as any people on earth, I care not of what nationality.

There were no degrees of society among them, no difference in social gatherings; all felt themselves equal, of the same standing and on the same terms of social equality. And it is the same to day. They had no sur-names, yet their names were peculiar, and most always significant, expressive of some particular action or incident; even as the names given to their hills, rivers, creeks, towns and villages. As

those of ancient, classic fame in the eastern world, so to the superstitious mind of the Choctaw of the western world, caused him also to regard the sudden appearance of certain birds and their chirpings and twitterings, the howl of the wolf and the lonely hoot of the owl, as omens of evil, while others as omens of good; the spiritual significance of which, however, he interpreted according to the dictation of his own judgment, instead of that of an augur differing in this particular from his ancient brothers of Rome and Greece; yet like them he undertook no important enterprise without first consulting his trusted signs, whether auspicious or otherwise. If the former, he hesitated not its undertaking; if the latter, no inducement could be offered that would prevail upon him to undertake it; but he returned to his cabin and there remained for favorable omens.

But how far may be found a more just cause for admiration of the religious superstitions of the ancient Romans and Grecians than that of the North American Indians, it is difficult to see, since the Indians, alike with them, acknowledged, everywhere in nature, the presence of invisible beings; and it was the firm belief that his interests were under the special care of the Great and Good Spirit that the Choctaw warrior went upon the war-path, and the hunter sought the solitudes of his native forests in search of his game; and that his career in life was marked out for him by a decree that could not be altered. True, he was free to act, but the consequences of those actions were fixed beforehand; his daily food, life, joys, all, everything, were acknowledged as coming from the Great Spirit, who knew all things and imparted his wisdom to man; rewarded good deeds and punished crimes; implanted unwritten laws of right and wrong on the human heart, and unfolded to him coming events through dreams. The mystery of nature had its influence upon the untutored minds of all Indians, as well as its phenomena upon his senses; which, to them, were represented by the inferior spirits that surround the Great Spirit, who was the all-controlling deity; and to Him they all turned in gratitude for blessings, and for aid in all the affairs of life. Surely, it is the part of humanity in us, who have lived under a higher dispensation, in tracing the deep influences that the mythology of this strange, wonderful and peculiar people had over them; to admire rather than condemn without admitting the many extenuating circumstances. And though the rites and ceremonies of the Indians, by which they expressed their belief in their dependence on the Great Spirit, was made in offerings of corn, bread, fruits, etc, instead of the sacrifices of animals; and sought omens in the

actions of living animals, instead of an augury in the entrails of dead animals; yet the sincere feelings of piety, of gratitude and dependence, which gave origin to those offerings, gave origin also to that universal habit of self-examination and secret prayer to the great Spirit, so characteristic of the Indian race. They believed that the Great Spirit communicated his will to man in dreams, in thunder and lightning, eclipses, meteors, comets, in all the prodigies of nature, and the thousands of unexpected incidents that occur to man. Could it be otherwise expected from those who walked by the light of nature alone? And though few assumed to have attained the power of revealing the import of these signs and wonders, yet many sought the coveted prize but found it not, therefore, became self-constituted prophets, but remained silent as to the character and functions of the spirits with whom they held their mysterious intercourse, thus leaving little foundation by which to identify their mythology. But that they derived their religious beliefs from the common seed with which man first started, there can be no doubt; but ere it had developed to any extent they strayed from the parent stock, and it assumed different aspects under different circumstances, during the long period of isolation that ensued. Still, we find existing everywhere among mankind the same sensitiveness to the phenomena of nature, and the same readiness and power of imagining invisible beings as the cause of these phenomena.

The tendency of the Indian mind was thoroughly practical, stern and unbending, it was not filled with images of poetry nor high strung conceptions of fancy. He struggled for what was immediate, the war path, the chase and council life; but when not engaged therein, the life of the national games, under the head of social amusements, filled up the measure of his days—the ball play, horse-race, foot-race, jumping and wrestling—to them as honorable as the gymnastic exercises of the eastern nations of antiquity; enduring heat and cold, suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, fatigue and sleeplessness. The object of the Indian boy also, was to gain all the experience possible in all manly exercises, therefore at an early age he went in search of adventures. Their tribal council consisted of the best, wisest and most worthy of the tribe. A fact from which we might draw many useful lessons. In its meetings, the most important topics of their country were the subjects of their deliberations; nor was the question ever asked in regard to any new question presented before that body, "If there was any money in it?" the good of their common country was the only thing discussed or even thought of. It was a body, which, in point

of true dignity, if not of wisdom, has seldom been equalled and never surpassed; and which was regarded the supreme power of the tribal commonwealth. They had but few laws, but the few were rigidly enforced.

There were many natural orators among the ancient Choctaws when living in undisturbed prosperity and happiness east of the Mississippi river. Their orations were very concise, animating and abounding in many beautiful metaphors; and who, had they possessed the embellishments of a refined education, would have compared well with any race of mankind that ever existed.

The Choctaws, like all their race, deliberated with great dignity and solemnity on national affairs; and in all their assemblies, both national and social, every thing was carried on in the best order and unassumed decorum. Their treaties were ratified by smoking the pipe of peace—an emblem respected, honored, and held sacred by all Indians everywhere. As with all their race, so war was, in the estimation of the ancient Choctaws, the most patriotic avocation in which a man could engage; they seldom began a war with another tribe, but rather waited for an attack, then no braver or more resolute warriors ever went upon the war-path. The opening of hostilities was always preceded by the famous Hoyopahihla, War-dance. Night was the chosen time for engaging in that time-honored ceremony; and as soon as evening began to spread her dark mantle o'er their forests, a huge pile of dry logs and brush previously prepared was set on fire, whose glaring and crackling flames intermingling with their hoyopataloah (war-songs) and soul-stirring hoyopa-tassuhah (war-hoops) presented a scene as wild and romantic as can possibly be imagined.

The manly forms of the dusky warriors with their painted faces illuminated with the wildest excitement; the huge fire blazing and crackling in the centre of the wide extended circle of excited dancers, which, now and then, a kick from a dancing warrior, caused to send the flames and sparks high up among the wide extended branches of the mighty forest trees that stood around; the stern visages of the old warriors, whom age and decrepitude had long since placed upon the retired list from further duty upon the war-path or in the chase, sitting around in little groups where the light of the burning log-heap disputed precedence with the gloom of night, calm and silent spectators of the weird scene in which they could no longer participate, but which awakened thrilling memories of the past; the Goddess Minerva's favorite birds, allured from their dark abodes in the forest by the glaring light, flitted here and there overhead through

the extended branches of the overshadowing oaks, and anon joined in with their voices, to which in wild response, the distant howl of a pack of roving wolves filled up the measure of the awe inspiring scene. But those who have witnessed it will not be easily satisfied with any vain attempt to depict it on paper; and those who have not will hardly have their anticipations realized by anything short of the opportunity of judging for themselves. Therefore, have I contented myself with giving a mere outline of my own impressions; for he who would attempt to picture a Choctaw Hoyopa-hihla, as it was exhibited seventy years ago in the midnight solitudes of a Mississippi forest, would have to aim at condensation and exaggeration and yet expect failure in both; for adjectives would only confuse and sentences but veil the scene; besides any description that could be made would not express the thousandth part of what ought to be said, and if but a weak picture was drawn, even then it would be called the wild hallucinations of a disordered brain. But that the reader may be able to form a faint idea of the scene, I know of nothing more appropriate, (judging from what I have read and also been told by eye witnesses) to which it may be compared, than a Chicago political convention of the present age, with this exception however; the yells of the Indian squaws were not heard intermingling with the war-whoops of the forest warriors in wild cadences of the war-dance, as the yells of the white squaws are heard mingling with the political whoops of the white warriors in the crazed scenes of the conventional dance.

On the return of a successful war-path, the village at once became the scene of festivity and triumph. The varied trophies—scalps, painted shields, etc., were hung on poles near the houses. Then followed war-feasts, scalp-dances, accompanied with war-songs and shouts of victory; while the old men went from house to house rehearsing in a loud tone of voice the events of the battle and the various daring exploits of the warriors. But, amid all this, sounds of another kind were also heard mingling in discordant tones with those of joy; they were the piteous wailings of the women borne upon the air from the surrounding hills, where they had retired to mourn in darkness and solitude for their slain in battle. There the mother, wife and sister gave full sway to the anguish of their hearts; reminding the intelligent hearer of that affecting passage of Scripture, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they were not."

As all nations of the human family, so the Choctaws of

both sexes delighted in ornaments. Though the Choctaw warrior, in his training for the duties of manhood, inured himself to fatigue and privation, and in defense of his country and home, and resenting an insult, was as brave as bravery itself; yet he was fond of admiring himself before a mirror when arrayed in the paraphernalia of Choctaw fashion; i. e. a red turban, highly decorated with the gay plumage of various kinds of birds encircling his head; with face painted according to Choctaw etiquette; with crescents of highly polished tin suspended from his neck and extending in regular order from the chin to the waist; with shining bracelets of the same metal encircling his wrists and arms above the elbows; with a broad belt around his waist, tastily interwoven with innumerable little beads of every gay and flashing color; with feet encased in moccasins soft and pliant, and highly decorated with little beads of sparkling hue. did the young Choctaw warrior walk forth among the admiring beauties of his tribe as much the personification of a modern, first-class, white dude, complete and perfect, as ever contested for the honor of superiority in the "laudable" occupation; yielding the palm of victory to his pale-face brother disputant, only in the "gift of continuance;" since the Choctaw, after indulging in momentary paroxysms of self-admiration, turned from his mirror, doffed his effeminate plumage to soon forget what manner of man he appeared, since the thought of his noble aspirations and strivings returned to excel as a warrior and conselor in his nation, but leaving his pale-face opponent master of the field to live and die contented and happy in his imbecility.

The Choctaws were strong in their belief in the existence of *hat-tak holth-kun-a* (witches); even as our own "en-frightened" ancestors in the days of Cotton Mather—differing, however, in this particular; the Choctaws selected old and decrepit women as victims of their superstitions, while their white brothers, whose boasted civilization had rendered a little more fastidious, manifested their superiority in intellectual attainments over the Indians, by selecting the young as the victims of their wild theories. But ghosts and witches have long since been to the Choctaws as things of the forgotten past.

The restless and fertile imagination of the Choctaws, as well as all their race, peopled with beings of a higher order than themselves the mountains, plains, woods, lakes, fountains and streams. But in regard to the origin of man, the one generally accepted among the Choctaws, as well as many other tribes was that man and all other forms of life had originated from the common mother earth through the

agency of the Great Spirit; but believed that the human race sprang from many different primeval pairs created by the Great Spirit in the various parts of the earth in which man was found; and according to the different natural features of the world in which man abode, so their views varied with regard to the substance of which man was created; in a country of vast forests, they believed the primeval pair, or pairs, sprang from the trees; in a mountainous and rocky district of country, they sprang from the rocks; in valleys and prairies, from the earth; but their views as to the time this creation of man took place, whether at the same time throughout the various inhabited regions or at different periods, their traditions are silent.

To the unlettered and untutored mind of man throughout the world, all things are endowed with individuality and life; from which arose, no doubt, the great number of mystic conceptions, regarding the sun, moon, stars, clouds, winds and storms, as being animate bodies, possessing life as all animate creatures. The traditions of some of the North American Indian tribes are said to state, that the sun was once caught in a snare by a great hunter, and was set free by the moles, but at the loss of their eyes from its intense light, and have ever since been blind. Perhaps the primitive fathers of those tribes possessed some knowledge of Joshua's command to the orb of day. Brinton states in his "Myths of the New World," page 55, that the legend of the Peruvian Incas, in regard to the sun, is, "He is like a tethered beast who makes a daily round under the eye of a master." Many of the North American Indian tribes believed, in regard to the eclipse of the sun and moon, that some animal, wolf, dog, etc., was devouring the sun, and made every effort to drive him away. Some whipped their own dogs during an eclipse because a "Big dog" was eating the sun or moon, and believed the "Big dog" might be induced to postpone his meal by the howls of their whipped curs.

The ancient Choctaws believed an eclipse was caused by a little black squirrel, which had resolved to devour the sun, and which could only be saved from the little gormandizer by frightening him away by a great noise, to which I have, more than once, been an eye witness, and to the *modus operandi* adopted to give him a scare; and also testify from experience as to the virtues of the music; at least the sun came out all right; but as to the strict adherence to the accepted rules of harmony during the performance, I will write more definitely on some other page. It is also stated, that the South American Indians believed that the moon, when in an

eclipse, was being devoured by dogs, and, to scare them off, the natives, made a great noise. (Tyler, "Culture," Vol. 1, p. 296.) Also of the African Moors, says Grimm, "Teutonic Mythology," Vol. 2, p. 707. When the sun eclipse was at its highest, we saw the people running about as if mad, and firing their guns at the sun, to frighten the monster who, they supposed, was wishing to devour the orb of day. The women banged copper vessels together, making such a din that it was heard miles away."

A legend of the Mongolians states that a monster continually pursues the sun and moon, and when overtaking the one or the other an eclipse is the result. The Chinese believe, even at the present day, the sun and moon are being devoured by a great dragon during an eclipse. During the eclipse of the sun in 1887, the Chinese authorities, in accordance with the usage of the empire, commanded the Buddhist and Tauist priests to perform their incantations to rescue the sun from the jaws of a devouring monster. It was at the time of the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, when all the officials were required to wear embroidered robes; but it is also the law that during an eclipse officials who participate in the ceremonies must wear ordinary clothing until the sun is rescued. An edict had to be obtained from the Emperor to settle it. He ordered the officials to ignore his birthday and attend to the wants of the sun. So they all wore ordinary clothes. The Esthonians believed the sun and moon were being eaten during an eclipse by some animal, and endeavored to frighten it away by conjuring. "The Hindoos, to this day, believe that a giant lays hold of the luminaries, and tries to swallow them. The Romans flung fire-brands into the air and blew trumpets and clanged brazen pots and pans." During an eclipse in the 17th century the Celts "run about beating kettles and pans thinking their clamor and vexations available to the assistance of the higher orbs." (Tyler, Op. Cit. p. 301.) So also it is said of the Northern Asiatics, and of the Finns of Europe.

The traditions of the Polynesians state that Maui and his brothers thought the sun went too fast for their convenience, and determined to check him; therefore, they made strong ropes, and then went "very far to the eastward, and came to the very edge of the place out of which the sun rises." There they placed a noose to catch the sun. "He rises up, his head passes through the noose, and it takes in more and more of his body, until his fore paws pass through; then are pulled tight the ropes. The sun screams aloud; he roars; Maui strikes him fiercely with many blows. They

hold him for a long time; at last they let him go; and then weak from wounds the sun crept slowly along his course." (Grey's Polynesian Mythology, p. 35-8.) It is said, however, that there are different versions of this legend; one, that Maui finally released the sun; another that he still has him roped, and holds him in check; and the Polynesians still believe they can see the ropes at the rising and setting of the sun, to which they point and exclaim—"Behold the ropes of Maui," while we say, "the sun is drawing water," both equally absurd.

The Australians, it is said, regarded the sun as a woman. "Every night she descends among the dead, who stand in double lines to greet her and let her pass. She has a lover among the dead, who has presented her with a red kangaroo skin, and in this she appears at her rising." To us how foolish, yet how similar to our own ancestors, who regarded the dawn a red cow, and the sun her calf. (Zoological Mythology, Vol. 1, p. 50.) So also of the Vedas whose Ushas (Dawn) "opens the darkness as a cow her stall." Hence the sacredness of the cow to the Hindoos in their worship; and also, it might be added, the red heifer among the Israelites. (Num. 19.)

And thus it appears that all other nations of mankind are, and have been, theorizers, even as the North American Indians; and though these theories were crude yet they found embodiment in stories handed down to posterity as traditions and legends. They were not allegories, but man in his primitive state endeavoring to find out and to explain the mysteries of nature around him; and, as learning and intelligence advanced, these absurdities passed alike into forgetfulness. So it is evident, we have little ground upon which to base our contempt for the Indians in regard to their myths, since we have also passed through the same.

The Choctaws had several classes of dignitaries among them who were held in the highest reverence: The Medicine Man or Prophet, the Rain Maker, the Doctor—a veritable chip of Esculapius. Well indeed did each fill his allotted position in life, and faithfully discharge the mystic duties appertaining thereunto, both in their own opinion as well as that of their people. The Choctaws' Materia Medica, like all their race, was Nature, herbs and roots furnishing their remedies both externally and internally; and the success with which they used those remedies proved their knowledge of the healing properties of the various herbs and roots in which their extensive forests abounded. They had a specific for the bite of the sintullo (rattle snake). Their doctors relied much on dry-cupping, using their

mouth alone in all such cases. Oft have I witnessed the Choctaw physician, east of the Mississippi river, administering to the necessities of his suffering patient through the virtues found in the process of dry-cupping. Stretching the sufferer upon a blanket spread upon the ground, he knelt beside him and began a process of sucking that part of the body of which the patient complained, or where, in his own judgment, the disease was located, making a guttural noise during the operation that reminded one of dog worrying an opossum; at different intervals raising his head a few inches and pretending to deposit into his hands, alternately in the one and the other, an invisible something which he had drawn from his patient, by a magic power known alone to himself.

After sucking a sufficient length of time to fill both hands, judging from the frequent deposits therein made, with great apparent dignity and solemn gravity, this worthy son of Esculapius arose and stepping to the nearest tree, post, or fence, wiped the secret contents of his apparently full hands thereon; then with an air of marked importance walked away to the enjoyments of his own reflections. While the sufferer, in real or fancied relief, acknowledged the efficacy of the physician's healing powers by ceasing to complain, turned over and sought forgetfulness in the arms of refreshing sleep. If there ensued a change for the better he claimed the honor and praise as due the noble profession of which he recognized himself a worthy and important member; but if the disease proved stubborn and refused to yield to the medicinal virtues of his herbs, roots and dry-cupping, he turned to his last resort—the Anuka, (Hot-house.) This edifice, an important adjunct in all Choctaw villages, was made of logs rendered nearly air tight by stopping all cracks with mortar. A little hole was left on one side for an entrance. A fire was built in the centre of this narrow enclosure, and soon the temperature within was raised to the desired degree, then the fire was taken out and the patient instructed to crawl in; which being done, the little opening was closed. As a matter of course, the patient must bake or sweat; which, however, resulted in the latter; and when, in the opinion of the Alikchi, (doctor) he had undergone a thorough sweating, the entrance was opened, and the patient bidden to come forth; who, upon his exit, at once runs to the nearest water into which he plunged head first; but if not of sufficient amount and depth for the correct performance of that ceremony to its fullest extent, he ducks his head into it several times, thus making practical the wholesome theory of the hygienist: "Keep your head cool, but your feet warm." In case of common

intermittent fever, the efficiency of this mode of proceeding (the sweat and cold bath) was truly astonishing, seldom failing to effect a cure.

But if the patient died—ah, then! with that shrewdness peculiar to all quacks the world over, he readily found a cause upon which to base his excuse for his inefficacy to effect a cure; differing somewhat, however, from his white brother alikchi, who attributes the cause of his failure to innumerable “where-as-es and ifs,” while he openly acknowledged and emphatically declared the interposition of a hat-tak holth-kun-na (witch), which counteracting the beneficial virtues of his remedies, had caused the death of his patient by thus placing him beyond the reach of mortal skill, nothing more nor less. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, he attributed the death of his patient, if occurring very suddenly, to an Ish tulbih (witch ball) shot from an invisible rifle in the hands of a witch. At this important juncture of affairs, it now becomes his duty to find the witch that he, she, or it, may be brought to pay the penalty of the law in all such cases—death. As a matter of course, the doctor, not very scrupulous in the matter of shifting the blame from his own shoulders to that of another—so natural to all mankind—easily found a witch in the person of some attenuated old woman, whom he designated as the guilty party, and who consequently was immediately slain by the relatives of the deceased; an illustration of which I have already given in the case of the unfortunate Il-lich-ih.

In the matter of rain, the Choctaw Rainmaker truly swayed the sceptre of authority in that line of art, undisputed, and was regarded with reverential awe by his people. In all cases of protracted drouth, which was quite frequent at an early day in their ancient domains, the Hut-tak Um-ba Ik-bi, (man rain maker) was regarded as the personage in whom alone was vested the power to create rain; therefore to him they went with their offerings and supplications, the former, however, partaking more of a persuasive nature than the latter, in the judgment of the Umba Ikbi, as an effectual means to bring into requisition his mysterious power in the matter of rain. He without hesitation promised to heed their solicitations, but gently hinting that, in his judgment, the offerings were not in as exact ratio to their importunities as they should have been. However, he now assumes an air of mysterious thoughtfulness and, “grand, gloomy and peculiar wrapped in the solitude of his own imagination,” strolled from village to village, gazing at the sun by day and the stars by night, seeming to hold communion with the spirits of the upper worlds; finally he ventured his repu-

tation by specifying a certain day upon which he would make it rain. The day arrived, and if haply came with it a rain the faith of his dupes was confirmed, his mystic power unquestioned, and the Umba Ikbi made comfortable. But if otherwise, he did not as the Alikchi, attribute his failure to the counteracting influence of a witch in the person of an old woman, but to that of a brother Umba Ikbi living in some remote part of the nation, with whom he was just then at variance. He now informs his unfortunate but not faithless people that an Umba Ikbi's mind must be free of all contending emotions while engaged in the mystic ceremonies of rain making; that he was now angry, too much mad to make it rain. Upon which announcement, the now despairing people earnestly solicited to know if they, in any way could assuage his wrath. He replied in the negative; but promised, however, to consider the matter as soon as his anger abated. He now became more reserved; sought solitude where undisturbed he might scan the sky and perchance discern some sign of rain. Sooner or later, he discovers a little hazy cloud stretched along the distant western horizon; attentively and carefully watches it as broader and higher it ascends, until he feels sure he can safely risk another promise; then leaves his place of secret and thoughtful meditation, and, with countenance fair as a summer morn, presents himself before his despairing people and announces his anger cooled and wrath departed; that now he would bring rain without delay, yet dropping a casual hint as to the efficacy of a coveted pony, cow, blanket, etc., being added, as a surer guarantee, since "the laborer was worthy his hire." The hint was comprehended and fully complied with in hopeful expectation. Anon the low muttering thunder vibrates along the western horizon in audible tones, and the lightning flash is seen athwart the western sky heralding the gathering and approaching storm; soon the sky is overcast with clouds of blackest hue while the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar seem to proclaim to the people their wonderful Umba Ikbi's secret power in the affair of rain; and, as the vast sheets of falling water wet the parched earth they sing his praise; which he, with assumed indifference, acknowledged with an approving grunt; then, with measured steps, sought his home, there to await another necessity that would call him forth to again deceive his credulous admirers. But all such delusions soon vanished before the teachings of the missionaries.

In connection with this peculiar one of the Choctaws, I will here relate an incident that took place during a great

drouth that prevailed in their Nation soon after the establishment of the mission called Hebron.

The Rain Maker had long been appealed to through supplications and fees, but all in vain; and it seemed that the stubborn drouth had united with more than one distant brother Umba Ikbi in rendering his present worship prodigiously mad, not only with them but also with himself and the world in general, as his ears seemed deaf to all appeals upon the subject of water. Since wells and cisterns were luxuries then unknown to the Indians, they depended upon their rivers, creeks, lakes and ponds, which seldom failed to supply. Amid the prevailing gloom an aged Choctaw widow named Im-ai-yah (to go by) living two miles south of Hebron, came one day, as she oft had done before, to talk with her pale-face friend, Mrs. Cushman, concerning the drouth. She soon stated that she believed there would be plenty of rain in a few days. When asked upon what she based her belief, she replied: "On my way here this morning, I sat down at the roots of a large tree; while sitting there these thoughts came to me. Our Rain Maker cannot make it rain, or he would. If he can make it rain, why should not I be able to make it rain too? Why should not anyone? Then I asked myself; who made this big tree? Somebody made it, and he who made it surely can make it rain too. I know he can; and I will ask him to please make it rain very soon. I then knelt down at the roots of that big tree and earnestly prayed to him who made the big tree to please make it rain; and while I was praying a little cloud formed directly over the tree, and a little shower fell and many of the drops of water, passing through the leaves of the tree, fell on me. I know now who can make it rain." "Who?" earnestly asked the deeply interested pale-face listener. "He who made that tree. Is he your God of whom you have told me?" "He is," replied the poor widow's pale-face friend and spiritual teacher. But I will leave the further conversation that ensued between the two red and white friends to the imagination of the reader, with this only: No two women were more devoted friends, the one to the other, than were the poor Choctaw widow and the "pale-face" missionary. But what of that prayer at the roots of that "big tree?" It was heard and answered by the Maker of that "big tree;" who has said, "I will not bruise the broken reed nor quench the smoking flax." Yes, in a few days, an abundance of rain fell; yea, more. From that time the mystic power of the Umba Ikbis began to wane, and soon vanished as a summer dream from the Choctaw Nation. And he who cannot believe that Israel's God heard the humble request of that earnest petitioner, and did not then and

there acknowledge its virtue in the little shower of rain, and in a few days answer that prayer of faith by an abundant shower, is thrice welcome to his unbelief.

Their laws (for they had laws,) though exceptional in some respects to the White Race, nevertheless, were good, and quite consistent with the nations of a primitive age. But like all others of their race, their severest law was that of blood revenge. "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" was a statute rigidly enforced among all North American Indians. It was acknowledged among all, not only to be the right, but also the imperative duty of the nearest relative on the male side of the slain, to kill the slayer wherever and whenever a favorable opportunity was presented. Under many existing circumstances the law might, perhaps, have been just and salutary; but unfortunately it went too far, as any male member of the murderer's family, though innocent and even ignorant of the crime, might become the victim of the avenger of blood, if the guilty had fled; but such seldom occurred, as the murderer rarely ever made any effort whatever to escape, but passively submitted to his fate. Still, this law, revolting as it may appear to many, exercised a good influence among the Choctaws, as it had a salutary effect in restraining them in the heat of passion, by rendering them cautious in their disputes and quarrels, lest blood should be shed; knowing the absolute certainty of murder being avenged sooner or later upon the murderer himself, or some one of his nearest male relatives; hence no man, or family, would with impunity commit or permit, if they could avoid or prevent it, an act that would be sure to be avenged, no one could tell when or where. Days, weeks, and even months perhaps, might pass, yet the avenger sleepeth not nor has he forgotten; and, at an hour least expected and from a source least apprehended, the blow at last falls, and there the matter ends. Nor did the slayer find any protection from any source whatever, not even from his nearest relatives. Yet calmly and with stoical indifference awaited his certain doom; nor was the avenger, though known, interrupted in any manner whatever, either before or after he had accomplished his revenge. The avenger of blood never took the life of a female of the slayer's family, but satisfied himself in the death of the slayer himself or in the person of some one of his nearest male relatives. If the murderer had fled, and the life of one of his male relatives had been sacrificed in lieu of his own; he then could return without fear of molestation; but the name of coward was given to him—an appellation more dreaded and less endurable than a hundred deaths to all North American Indians..

A few instances have been known among the Choctaws, where a relative proposed to die for the slayer, and was accepted on the part of the relatives of the slain; but such instances were very rare. I remember of an instance related, of undoubted authority, which deserves to be held in lasting remembrance if nothing more than to forever silence and put to eternal shame the foolish croakings of those who deny to the Indian the possession of any of the finer feelings and emotions of the heart, and to establish the fact that the height, depth, and breadth of an Indian mother's love can only be equalled by that of her white sister, both immeasurable, incomprehensible, unfathomable. The case which I here relate, was Toh-to Pe-hah (Red Elm Gathered Up), an aged Choctaw mother, who gave her life for that of her oldest son; and which clearly illustrates the depth and strength, the sensibility and tenderness of maternal affection in an Indian woman, whose name, had she lived in the days of classic lore, would have been handed down to all future ages in the songs of the poet minstrels, and upon the pages of the historians. But alas! she was unfortunately an Indian and virtue in an Indian is, with many of the present day, not a virtue; while vice, in their defamers, is. This poor widowed Choctaw mother, came with others of her friends to the place of execution on the day her son was to be shot for killing an aged Choctaw man living many miles distant from that of his own home. This killing was done before the establishment of the law that the slayer should be tried by law, and no longer left in the hands of the "avenger of blood." Of her four children he was the oldest, her darling first-born, on whom she mainly depended for assistance in the support of her little family, and whom she had named Hoh-tak Lah-ba (Luke Warm).

When the mother arrived at the place of execution, she found many had already assembled; but with emotions, felt and known only by and to a mother, she pressed through the throng to where her doomed boy stood, close to the executioner with the deadly rifle in hand, upon which Hohtak Lah-ba looked with steady eye and unshaken nerves. All were silent. Not a whisper disturbed the profound hush that rested like a gloomy pall upon that assembly. The mother glanced a look of love at the erect form of her son, who stood as a statue before her eyes; then turned them a moment upon the executioner with an appealing look for compassion; then beseechingly upon the relatives of the man slain, and at once broke the silence with an irresistible appeal to them to take her life instead of Hohtak Lahba's. "He is young, and I am old," she cried. "His wife and child, his two little sisters and

brother, will suffer if he is taken from them. They cannot live without him, they can without me. I am old and can do but little for them, nor that little long. Your relative he killed was an old man. Why take a young life for an old life? Take mine in the place of Hohtak Lahba's. Let the avenger of the death of your kinsman be satisfied with my death. Blood for blood satisfies our violated law. It seeks no more, it demands no more. What more should you require? Speak kinsman of the dead! Will you accept my life as sufficient propitiation, a just compensation for the life of your slain? I await your answer." A murmur of approval was heard in the crowd, and soon one of the nearest in kindred to the slain arose and accepted the offer in a firm and distinct tone of voice. A smile of joy lit up the countenance of Toh-to Pe-hah as she responded, "'Tis well." A few moments were given her to bid an adieu to her loved ones, and give her last admonitions to her wayward boy; after which she calmly presented herself before the executioner, and, nerved with a mother's love that bids defiance to fear, bade him do his duty. Then the sharp crack of the rifle broke the profound stillness of the moment, and the spirit of that loving Choctaw mother winged its flight to Him who has said: "Where little is given, little is required." Such was the custom of this peculiar people in the years of the long ago. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was ever found written in all Indians' code of laws, and to the execution of which they adhered with the strictest punctuality. The spirit of the murdered Indian could never take its flight from earth, or find rest anywhere in the eternal unknown, until blood had atoned for blood, a belief as firmly fixed upon the Indian heart as that upon the Christian's, that the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, atoned for the sins of the world.

It is natural to suppose that Hohtak Lahba would have refused the offer of his devoted mother. But custom denied him the privilege of any action, whatever in the matter. If the offer was made and accepted by the relatives of the slain, he no longer stood condemned before the violated law, or in the eyes of the avenger, and he or she, who had voluntarily assumed the position, could only make the atonement. The mother, in this case, had offered her life, a voluntary sacrifice for that of her son's; it had been accepted as a sufficiency by the avenger, and, even as the law of the Medes and Persians that "changeth not," so Tohto Pehah could not reverse her accepted proposal, even if she had relented, nor the son refuse, she must die, and Hoh tak Lahba must live; and the Amen was the response of the law. The unfortu-

nate Hoh tak Lahba, though the avenger of the blood of his slain victim had been appeased at a fearful cost to him, was afterwards often taunted by the relatives and friends of the old man he had slain, with the accusation of cowardice, which to all Indians is more to be dreaded than death.

For several years he bore up under their taunts until he eventually began to believe that all regarded him as a coward, and life to him had become a burden too great to be longer borne. But what could he do? To take his own life would not do, since that act would stamp the seal of woe upon his eternal destiny. How then was he to secure for himself an honorable death and wipe off the stain of cowardice that had been attached to his name, and depart to the eternal and happy home that awaited all brave warriors? His cogitative mind at last suggested a plan; it was, only by killing another man. This he adopted and put into immediate execution; and to make his death the more certain, he sought, found, and slew a son of the very man for whose death his doting mother had so heroically atoned; and though his victim lived many miles distant, he well knew the deed would speedily bring the avenger to his side. But that he might effectually wipe forever from his name the stain of cowardice, to his own honor and that of his kindred, he at once resolved to take his own life, since now it would be blood for blood, and self sacrifice would no longer fix upon him the penalty of eternal woe. Quietly but resolutely he dug his own grave before putting his dreadful resolution into effect; and when completed, calmly stretched himself therein to ascertain if it was complete in every particular. As soon as he had slain his victim he hastened home with his utmost speed, and at once told his relatives and friends what he had done, and then said: "You know that I have long been accused of cowardice, but now I will prove to you that I can also meet death like a brave warrior." Well they knew his fearful determination and the impossibility of dissuading him therefrom, as they sat in gloomy silence awaiting the approaching fearful scene that was soon to be enacted. Slowly he went through with his preliminary death ceremonies with that stoicism so peculiar to his race; the careful examination of his rifle, to see if it would still be as true to its trust as it so long had proved in his many conflicts with the wild beasts of his native forests; the singing of his death song, (the Indians adieu to earth) and the farewell shaking of the hands of his relatives and friends present, consisting of his wife, two sisters and brother, who sat in a mournful group a little to one side, with eyes vacant and fixed as if upon some distant object, but presenting a picture of silent

woe that baffles description; while the old men of the neighborhood sat in little groups around, smoking their pipes in doleful silence. No wailing, not even a half smothered sigh, broke the silence of the solemn scene. Nothing was heard but the voice of Hoh tah Lahba, as he now and then chanted his death-song. When he had bidden all his last adieu, he seized his bottle of whiskey, that "bright insignia" of the white man's "Personal Liberty," drank a long draught then hurled the bottle with its contents to the ground with all his strength, as if invoking a curse upon its maker and vendor, then snatched his rifle from its leaning position against a tree, rushed to his waiting grave, and the sharp crack of the rifle that immediately followed told but too plainly that Hoh-tah Lahba was dead. Then burst forth a long restrained wail of grief from his bereaved wife, sisters, and other female friends alone, (as an Indian man never expresses his grief by any external emotions) heretofore smothered in respect to Hoh tah Lahba's request, "that all emotions of grief be restrained in his presence," that echoed far back from the surrounding forests.

What Christian heart could witness such a scene without emotions of sorrow, since it exhibits the human mind shrouded in the greatest error, while at the same time it exhibits the elements of a noble nature. Contemplate the love of that unlettered mother! Listen again to her arguments before that stern court of inflexible justice, pleading her own destitution of all further usefulness to her people, as a just reason for the preservation of her son's manhood and usefulness! View the son too, though sacrificing the life of his loving mother by his wayward life, yet manifesting as great a sense of shame and fear of public censure, as his civilized white brother, (yet far more honorable) who sacrificed two lives also under his so-called exalted views of honor in fighting a duel! Now turn aside from a long, lingering gaze upon the desolate hearts of that wife, now widowed, and those weeping sisters; hear again that fearful, undissembled shriek as the crack of the rifle announced that its messenger of death had accomplished its work; listen to those lamentations loud, as they rush to the fatal spot and throw themselves upon the quivering body, and then will you, can you, longer deny to the Indian mother, wife, sister, daughter, any of those divine and holy sensibilities so justly awarded to the white females?

Truly may it be said of the North American Indian woman as a general thing, that they rank higher in those feminine virtues that so peculiarly belong to women than any unlettered race known in history or otherwise. And for that highest of all female virtues, chastity, the full-blood North

American Indian woman can fearlessly challenge her white sisters of the entire United States, without the fear of the possibility of defeat. During my sojourn among the Choctaw and Chickasaw people in the years 1884 to 1890, I made frequent inquiries relative to this subject, both of native citizens and white citizens married among them, and whites living among them as renters of their farms, and they have spoken in the highest terms of praise of the chastity of the Choctaw and Chickasaw women, and to which I add my own, based upon a knowledge of over seventy years personal acquaintance with these two branches of the Indian race, and also that of the missionaries who labored among them when living east of the Mississippi River. In conversation with a Chickasaw (half blood) in February, 1886, an ex-auditor of the Chickasaw Nation and a man of undoubted veracity, who lived near the line of division between his own people and the war-like Comanches, and with whom he had formed an extensive acquaintance by trading among them, he thus replied to my inquiries concerning the chastity of the Comanche women: "It is an absolute impossibility to rob a Comanche woman of her virtue, only by superior physical force. No professions of love, no promises of marriage, no temptation of bribery, can avail anything in inducing her to step from the path of rectitude, virtue and honor." I was informed by a gentleman who lived in the southern part of Arizona, that he was well acquainted with a tribe of Indians whose women it was impossible to influence from the path of virtue. Many of the early writers speak in the highest commendation of the native Indian women. All praise to the North American Indian women! uneducated, uncivilized, with no advantages of moral culture, yet true to the natural instincts of morality, "adorning" no cities, towns and villages with houses erected for the prostitution of their bodies and the eternal damnation of their souls.

The Choctaw women were of medium height, beautiful in form, strong and agile in body; strictly honest, truthful, light-hearted and gay, and devoted in their affection to family and friends, while common custom protected them against all offense, even as it does at the present day;—how commendable to the Choctaw men.

There always have existed among the North American Indians, and still exist, many examples of intellectual ability, of genius, of high moral feeling and as noble and pure patriotism as was ever found in any nation of people and as proof of this fact I relate the following: Some twenty-five years ago a photographer of Chicago, being in Arizona on a vacation trip, found and rescued from an Apache camp an abandoned

Indian male infant of full blood. The photographer became possessed with a desire to take the boy home with him and adopt him. In spite of warnings that the child would prove a viper in his bosom, he carried out his intentions, and reared the boy, to whom the name of Charles Montezuma was given, as a member of his family. The young Apache grew up to be in face and physique the very type of his tribe; but he was at the same time an excellent scholar and a perfect gentleman. He graduated at the Chicago High School with credit, and was very popular in his class, being gentle, polite, industrious. A recent inquiry as to Montezuma's career since the completion of his high school education developed the facts that he has selected surgery for a profession, and will graduate from the Chicago Medical College far above the average of his class; that he is liked by his classmates and has never manifested any desire to resume the barbarous habits of his relatives, or shown any savage traits whatever; that he supports himself, during his studies at the medical college, by filling prescriptions at a Chicago drug store where he is looked upon as an expert pharmacist, and that every circumstance indicates that he will make a successful professional man.

But long since has it been proven and established beyond contradiction that they possessed capacities as susceptible of the highest refinement as that of the White Race, which, wrapt in the garb of self-importance impervious to truth and reason, regarded the Indians as inferior beings, unworthy its consideration, except as objects to be plundered and destroyed; and in justification of which, called them savages, but with as little justice and reason as the Indians had to call them Christians. What unlettered nations, utterly without books, colleges and schools, have ever produced such men, worthily renowned as orators and statesmen in council, and brave in the field of battle as patriots, as the true Native Americans of the North Western Continent, in their Massasoits, Phillips, Pontiacs, Red Jackets, Black Hawks, Tecumseh, Humming Birds, Red Shoes, Apushamatahahs, Weatherfords, Osceolas, Ridges, Rosses, Colberts, and hundreds of others of equal renown? They are not to be found in tradition on in ancient or modern history.

Who that has read Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," but remembers Uncas, the young Mohawk warrior, and jointly with that of his white friend Leather Stocking, the hero of the story? It is said his Indian name was Tschoop; but if it is corrupted as badly as all other Indians' names when put in print by the whites, it is as foreign from his true name as that by which he figured in the "Last of the

Mohicans." However, he has been handed down as a noted warrior among his people—the once powerful and warlike Mohawks who inhabited the now State of New York in the years of long past—famous for his daring exploits in war, and his fiery eloquence in the councils of his Nation. In 1741, he was often visited at his home by a Moravian missionary, named Christian Rauch, who often spoke to him upon the subject of religion during their frequent social conversations; and finally asked him if he had any desire to save his soul. "We all desire that," responded Uncas. The good missionary, in his zeal, became persistent in urging upon him the importance and great necessity of his becoming a Christian, praying and pleading with him—often with tears; and after many months of prayer and entreaty, the pious Rauch was delighted to see his forest pupil a changed man—a truly pious Christian, whom he baptised under the name of John. In a letter Uncas afterwards sent to the Delaware Indians, he said: "I have been a bad, very bad, man. But a white preacher told me there is a God. I said: Do I not know that? Return whence you came.

Then another came and told me that God was offended at me when I did any bad acts. Again I said: Do I not know that too? Do you think that I am a fool? Then Christian Rauch came into my cabin and sat down by me and told me of my crimes, of Jesus who died to save me from them; and this he did day after day, until I became tired of his talk and threatened to kill him if he came to my cabin again. But one day I came home and found him in my cabin sound asleep. I stood and looked at him, and said to myself—"What sort of a man is this? How easily I might kill him; yet he is without fear, for he says his Jesus will protect him from all harm. Who is that that Jesus? I too must and will find him." And, reader, he did find him; and soon after he became not only an humble and devout follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, but also became a preacher of the Gospel with the same fiery eloquence which had given him a power among his race, and spent many years in traveling among the neighboring tribes of his day—who long since have all been numbered with the events that were fading before the tide of the white man's Christian oppression like a shadow that leaves no trace behind, except in the persons of a few who have survived the wreck of years, only, it seems, because they have the right to live.

Curiosity was one of the chief characteristics of the Choctaws, and held a prominent position in their breasts. They were desirous to know everything peculiar or strange that was transpiring about them; not more so, however, than

any others of the human race. Yet the Choctaw differed from his white brother in this particular; the white man expressed openly his curiosity at anything unusual or strange, and asked innumerable questions concerning it, and manifested the greatest excitement until his curiosity was gratified; but the Choctaw asked no questions, nor manifested any surprise whatever, no matter how strange or incomprehensible to him, but walked around with an air of seemingly perfect indifference; yet was attentive to any and all explanations that were being made by others.

The ingenuity of the white man as displayed in his various inventions was, to him, as to all his race, the deepest mystery, an incomprehensible enigma that placed the pale-face, in his opinion, in close relationship to super-human beings; and influenced an aged Indian chief to exclaim, when viewing the mysterious workings of a steam engine when once at Washington City, "I hate the avarice of the white man's heart, but worship the ingenuity of his mind." The astonishment sometimes depicted upon the countenances of the Indians when beholding the wonderful performances of the white man, audibly expressed by the ancient Choctaws in the sudden ejaculation, "Wah?" was often very diverting.

On one occasion a venerable old Indian man, who, in order to light his pipe, was trying to catch a spark upon a piece of punk struck from his flint and steel; after many fruitless attempts, a white man standing near had observed the old man's unsuccessful efforts to obtain the desired spark, and anticipating a little laugh might be had at the expense of the old veteran, stepped up and proposed to bring down fire from the sun with which to light his pipe. At this astounding proposal, the old man looked up and shook his head with an incredulous grunt, which being interpreted evidently signified: "You are a fool." The white man then slowly taking a sun-glass from his pocket, held it concealed in his hand directly over the well filled pipe of tobacco. The focal rays of the sun soon did their work. "Now smoke," said the white man. The old man obeyed, and at once his mouth was filled with smoke. That was enough. He at once puffed the smoke from his mouth; then stopped and looked at the white man, then up at the sun; then down at his well lighted pipe; then again at the white man and the sun, with that expression of amazement and awe which plainly expressed his now changed opinion, that, instead of a fool, that white man was nothing more nor less a personage than the devil himself; and, with eyes askant resting upon him, he slowly arose and walked away with his last

formed opinion which no argument could have induced him to again change; yet not with as devotional a spirit, it is presumed, of he of the steam engine.

As an evidence of the tenacity with which the ancient Choctaws adhered to the veracity of their traditions handed down through a long line of ancestry, I will here relate a little incident in which my twin brother and myself (then seven years of age) were the chief actors, and shared all the glory. At that time, there was a remembered tradition of their ancestors which they truly believed, that "pale-face" twins (if boys) possessed the magic power of dispelling all depredating worms and insects from corn fields, gardens, etc., which, in some years, at that early day, proved quite destructive, especially to their corn during the milk stage. Now it so happened during one summer, that the corn-worms were unusually numerous and were committing great depredations upon their fields of green corn. This corn-worm, with which all southern farmers are well acquainted but entertained no dread, is, when fully grown, about an inch and a half or two inches long, and about the size of a wheat straw, and commits its depredations (if depredations it may now be called) only when the corn is in the milk stage, entering the ear at the top and gradually working downward, but leaving it as soon as the grain becomes hard. Now it also happened, they had learned that Mr. Cushman, the "good pale-face," as he was termed, had a pair of twin boys; a propitious opportunity (long desired) was now offered to secure for themselves, by an ocular demonstration, the traditional efficacy of the pale-face twins' supernatural power, which they joyfully embraced.

Unexpectedly, one beautiful June morning, a company of fine-looking Choctaw warriors were seen approaching on horseback at full speed. They halted at the gate of Mr. Cushman's yard and called for him. He at once responded by walking out to them. After the usual friendly salutations had been passed, they inquired if he had a pair of twin sons, to which he replied in the affirmative. They then informed him of the depredations being committed upon their fields of green corn, and also of the traditions of their ancestors, requesting at the same time the loan of his twins that they might, by that mysterious power possessed alone by pale-face twins, rid them of the voracious pests that were then destroying their fields of corn. Mr. Cushman, ignorant of such a power having been bestowed upon his twin boys, at first demurred; but they becoming more importunate in their request, he finally told them he would give them an answer in a few minutes. He then stepped into the house and presented the case to Mrs. Cushman for consideration, who

at once, from a mother's natural apprehensions that would arise in such a novel case, most positively refused her consent; but after a few minutes' deliberation reluctantly yielded, to the great joy and satisfaction of the twins, who had been attentive spectators and listeners to the whole proceedings, and had become eager to test their attributed power, (unknown before) and to enjoy the anticipated novel sport so closely connected with the horseback ride that was presented. Mr. Cushman at once led his little twins to the gate and introduced them to the now jubilant warriors, by telling them the respective names of the "wonderfully gifted" twins; and then granted their request upon the promise that they would return his boys in the evening of the day, before the sun had set. The promise was given and accepted by Mr. Cushman without the least apprehension of its violation, while Mrs. Cushman stood in the door and viewed the proceedings with that doubtful anxiety known and felt only by mothers.

Mr. Cushman then set each of his boys upon a horse before a warrior, accompanying the act with the parting request: "Take good care of my little boys!" Unnecessary appeal, as not a Choctaw in that little band but would have shielded the entrusted twins from injury even at the expense of his life. At once we galloped off in the direction of their village three miles distant called Okachiloho fah. (Water falling, or Falling water.) When we arrived in sight, their success was announced by a shrill whoop to which the villagers responded their joy by another. As soon as we rode into the village, we were immediately surrounded by an admiring throng, and being tenderly lifted from our positions on the horses, we were handed over to the care of several old men, who took us in their arms and with much gravity carried us into a little cabin, which had previously been set in order for our reception, where we found prepared a variety of eatables, to us seemingly good enough to excite the appetites of the most fastidious twin epicures; after which the venerable old seers of the village instructed us in the mystic rites and ceremonies of their tribe, preparatory to calling into requisition the magic power of our twinship in all its bearings upon the duties of the day. Then showing us our weapons, which consisted of iron, wood and fire, the two former in the shape of a frying-pan, in which we were to burn the worms after picking them from the corn, and a blazing chunk of fire, two stout and straight sticks about six feet in length, with the proper instructions in regard to the manner of using them effectually. Having been thoroughly drilled in these pre-

liminaries, the line of march was taken up toward the field where the enemy were said to be strongly intrenched; in profound silence and with unfeigned gravity, the Palokta Tohbi, (Twins White, or White Twins) led the van, borne upon the shoulders of two powerful warriors closely followed by three others bearing the arms, while the villagers, headed by the veteran seers, brought up the rear presenting an imposing appearance with a considerable smack of the ridiculous, even as Don Quixote astride of his famous Rosinante followed by his valuable squire in like position on his mule.

When the field was reached a halt was made, and two venerable looking old men, whose hoary locks and wrinkled faces bespoke their earthly pilgrimage had extended many years beyond their allotted three score years and ten, came to the front and, with solemn mien, lifted us from our perches and gently placed us over the fence into the field; then handing the frying pan, chunk of fire, and sticks, our weapons, to us, with a word of encouragement whispered in our ears to prove ourselves valiant and worthy our traditional fame, they bade us charge the foe. The plan of the campaign was to attack the enemy first in the center; there build a hot fire with the dry wood, previously prepared by the thoughtful Choctaws, upon which place the frying pan and into which throw all prisoners without discrimination, as our flag bore the motto—"Neither giving nor asking quarter;" and likewise also at the the four corners of the field. The centre was gained, the fire made, and upon it placed the pan; then we made a vigorous attack upon the strongholds of the enemy dislodging them and at the same time taking them prisoners of war; then hurrying them to the centre hurled them *hors de combat* into the frying pan heated to a red heat, and with our ready sticks stirred them vigorously, while the wreaths of smoke that ascended from the scene of carnage and floated away before the summer breeze, together with the odor, not as fragrant to the sensitive nose, however, as the lily or the rose, gave undisputed evidence of our victories; while our waiting Choctaw friends, acknowledged their approval from the outside of the field, (since the tradition forbade them sharing in the dangers of the conflict—the Paloktas must fight alone) filling our youthful hearts with heroic emotions unfelt before or afterwards.

After we had immolated two or three panfulls of the enemy at the center and at each corner of the field, nor lost a man, we returned in triumph to our waiting friends, by whom we were received with unfeigned manifestations of affection and pride. Thence we were borne as before to other fields, where were enacted the same prodigies of valor,

with similar results until the declining sun gave warning of their promise not being fulfilled if the Paloktas were not returned ere the sun went down. Therefore we were carried from our last field of slaughter back to the village in "glorious triumph," where never were offered to frail mortality more sincere homage and unfeigned devotion than were bestowed upon the Paloktas by those grateful Choctaws. They seemed only to regret not being able to manifest a still greater degree of gratitude, and to do more for us as a manifestation of their appreciation of the great favor we had conferred upon them. With zealous care they watched over us while under their care, that no harm might befall us. As we came so we returned, and safely reached home ere the sun sank behind the western horizon. We were afterwards frequently called upon, much to our gratification and delight, it was fun for us, to bring into requisition our mysteriously delegated power in behalf of their cornfields; and we became the special favorites of that kind-hearted and appreciative people; and woe to him or them who should impose upon or attempt to injure their little pets, the pale-face Paloktas. But the boyish pride that filled my heart on those occasions, though seventy years have fled, is remembered to this day, haunting the imagination with a mystic power, as thought goes back to many a vanished scene recalling associates incident to the days of the long past.

But curiosity might now be inquisitive enough to ask: "Did the worms cease their depredations on the green corn?" To which I reply: Many of them certainly did; and, as no further complaint was made by the Choctaws during that season, it is reasonable to suppose those that were left, after the immolation of so many of their relatives, took a timely hint and sought other quarters where pale-face Paloktas were unknown; but whether actuated through fear of a similar fate as had befallen a goodly number of their companions, or because the corn had become too hard by age for easy mastication and healthy digestion, I will leave for future consideration and determination of those who feel more interested in its solution than I do just now. However, this much I can and will unfold; as the little pale-face Paloktas honorably sustained the reputation of their mystic art, at least in the opinion of their Choctaw friends, who were rendered supremely happy in the indulgement of their faith in the truth of the ancient declaration of their honored ancestors; appreciative and grateful to the "Good Pale-face" for the loan of his favored twins; and the twins enjoyed the new and novel sport, and nobody hurt, (unless the worms, who

are at liberty to render their own complaint,) we will let it pass without further ado as being only a little superstitious yet novel affair, not less unreasonable however, in all its concomitants than other superstitions so oft indulged by the human race of all nationalities, even of to-day as well as in the years of yore.

There were many traditions among all North American Indians, many of which bordered on the poetical and from which I will select one or two more, which shall suffice as examples of a few of the peculiarities of this peculiar yet interesting people.

Thus says the tradition of "Ohoyo Osh Chisba," (The Unknown Woman.) In the days of many moons ago, two Choctaw hunters were encamped for the night in the swamps of the bend of the Alabama river. But the scene was not without its romance. Dark, wild, and unlovely as a swamp is generally imagined to be, yet to the musing heart and contemplative spirit, it had its aspects of beauty, if not of brightness, which rose up before the mind as objects of serene delight. I speak from long personal experience. Its mysterious appearance; its little lakes and islands of repose: its silent and solemn solitudes; its green cane-breaks and lofty trees, all combined to present a picture of strange but harmonious combination to which a lover of nature in all its diversified phases could not be wholly insensible. The two hunters having been unsuccessful in the chase on that and the preceding day, found themselves without anything on that night with which to satisfy the cravings of hunger except a black hawk which they had shot with an arrow. Sad reflections filled their hearts as they thought of their sad disappointments and of their suffering families at home, while the gloomy future spread over them its dark pall of despondency, all serving to render them unhappy indeed. They cooked the hawk and sat down to partake of their poor and scanty supper, when their attention was drawn from their gloomy forebodings by the low but distinct tones, strange yet soft and plaintive as the melancholy notes of the dove, but produced by what they were wholly unable to even conjecture. At different intervals it broke the deep silence of the early night with its seemingly muffled notes of woe; and as the nearly full orb'd moon slowly ascended the eastern sky the strange sounds became more frequent and distinct. With eyes dilated and fluttering heart they looked up and down the river to learn whence the sounds proceeded, but no object except the sandy shores glittering in the moonlight greeted their eyes, while the dark waters of the river seemed alone to give response in murmuring tones to the

strange notes that continued to float upon the night air from a direction they could not definitely locate; but happening to look behind them in the direction opposite the moon they saw a woman of wonderful beauty standing upon a mound a few rods distant. Like an illuminated shadow, she had suddenly appeared out of the moon-lighted forest. She was loosely clad in snow-white raiment, and bore in the folds of her drapery a wreath of fragrant flowers. She beckoned them to approach, while she seemed surrounded by a halo of light that gave to her a supernatural appearance. Their imagination now influenced them to believe her to be the Great Spirit of their nation, and that the flowers she bore were representatives of loved ones who had passed from earth to bloom in the Spirit-Land; truly, a beautiful sentiment that touches every heart, for who has not some treasure in that immortal home? Reason as we may, there is something, indescribable though it may be, that draws us to the unseen world; and we pine for a word or token from the dear ones who have thither gone. Call it heathenish if you will, a relic of superstition, of the days when every rock, tree and plant were deemed the abode of a deity, but we never gather a flower that we do not feel for the life thus ended. It may be an error clothed with beauty and tenderness, and far more harmless than the theory that thrusts us helpless into life and leaves us to grope our way through it uncared for, then to die unnoticed and forgotten.

The mystery was solved. At once they approached to where she stood, and offered their assistance in any way they could be of service to her. She replied she was very hungry, whereupon one of them ran and brought the roasted hawk and handed it to her. She accepted it with grateful thanks; but, after eating a small portion of it, she handed the remainder back to them replying that she would remember their kindness when she returned to her home in the happy hunting grounds of her father, who was Shilup Chitoh Osh—The Great Spirit of the Choctaws. She then told them that when the next mid-summer moon should come they must meet her at the mound upon which she was then standing. She then bade them an affectionate adieu, and was at once borne away upon a gentle breeze and, mysteriously as she came so she disappeared. The two hunters returned to their camp for the night and early next morning sought their homes, but kept the strange incident a profound secret to themselves. When the designated time rolled around the mid-summer full moon found the two hunters at the foot of the mound but Ohoyo Chishba Osh was nowhere to be seen. Then remembering she told them they must come to the very spot where she

was then standing, they at once ascended the mound and found it covered with a strange plant, which yielded an excellent food, which was ever afterwards cultivated by the Choctaws, and named by them Tunchi; (Corn).

Somewhat similar to the tradition of the Ohoyo Chishba Osh is that of the Hattak Owa Hushi Osh, (The Man Hunting For The Sun.)

The Choctaws once, a great amount of corn having been made and as a manifestation of their appreciation and gratification and gratitude to the Great Spirit, their benefactor, held a Great National Council at which their leading prophet spoke at great length upon the beauties of Nature which contributed so much to their pleasure, and the various productions of the earth and the enjoyment derived therefrom, attributing much of all to the effects of the sun. That great lighter and heater of the earth came from the east, but whence it went after it had passed behind the western hills, had long been a subject of debate, never satisfactorily determined. Again the mooted question was brought up by the prophet in his speech at the aforesaid council, who, in a strain of wild eloquence, cried out, "Is there not a warrior among all my people who will go and find out what becomes of the sun when it departs in the west?" At once a young warrior, named Oklanowah, (Walking People) arose in the assembly and said: "I will go and try to find where the sun sleeps, though I may never return." He soon took his departure on his dubious errand leaving behind him one sad heart at least, to whom he gave a belt of wampum as a token of remembrance.

But after an absence of many years he returned to the home of his nativity, only to find himself an entire stranger among his people. After many days search, however, he found one in the person of an aged and decrepit woman, who remembered the circumstances connected with the young hunter who had gone many years before on his adventurous exploit to find the sleeping place of the sun; and though he was satisfied that she was his identical betrothed—the loved one of his youth—oft spoke with the deepest affection of her long lost Oklanowah, yet no arguments could induce her to acknowledge the old man before her as her lover of the past. The unfortunate and forlorn Hattak Owa Hushi Osh spent his few remaining days in narrating his adventures to his people, the vast prairies and high mountains he had crossed; the strange men and animals he had seen; and, above all, that the sleeping place of the sun was in a big, blue water. Still after hearing all this, the old woman, more incredulous than "doubting Thomas" of Biblical fame, refused to believe, but

secluded herself in her lonely cabin, and alone occupied the sad hours of the days and years that came and went in counting the wampum in her belt, the sacred memento of her Oklanowah—loved, but lost; lost, yet loved. Spring returned, but ere the leaves were grown Hattak Owa Hushi Osh died, and was buried near the ancient mound Nunih Waiyah, and ere the moon of the corn planting had come, the old woman also died, and she too was buried at the sacred Nunih Waiyah by the side of her unrecognized yet faithful Oklanowah.

Another specimen of their love legends is exhibited in that of Chahtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu—the Nameless Chahtah. In the days of the long past there lived in the Choctaw village Aiasha, (Habitation), the only son of a great war-chief. This son was noted for his wonderful beauty of form and features and manly bearing. The aged men of the Nation predicted, on account of his known and acknowledged bravery, he would become a renowned warrior. But as he had not distinguished himself in war either by slaying an enemy, taking a prisoner, or striking the dead (a feat accompanied with the greatest danger, as every effort is made by the friends of the fallen warrior to prevent such an insult to the dead), he was not permitted to occupy a seat in the councils of the tribe, though respected and honored, and his bravery undoubted by all.

According to the custom of the ancient Choctaws, a boy was not given a specific name in childhood unless he merited it by some daring act, and the young warrior, by some unavoidable chain of circumstances, passed through his chrysalis stage of life without having won a reputation according to his youthful ability; therefore went by the general name Chahtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu. The Nameless Chahtah. In the same village of Aiashah, there also lived, according to the legend, the most famous beauty of the tribe, the daughter of a noted warrior and skillful hunter, and the betrothed of Chahtah Osh Hochifo Iksbo. Though they often met at the great dances and festivals of the tribe, yet she (whose name the legend does not state) treated him with distant reserve (then the universal custom of the Choctaw girls) though the ardent lover of the nameless hero. Still one cloud cast its gloomy shadow over their happiness; it was the knowledge of the stubborn truth, that the laws of their Nation, as those of the Medes and Persians, were unalterable; and that they could never become husband and wife until he had acquired a name by some daring deed in battle with the enemies of his country. But time slowly rolled away and summer again came with a balmy day followed by its evening twilight,

which witnessed the lovers seated together upon the summit of a hill shaded by the foliage of innumerable and immense forest trees. Far below from a distant plain ascended the light and smoke from the fire of a war-dance, around which danced in wild excitement four hundred Choctaw warriors, preparatory to a war-expedition against the Osages, far distant to the west, and that night, was the last night of their preparatory ceremonies. Previous to that night Chahtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu had acted as one of the most conspicuous in the dances engaged in the four previous nights before, but on the last night, had retired from the dance to enjoy a parting interview with his betrothed. There they parted, and ere the morning's sun again lighted up the eastern horizon, the "sound of revelry by night" had ceased, while silence again resumed her sway o'er Nature's vast expanse, and bespoke the four hundred warriors with Chahtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu were many miles upon the war-path that led to the country of the Osages among the headwaters of the Arkansas river.

The hostile land was reached, and soon they discovered a large cave into which they entered, that concealed they might the better arrange their plans for future operations, being then in the enemies' country. Two scouts, however, were sent out to reconnoitre, one to examine the surroundings east, the other west. The latter was Chahtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu. But alas for human hopes! The evening passed away and night came on bringing one Osage hunter who had oft before sought the cave and found a safe resting place for the night. But as he drew near the cave, his observant eyes, ever on the alert, discovered signs which told him of the presence of others; further examination revealed that they were his nation's most bitter and unrelenting enemies, the hated Choctaws. Silently he stole away undiscovered by the Choctaws, until safely distant, then sped away through the darkness on nimble feet to his village and told of his discovery; at once a large band of Osage warriors rushed for the cave, and as they drew near gathered up small logs, chunks, limbs and brush with which they silently and effectually closed the mouth of the cave, and to which they applied the torch, and the sleeping Choctaws awoke but to read their inevitable doom—all perished. The Choctaw scout who had gone east returned during the night, but ere he reached the cave the flames revealed to him the tale of woe; he approached near enough, however, to comprehend the whole; stood a moment and gazed in mazy bewilderment, then turned and fled for home where he safely arrived and revealed the sad intelligence of the wretched fate of his com-

rades to their relatives and friends. It was also believed by all that Chahta Osh Hochifoh Keyu had been discovered and had also been slain. The sad tidings fell heavily upon all and the wail of woe was heard in many a village and cabin; but upon one it fell with terrible weight; and the promised wife of "The Nameless Choctaw" at once began to droop and soon withered away as a rose severed from the parent stem; and ere another moon had passed away she was laid away in a grave upon the very spot (by her request) where she had last shared the parting embrace with her adored Chahtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu, upon whose tomb-stone, had one been erected to her memory, could justly have borne the epitaph—"A broken heart."

But the supposition that he too had been slain proved untrue. Though he had been discovered by the Osages and vigorously pursued for several days and nights, he finally was fortunate enough to escape. During the chase his flight had been devious, and when he had gotten beyond the danger of further pursuit by his fearful foes, he found himself to be a bewildered man, wretched and forlorn. Everything appeared wrong, and even the sun appeared to him to rise in the wrong direction, all nature was out of order. After several days of dubious wanderings, hither and thither, he knew not where, he came to the foot of a mountain, whose sides were covered with a kind of grass entirely different from anything he had ever seen before. Then, in the course of his wanderings, he strayed, at the close of another day, into a lovely wooded valley, where he camped for the night, kindled a fire and cooked a rabbit he had killed, of which he made his supper, and then sought temporary forgetfulness of his woes in sleep. Morning again dawned, but to awake him to a stronger sensibility of his loneliness and wanderings he knew not where. Many moons came and passed away and left him a lost wanderer. Summer came, and he called upon the Great Spirit to make his paths straight, that they might lead him out of bewilderment. He then hunted for a spotted deer, found and killed one, and offered it a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, after reserving a small portion to satisfy his own immediate wants. Night again came on, and as he sat by his little campfire in lonely solitude, he heard the near approach of footsteps in an adjoining thicket, but before he could take a second thought, a snow-white wolf of immense size was crouching at his feet, and licking his moccasins with the utmost manifestations of affection. Then looking him in the face said: "Whence came you, and why are you alone in this wilderness?" To which Chohtah Osh Hochifoh Keyu gave a full account of his misfortunes. The

wolf then promised to lead him safely out of the wilderness in which he had been so long wandering and return him to his country, and they started early on the following morning.

Long was the journey, and dangerous the route; but by the time that the corn-hoeing moon came the forlorn wanderer entered once more his native village, the anniversary of the day he had bidden his betrothed adieu; but alas, only to find his village in mourning for her premature death. Alas too, so changed was he that none recognized in the wayworn stranger the lost Chatah Osh Hochifoh Keyu; nor did he make himself known. Often, however, did he solicit them to rehearse to him the account of her death; and oft he chanted his wild songs, to the astonishment of all, to the memory of his loved one, dead yet loved, loved yet dead. During his frequent nightly visits to her lonely grave upon the hill which had witnessed their last parting, he once came on a calm, cloudless night—'twas his last—and stood by the grave that held his dead at a moment when the Great Spirit cast a shadow upon the moon, then fell upon it and died. They found him there, and then was he recognized as the long lost Chatah Osh Hochifoh Keyu, and there buried by the side of his earthly idol. For three consecutive nights the silence of the forests contiguous to the lovers' graves was broken by the continual wailing howl of a solitary wolf, then it ceased and was heard no more; but the same wail was taken up by the pine forest upon the hill where the lovers parted in hope, but there to be buried in despair, and that mournful, wailing sound they have continued from that day dawn to the present time.

The traditions of the Choctaws concerning the Oka Falama (Returned waters—the Flood) is as follows: In ancient time, after many generations of mankind had lived and passed from the stage of being, the race became so corrupt and wicked—brother fighting against brother and wars deluging the earth with human blood and carnage—the Great Spirit became greatly displeased and finally determined to destroy the human race; therefore sent a great prophet to them who proclaimed from tribe to tribe, and from village to village, the fearful tidings that the human race was soon to be destroyed. None believed his words, and lived on in their wickedness as if they did not care, and the seasons came again and went. Then came the autumn of the year, followed by many succeeding cloudy days and nights, during which the sun by day and the moon and stars by night were concealed from the earth; then succeeded a total darkness, and the sun seemed to have been blotted out; while

darkness and silence with a cold atmosphere took possession of earth. Mankind wearied and perplexed, but not repenting or reforming, slept in darkness but to awake in darkness; then the mutterings of distant thunder began to be heard, gradually becoming incessant, until it reverberated in all parts of the sky and seemed to echo back even from the deep center of the earth. Then fear and consternation seized upon every heart and all believed the sun would never return. The Magi of the Choctaws spoke despondently in reply to the many interrogations of the alarmed people, and sang their death-songs which were but faintly heard in the mingled confusion that arose amid the gloom of the night that seemed would have no returning morn. Mankind went from place to place only by torch-light; their food stored away became mouldy and unfit for use; the wild animals of the forests gathered around their fires bewildered and even entered their towns and villages, seeming to have lost all fear of man. Suddenly a fearful crash of thunder, louder than ever before heard, seemed to shake the earth, and immediately after a light was seen glimmering seemingly far away to the North. It was soon discovered not to be the light of the returning sun, but the gleam of great waters advancing in mighty billows, wave succeeding wave as they onward rolled over the earth destroying everything in their path.

Then the wailing cry was heard coming from all directions, Oka Falamah, Oka Falamah; (The returned waters). Stretching from horizon to horizon, it came pouring its massive waters onward. "The foundations of the Great Deep were broken up." Soon the earth was entirely overwhelmed by the mighty and irresistible rush of the waters which swept away the human race and all animals leaving the earth a desolate waste. Of all mankind only one was saved, and that one was the mysterious prophet who had been sent by the Great Spirit to warn the human race of their near approaching doom. This prophet saved himself by making a raft of of sassafras logs by the direction of the Great Spirit, upon which he floated upon the great waters that covered the earth, as various kinds of fish swam around him, and twined among the branches of the submerged trees, while upon the face of the waters he looked upon the dead bodies of men and beasts, as they arose and fell upon the heaving billows.

After many weeks floating he knew not where, a large black bird came to the raft flying in circles above his head. He called to it for assistance, but it only replied in loud, croaking tones, then flew away and was seen no more. A few days after a bird of bluish color, with red eyes and beak

came and hovered over the raft, to which the prophet spoke and asked if there was a spot of dry land anywhere to be seen in the wide waste of waters. Then it flew around his head a few moments fluttering its wings and uttering a mournful cry, then flew away in the direction of that part of the sky where the new sun seemed to be sinking into the rolling waves of the great ocean of waters. Immediately a strong wind sprang up and bore the raft rapidly in that direction. Soon night came on, and the moon and stars again made their appearance, and the next morning the sun arose in its former splendor; and the prophet looking around saw an island in the distance toward which the raft was slowly drifting, and before the sun had gone down seemingly again into the world of waters, the raft had touched the island upon which he landed and encamped, and being wearied and lonely he soon forgot his anxieties in sleep; and when morning came, in looking around over the island, he found it covered with all varieties of animals—excepting the mammoth which had been destroyed. He also found birds and fowls of every kind in vast numbers upon the island; and among which he discovered the identical black bird which had visited him upon the waters, and then left him to his fate; and, as he regarded it a cruel bird, he named it *Fulushto* (Raven)—a bird of ill omen to the ancient Choctaws.

With great joy he also discovered the bluish bird which had caused the wind to blow his raft upon the island, and because of this act of kindness and its great beauty he called it *Puchi Yushubah* (Lost Pigeon).

After many days the waters passed away; and in the course of time *Puchi Yushubah* became a beautiful woman, whom the prophet soon after married, and by them the world was again peopled.

Whence this tradition with such strong resemblance to the account of the deluge as given in the Sacred Scriptures? It is not fiction or fable, but the actual tradition of the ancient Choctaws as related by them to the missionaries in 1818. Whence this knowledge of the flood of the Bible? Does one reply, they obtained it from the early European explorers of the continent? Not so; for the earliest explorers speak of the North American Indians' various traditions of the Flood. May it be possible that their ancestors, far back in the early dawn of the morn of Christianity, received it from some one or more of the apostles, as ours did—the ancient Britons? Who knows? It is not a thing impossible, if we admit they drifted ages ago from Asia's shores to the western continent. If not, whence and how have they this knowledge of the flood?

St. Paul himself declares, in his epistle to the Galatians, that soon after he had been called to preach Christianity among the heathen, he "went into Arabia." The dissensions which arose in the Eastern church, in the early part of the third century, breaking it up into sects, drove many into exile into remote parts of the East, and planted the Christian faith among the principal tribes of that region.

Another Choctaw version of their traditional flood (Okafalama) is as follows: In the far distant ages of the past, the people, whom the Great Spirit had created, became so wicked that he resolved to sweep them all from the earth, except Oklatabashih (People's mourner) and his family, who alone did that which was good. He told Oklatabashih to build a large boat into which he should go with his family and also to take into the boat a male and female of all the animals living upon the earth. He did as he was commanded by the Great Spirit. But as he went out in the forests to bring in the birds he was unable to catch a pair of biskinik (sapsucker), fitukhak (yellow hammer), bak bak, (a large red-headed woodpecker); as these birds were so quick in hopping around from one side to the other of the trees upon which they clung with their sharp and strong claws, that Oklatabashih found it was impossible for him to catch them, therefore he gave up the chase, and returned to the boat, and the door closed, the rain began to fall increasing in volume for many days and nights, until thousands of people and animals perished. Then it suddenly ceased and utter darkness covered the face of the earth for a long time, while the people and animals that still survived groped here and there in the fearful gloom. Suddenly far in the distant north was seen a long streak of light. They believed that, amid the raging elements and the impenetrable darkness that covered the earth, the sun had lost its way and was rising in the north. All the surviving people rushed towards the seemingly rising sun, though utterly bewildered, not knowing or caring what they did. But well did Oklatabashih interpret the prophetic sign of their fast approaching doom. Instead of the bright dawn of another long wished-for day, they saw, in utter despair, that it was but the mocking light that foretold how near the Okafalama was at hand, rolling like mountains on mountains piled and engulfing everything in its resistless course. All earth was at once overwhelmed in the mighty return of waters, except the great boat which, by the guidance of the Great Spirit, rode safely upon the rolling and dashing waves that covered the earth. During many moons the boat floated safely o'er the vast sea of waters. Finally Oklatabashih sent a dove to see if any dry land could

be found. She soon returned with her beak full of grass, which she had gathered from a desert island. Oklatabashih to reward her for her discovery mingled a little salt in her food. Soon after this the waters subsided and the dry land appeared; then the inmates of the great boat went forth to repeople another earth. But the dove, having acquired a taste for salt during her stay in the boat continued its use by finding it at the salt-licks that then abounded in many places, to which the cattle and deer also frequently resorted. Every day after eating, she visited a salt-lick to eat a little salt to aid her digestion, which in the course of time became habitual and thus was transmitted to her offspring. In the course of years, she became a grand-mother, and took great delight in feeding and caring for her grand-children. One day, however, after having eaten some grass seed, she unfortunately forgot to eat a little salt as usual. For this neglect, the Great Spirit punished her and her descendants by forbidding them forever the use of salt. When she returned home that evening, her grand-children, as usual began to coo for their supply of salt, but their grand-mother having been forbidden to give them any more, they cooed in vain. From that day to this, in memory of this lost privilege, the doves everywhere, on the return of spring, still continue their cooing for salt, which they will never again be permitted to eat. Such is the ancient tradition of the Choctaws of the origin of the cooing of doves.

But as to the fate of the three birds who eluded capture by Oklatabashih, their tradition states: They flew high in air at the approach of Okafalama, and, as the waters rose higher and higher, they also flew higher and higher above the surging waves. Finally, the waters rose in near proximity to the sky, upon which they lit as their last hope. Soon, to their great joy and comfort, the waters ceased to rise, and commenced to recede. But while sitting on the sky their tails, projecting downward, were continually being drenched by the dashing spray of the surging waters below, and thus the end of their tail feathers became forked and notched, and this peculiar shape of the tails of the biskinik, fitukhak and bakbak has been transmitted to their latest posterity. But the sagacity and skill manifested by these birds in eluding the grasp of Oklatabashih, so greatly delighted the Great Spirit that he appointed them to forever be the guardian birds of the red men. Therefore these birds, and especially the biskinik, often made their appearance in their villages on the eve of a ball play; and, whichever one of the three came, it twittered in happy tones its feelings of joy in anticipation of the near approach of the Choctaws'

favorite game. But in time of war one of these birds always appeared in the camp of a war party, to give them warning of approaching danger, by its constant chirping and hurried flitting from place to place around their camp. In many ways did these birds prove their love for and friendship to the red man, and he ever cherished them as the loved birds of his race, the remembered gift of the Great Spirit in the fearful days of the mighty Okafalama.

The French in making their voyages of discovery along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in 1712, under the command of Iberville, anchored one evening near an island (now known as Ship Island) which they discovered to be intersected with lagoons and inhabited by a strange and peculiar animal seemingly to hold the medium between the fox and cat, and they give it the name Cat Island, by which it is still known; thence they passed over the main land, where they discovered a tribe of Indians called Biloxi, among whom they afterwards located a town and gave it the name Biloxi—now the oldest town in the State of Mississippi. This tribe of Indians proved to be a clan of the Choctaws, and the name Biloxi, a corruption of the Choctaw word Ba-luh-chi, signifying hickory bark. Thence going eastward they discovered another tribe which they called the Pascagoulas, which also proved to be a clan of the Choctaws, and the name Pascagoula, a corruption of the two Choctaw words Puska (bread) and Okla (people), i. e. Bread People, or people having bread; but which has been erroneously interpreted to mean "Bread Eaters." A remnant of the Ba-luh-chis still exist among the Choctaws, while the Puskaoklas have been long lost by uniting with other Choctaw clans. There was an ancient tradition among the Puskaoklas, which stated that, in the years long past, a small tribe of Indians of a lighter complexion than themselves, and also different in manners and customs, inhabited the country near the mouth of the Pascagoula river, whose ancestors, according to the tradition, originally emerged from the sea, where they were born; that they were a kind, peaceful and inoffensive people, spending their time in public festivals and amusements of various kinds; that they had a temple in which they worshiped the figure of a Sea God; every night when the moon was passing from its crescent to the full, they gathered around the figure playing upon instruments and singing and dancing, thus rendering homage to the Sea God. That shortly after the destruction of Mobilla (now Mobile, Alabama,) in 1541, by De Soto, there suddenly appeared among the Sea God worshippers a white man with a long, gray beard, flowing garments and bearing a large cross in his right hand; that he took from his bosom

a book, and, after kissing it again and again, he began to explain to them what was contained in it; that they listened attentively and were fast being converted to its teachings when a fearful catastrophe put an end to all. One night, when the full moon was at its zenith, there came a sudden rising of the waters of the river, which rolled in mighty waves along its channel; on the crest of the foaming waters sat a woman, with magnetic eyes, singing in a tone of voice that fascinated all; that the white man, followed by the entire tribe, rushed to the bank of the stream in wild amazement, when the siren at once, modulated her voice to still more fascinating tones, chanting a mystic song with the oft repeated chorus, "Come to me, come to me, children of the sea! Neither book nor cross, from your queen, shall win ye;" Soon, an Indian leaped into the still raging waters, followed by the remainder in rapid succession, all disappearing as they touched the water, when a loud and exultant laugh was heard, and then the waters returned to their usual level and quiet leaving no trace of their former fury; the white man was left alone, and soon died of grief and loneliness.

TRADITION OF THE PAPAGOE INDIANS.

It is stated of the Papagoes, (known as the short-haired Indians of the Southwest) that an ancient tradition of their tribe proclaims the coming of a Messiah by the name "Moctezuma." They affirm that, in the ancient past, he lived in Casa Grande, the famous prehistoric temple on the Gila river; that his own people rebelled against him and threatened to kill him, and he fled to Mexico. But before leaving them he told them that they would experience great afflictions for many years, but eventually, at the time of their greatest need, he would return to them from the east with the rising sun; that he would then cause the rain to fall again upon their arid country, and make it bloom as a garden, and make his people to become the greatest on earth. Therefore, when Moctezuma arrives, that he may see all the doors open and none closed against him, this humble people, with a pathetic faith, make the only entrance to their houses toward the east and leave the door always standing open that their Messiah may enter when he comes. During the years 1891, 1892 and 1893, a three years' drouth had destroyed their crops, dried up their water, cut off their supply of seeds, and killed great numbers of their cattle. Truly it was the time of their greatest suffering, and surely Moctezuma would now come to their rescue; and it was enough to move the heart of the most obdurate infidel, to see the people

ascending just before sunrise to the top of the surrounding hills and look anxiously toward the rising sun for Moctezuma, until disappointment usurped the place of hope, and one by one, each returned patiently to his house, but to hope on.

Christianity, it is said, dates back from the return of the Hellenist Jews and proselytes from "Egypt and the parts of Libya about Cyrene," who heard St. Peter preach on the day of Pentecost.

It is well known that, in the history of the early church, no city is more famous than Alexandria. From that city came Apollos; there, too, Mark, the evangelist, is said to have preached; and from it Pantemus was sent as a missionary to India; in it also dwelt Clement, Athanasius and Origin. Carthage and Hippo have given to the world the names of Cyprian, Tertullian and Augustine. In the fifth century there were 560 Bishoprics in North Africa. The Coptic church in Egypt, and its daughter church in Abyssinia which still survive, though in corrupted state, while of the ancient North African church, not a vestige, it is said, remains, being wholly swept away by Mohammedism in the seventh century.

May not the ancestors of the North American Indians have dwelt in some of those regions of country in which the gospel was preached by those ancient missionaries? and also have been among those of the early Christians who fled before the persecutions of the Turk and Tartar, and crossed over to this continent by way of Behring Strait, or the fabled sunken continent Atlantis (if it ever existed), bringing with them the many Asiatic characteristics they possess in their manners and customs and religious ceremonies, and their traditional knowledge of the flood? But alas! upon this we can but conjecture, there we can but begin and there we have to end.

The belief of the ancient Choctaws in regard to the eclipses of the sun was not more inconsistent, than that of any portion of the human family, whose minds had never been enlightened by the rays of spiritual light from the gospel of the Son of God. The Romans, the Celts, the Asiatics, the Finns of Europe, and, no doubt, Britons, too, all had their views in regard to eclipses as absurd as the Choctaws. The Choctaws, as before stated, attributed an eclipse of the sun to a black squirrel, whose eccentricities often led it into mischief, and, among other things, that of trying to eat up the sun at different intervals. When thus inclined, they believed, which was confirmed by long experience, that the only effective means to prevent so fearful a catastrophe

befalling the world as the blotting out of that indispensable luminary, was to favor the little, black epicure with a first-class scare; therefore, whenever he manifested an inclination to indulge in a meal on the sun, every ingenuity was called into requisition to give him a genuine fright that he would be induced, at least, to postpone his meal on the sun at that particular time and seek a lunch elsewhere. As soon, therefore, as the sun began to draw its lunar veil over its face, the cry was heard from every mouth from the Dan to the Beersheba of their then wide extended territory, echoing from hill to dale, "Funi lusa hushi umpa! Funi lusa hushi umpa," according to our phraseology, The black squirrel is eating the sun! Then and there was heard a sound of tumult by day in the Choctaw Nation for the space of an hour or two, far exceeding that said to have been heard by night in Belgium's Capital, and sufficient in the conglomeration of discordant tones terrific, if heard by the distant, little, fastidious squirrel, to have made him lose forever afterward all relish for a mess of suns for an early or late dinner. The shouts of the women and children mingling with the ringing of discordant bells as the vociferous pounding and beating of ear-splitting tin pans and cups mingling in "wild confusion worse confounded," yet in sweet unison with a first-class orchestra of yelping, howling, barking dogs gratuitously thrown in by the innumerable and highly excited curs, produced a din, which even a "Funi lusa," had he heard it, could scarcely have endured even to have indulged in a nibble or two of the sun, though urged by the demands of a week's fasting.

But during the wild scene the men were not idle spectators, or indifferent listeners. Each stood a few paces in front of his cabin door, with no outward manifestation of excitement whatever—so characteristic of the Indian warrior—but with his trusty rifle in hand, which so oft had proved a friend sincere in many hours of trial, which he loaded and fired in rapid succession at the distant, devastating squirrel, with the same coolness and calm deliberation that he did when shooting at his game. More than once have I witnessed the fearful yet novel scene. When it happened to be the time of a total eclipse of the sun, a sufficient evidence that the little, black epicure meant business in regard to having a square meal, though it took the whole sun to furnish it, then indeed there were sounds of revelry and tumult unsurpassed by any ever heard before, either in "Belgium" or elsewhere. Then the women shrieked and redoubled their efforts upon the tin pans, which, under the desperate blows, strained every vocal organ to do its utmost and whole

duty in loud response, while the excited children screamed and beat their tin cups, and the sympathetic dogs (whose name was legion) barked and howled—all seemingly determined not to fall the one behind other in their duty—since the occasion demanded it; while the warriors still stood in profound and meditative silence, but firm and undaunted, as they quickly loaded and fired their rifles, each time taking deliberative aim, if perchance the last shot might prove the successful one; then, as the moon's shadow began to move from the disk of the sun, the joyful shout was heard above the mighty din Funi-lusa-osh mahlatah! The black squirrel is frightened. But the din remained unabated until the sun again appeared in its usual splendor, and all nature again assumed its harmonious course; then quiet below again assumed its sway, while contentment and happiness resumed their accustomed place in the hearts of the grateful Choctaws—grateful to the Great Spirit who had given them the victory. But the scene of a total eclipse of the sun in the Choctaw Nation in those ancient years must be witnessed to be justly comprehended by the lover of the romantic, and heard by the highly sensitive ear to be fully appreciated and enjoyed.

On the road leading from St. Stephens then a little town in Alabama, near which was the home of the renowned Choctaw Chief Apushamata hahubi in 1812, to the city of Jackson, Mississippi, stood the mound Nunih Waiyah erected by the Choctaws in commemoration of their migration, as has been previously stated, from a country far to the west to their homes east of the Mississippi river, where they were first known to the Europeans. I read an article published some years ago in a newspaper, which stated that an ancient tradition of the Choctaws affirmed that they derived their origin from Nunih Waiyah, their ancestors swarming from the hole on the top as bees swarming from the hive in summer, and thus was that part of the world peopled with Choctaws. The Choctaws did not so state their origin to the early missionaries of 1818. They always have claimed their origin from a country far to the West, and the above mentioned tradition with all its absurdities, so numerous in the writings of the majority of those of the present age, who, having nothing more, clothe their nominal Indian in myths and hide him in impenetrable fogs, had its origin in the prolific brain of the writer, who assumes to be gifted with a vivid imagination, even as his congenial fellow writers of the present day when getting up a "send-off" upon the Indians; and who imagine themselves wiser than even seven men who can render a reason, though they have advanced no further

in Indian lore than the widely circulated 'hear-say's elementary spelling-book; and, having learned all there is to be known in that branch of historical information, they feel themselves incapable of receiving any further instruction in regard to the North American Indian characteristics, from any source whatever, yet they are lacking in one very essential thing; i. e. Not to know how little they do know. But nothing better could be expected from such "Worldly Wisemen," whose heads have been stuffed with naught else but tales of "Indian devils and Indian ghosts; Indian fairies and Indian elves; Indian tomahawks and Indian scalps;" and with ears full of such hobgoblins, they fell in love, as soon as they grew to manhood, with the desire to anathematize that unfortunate race as naturally as a bird sings; yet blinded as effectually to the enmity and atrocity of the wrongs and injuries done to the helpless Indians, as that drunkenness of heart which follows up long, continued success, creating utter insensibility and remorselessness of conscience, but establishing the fact, that morally the Indians are immeasurably superior to any and all such oppressing, plundering and defaming specimens of humanity.

The Choctaws lived around their honored memento of the past for many successive generations, and some, even in large excavations made in its sides. And when interrogated by the whites with the question "Whence came they?" alluding to the origin of their race, the Choctaws, thinking their interrogator wished to learn from what part of their nation they came, replied: "From the Mound;" while those who dwelt in the excavations made in its sides, answered: "From out the Mound," meaning they lived in the mound. No Choctaw was such a fool as to believe, or even assert, their ancestors jumped out of the hole on the top of Nunih Waiyah full fledged warriors, as they of fabled renown who spring from the dragon's teeth sown in the earth. And when speaking to them of this tradition, with seeming emotions of pity mingled with contempt, they have replied: "That fellow did not know what he was talking about;" a self-evident truth to all who know anything about the Choctaw people. True, they held Nunih Waiyah in great reverence; but not as the author of the tradition would make believe, that, in their degraded ignorance, they cherished it as the place of their origin which sent them forth in numbers "as swarming bees," but as an ancient relic handed down to them through a long line of honored ancestry; and even as the great pyramid, Cheops, of the arid desert, points the Egyptian back to the cycles of ages past, so too did Nunih Waiyah remind the Choctaw of his long line of descent as

he proudly gazed upon its hoary and weather-beaten sides.

As an evidence of their admiration and veneration for this ancestral memento, the Choctaws, when passing, would ascend it and drop into the hole at its top various trinkets, and sometimes a venison ham, or dressed turkey, as a kind of sacrificial offering to the memory of its ancient builders, who only appeared to them through the mists of ages past; and as the highest evidence of their veneration for this relic of their past history, it was sometimes spoken of by the more enthusiastic as their Iholitopa Ishki, (beloved mother).

In 1810, the United States Agent, George S. Gaines, was one day riding along the road that leads near Nunih Waiyah, and to satisfy his curiosity turned and rode to its base, then dismounted and walked to its top. While there, he noticed a large band of Choctaw warriors passing along the road; and being desirous of their company, he hastily descended, mounted his horse and soon overtook them. As he rode up, and the usual salutations had been exchanged, the chief, who was no less than the renowned Apushamatahaubih, with a significant smile in which fun and innocent mischief were most prominent, said: "Well, friend Gaines, I see you have been up to pay your compliments to our good mother." "Yes, I concluded to pay her a visit as I was passing," replied Mr. Gaines. "Well, what did she say to you?" asked the great chief. "She said," responded Mr. Gaines, "that her Choctaw children had become too numerous to longer be prosperous, contented and happy in their present country, therefore, she thought it best for them to exchange their old country and lands for a new country and lands west of the Mississippi river, where the game was much more abundant, and the hunting grounds far more extensive." With a loud laugh in which his warriors also heartily joined, Apushamatahah then exclaimed "Holobih! holubih ish nohowa nih! (It's a lie.) Do not go about telling lies. Our good old mother never could have spoken such words to you." After the laugh of the joke was over, Apushamatahahubih expressed himself freely with Mr. Gaines upon various subjects relative to his people as they rode along together; among many things that were mentioned, that of their origin was brought up; and to the inquiry of Mr. Gaines, "Whence they came to the country then occupied by them," the chief replied: "Our ancestors came from a country far to the west many suns and moons ago. And this was the invariable reply made by all the Choctaws when asked concerning their traditional origin.

The Choctaw Nation, from its earliest known history to

the present time has, at different intervals, produced many great and good men; who, had they have had the advantages of education, would have lived upon the pages of history equally with those of earth's illustrious great.

The first of whom we have any historical account, is Tush-ka Lu-sa, (the heroic defender of Moma Bin-na, a Lodge for All—corrupted first to Mobila, then to Mobile) who perished, with many thousands of his people, in that bloody tragedy of three and a half centuries ago, while defending his ancient city against the Spaniards, nothing more—however, has been handed down by which we can judge of his ability as a wise and judicious ruler, but the fact that De Soto found his Nation in a prosperous condition; his people dwelling in large and well fortified towns, comfortable houses, subsisting to a very large extent by the cultivation of the soil.

But of the patriotism and undaunted bravery of Tush-ka Lusa, and his ability as a commander of his warriors, DeSoto had satisfactory proof at the battle of Momabinah. But so little of the history of those ancient Choctaws has escaped oblivion that in sketching a line of their history at such a distance of time we necessarily pass through unknown fields so wide and diversified that it is like gliding lightly and swiftly over the numberless waves of the agitated ocean, and only touching here and there some of their highest tops; while, as we approach our own times, merely the outline of their history, if accurately drawn, would fill many volumes; therefore, in the selection of objects to present to the reader, with a due regard for his pleasure and profit, I shall have continual reference to the power of association, and endeavor to present such as will be most likely to bring to my Choctaw and Chickasaw friends, for whom the work is especially written, the remembrance of many incidents and circumstances, which once were fresh, but now are fading in their minds, by devoting here a few pages to the brief sketch of the lives of some of their eminent men now living, together with some of their distinguished dead. Noble men they were; the fame of whose virtues belong not to the world, but alone to their own Nation and people, though I am well aware that the whole subject of the North American Indians is so tinged with romance and fiction that did not the interest of correct history demand that at least an attempt should be made to shed a ray of light upon that wonderful people, I would not, as a truthful chronicler, have attempted to lift the veil and look in upon this mystic people, so long known, but so little understood by my own race.

It is an accepted fact that one grand requisite to give, or sufficiently comprehend a biography, lies in a knowledge of the times to which it refers. I can truly say that with a knowledge of the times to which most of the following biographical sketches refer, I am fully acquainted; but I am well aware, however, that the standard of public regard is so constantly changing that a character half a century ago would have attracted the adulation of the world with its excellence; in the present age receives but a moderate share of praise, however meritorious, aside from that of its own fellow citizens and people.

But the custom of commemorating the virtues and eminent characteristics of those who have won the admiration, confidence and affection of their fellow citizens, and have passed away from earth's tragic scenes, has always commanded the services of civilized life; as it has been deemed useful to their contemporaries to awaken and keep alive in their thoughts those grateful deeds that are hallowed by memory, and to transmit a record of those deeds to the future, in order to act as incentives and models to succeeding generations.

Therefore, that the following biographical sketches may be as incentives and models to the young men of the Choctaw and Chickasaw people, has been one of the inducements that has actuated me in writing them. Still to notice the virtues of humble individuals, lacking kingly ancestry and high position in the civilized world, with none of the accomplishments of birth, fortune and name, is an incident so unusual, that I might forbear, were I not writing to and for their own people, who will read not to criticise, but to bear testimony to the excellence and worth of their noble dead.

It has been said that there is a place for every man in the theatre of life. If true, it is equally so, that every man does not always find his true place, nor occupy the position best suited to his capacity or ability. The circumstances and incidents of human life, as they are daily unrolled, have much to do in throwing men in the various situations in society, some of which they neither occupy nor faithfully fill. There should be a fitness for the man for the place; else a statue of Vulcan would as well adorn a niche in the temple of the Muses, and a clown in his colored dress suitably represent the stern judge. I claim, however, for the subjects of this biography, not only a proper place, but an entire fitness for the varied duties incident to the occupancy of the place. Therefore, whether we look upon them as the faithful men, the intelligent and judicious citizens or the zealous rulers, they challenge alike a just admiration and worthy praise. In the

various relations in which they stood among their people, they won the confidence, affection and esteem of all who knew them, both of their own race and also of the white; and, under the influence of a laudable ambition, they spared neither labor, time, nor well directed exertion to elevate their people in the scale of morality, prosperity and happiness. To their signal success in these efforts, the intelligence and prosperity of their people to-day, bear indisputable testimony. as the result of the labors of those who, in conjunction with the missionaries, carried all the ardor of their souls, all the strength of their minds, and all the application and concentration of their powers that were necessary for securing their object in view. The responsibility of the stations they thus honored, they felt in all their force, and earnestly, honorably, and nobly they endeavored to discharge them.

None but those who personally knew them, can form any just conception of the manly efforts put forth by those truly noble and honest patriots, in their exertions to elevate the standard of their Nation in the estimation of the Christian world. They sought and obtained every useful information that could give them additional mental power in the pursuit of their favorite object, and studiously gathered the ripe experience of others, both by the study of books and observations in their travels among the whites, in their visits to Washington City on business of national affairs; and it is a matter of astonishment that amid the many difficulties they had to overcome in counteracting the evil influences of the lawless whites who invaded their country, that they accomplished what they did. Yet they were but in a preparatory state for enlarged usefulness among their people, when the hand of disease was laid upon them and they were removed from their labors. Many of them in the very prime of their powers, in the very morn of the expansion of their matured minds, were cut down in the bright promise of a glorious future. But they had done enough to make their lives notable, and to justify the presenting of the records of their lives as containing laudable incentives to encourage others in the path of honorable usefulness, and meritorious examples as a model for them.

Tushka Lusa, the hero of Moma Bina, as before stated, is the only Choctaw chief whose name has been handed down from that tragic scene through the long line of historic silence, to the year 1745, when in the English and French wars, in which each were contending for supremacy upon the western continent, involving both the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, a few chiefs arose to the surface whose names have escaped oblivion by their daring achievements during

those scenes of blood and carnage; the most prominent of the Choctaws were Shulush Humma and Ibanowa, (one who walks with) Miko (chief) whom I will more particularly speak in the history of the Chickasaws. From 1745 to 1785 no other names of Choctaw chiefs have been preserved, all alike having gone down into the silence of eternal forgetfulness, but from 1785 the names of many of their great chiefs have been preserved, though long since deceased; among which, as the most prominent, stand that of A-push-a-ma-tah-ah-ub-i, (a messenger of death; literally, one whose rifle, tomahawk, or bow alike fatal in war or hunting.) A-pak-foh-li-chih-ub-ih, (to encircle and kill, corrupted by the whites to A-puck-she-nubee, and so used by the Choctaws of the present day.) A-to-ni Yim-in-tah, (a watchman infatuated with excitement) Olubih, (to take by force); Coleman Cole, Greenwood La Flore, Nit-tak-a chih-ub-ih, (to suggest the day and kill); David Folsom, Peter P. Pitchlynn, (the Calhoun of the Choctaws); Isaac Folsom, Silas Pitchlynn, Israel Folsom, (The Wesley of the Choctaws) and many others. With the last seven mentioned I was personally acquainted.

The distinguished warrior and chief of the Choctaws, Apushamatahah, was born, as near as can be ascertained, in the year 1764. He was of the Iksha, called Kun-sha (A reed—the name of the creek along whose banks the Kunsha Clan dwelt.) Kunsha-a-he (reed—potato) is the full name of the clan, which took its name from the thick reeds and wild potatoes that grew together in the marshy ground along the banks of the creek—Cane and Potato creek.

At an early age Apushamatahah (For the sake of brevity the ubi is dropped) acquired great celebrity among his people as a brave warrior and successful hunter. His love for the fascinating excitement of the chase and daring adventures frequently led him into the deep solitudes of the then distant and wild forests west of the Mississippi river untrodden by the foot of the white man, to engage in hunting buffalo, a sport considered by the red man, and at a later period by the white also, as the noblest ever engaged in upon the North American continent. The buffalo, at that day, congregated in seemingly incredible numbers, and roamed over the entire wide extended western valley, grazing in countless multitudes upon the rich grasses of the vast prairies that extended before the vision to where earth and sky seemed to embrace. But now that noble game is numbered with the things of the past.

In those distant hunting expeditions and daring adventures, accompanied only by a small number of youthful and congenial spirits, Apushamatahah encountered many dangers

and ended many privations and hardships; which constituted, to the young, free and independent Indian warrior and hunter, the veritable elixir of life, the ultimatum of earthly bliss.

At one time, while engaged in one of those hunts on Red river with a little party of Choctaw "braves," his camp was unexpectedly and unceremoniously attacked, by a large band of Cal-lag-e-hah warriors, (Callage-hah is evidently a corruption of the words, Chah lih hihla, (fast dancers). These Indians may possibly have been a clan of the Choctaws before they left Mexico, and afterwards followed on to join the main body, but never crossed the Mississippi river, hence became forever lost from the parent stock) and being greatly outnumbered, Apushamatahah and his little party, after a brief skirmish, were totally defeated, and but few escaped, each taking care of himself. Apushamatahah, being one of the few, found himself alone. After experiencing great hardships and dangers in eluding the vigilance of his wily enemies, he fortunately stumbled upon a Spanish settlement, in which he remained many months, hunting for the Spaniards, and secretly preparing his plans for revenge against the Callagehahs for their unceremonious attack upon his camp, and which he successfully executed, as the sequel will show. At this time (1793) Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas were under Spanish Dominion.

After he had thoroughly laid his plans of revenge, he bade his Spanish employers a formal adieu, and started for his distant and long absent home by devious paths, until he came upon a camp of his enemies, the Callagehahs, upon which he rushed at night with the ferocity of a tiger, and slew seven of its occupants and secured their scalps, ere they could recover from their surprise; then shouting back his war-whoop of defiance, he fled with the nimble feet of the antelope, directing his course homeward, where he, in the course of several weeks safely arrived, to the astonishment and joy of his relatives, who had regarded him among the number of the slain, who had fallen on the fatal night of the raid made upon their camp by the Callagehahs. He remained at home two or three years, but had not forgotten the attack made upon his hunting camp in the distant solitudes of the forests west of the Mississippi river, and the death of his comrades; while his proud spirit still chafed under the imagined disgrace of his defeat, he yearned to punish the Callagehahs still more severely for their audacity and insult; therefore, he again started with a select company of warriors for his enemies' territories; where again surprising one of their unsuspecting camps he slew three warriors without sus-

taining loss; after which he withdrew from the Callagehahs' country, but remained west of the Mississippi river for several months in the fascinating amusements of the chase, that exciting occupation that renders the hunter, both red and white, oblivious to all else. Again he returned home with his little band; yet his restless spirit could not rest in inactivity longer than a few weeks; and once more, with another little company of congenial spirits of about twenty-five in number, he started for the land of his foes and was gone several months, when he again returned home with a dozen or more Callagehah scalps, without the loss of a single one of his little party. He remained at home, after this exploit, nearly a year, then again, but for the last time, sought the distant territories of the Callagehahs with another band of his warriors; again fortune smiled upon her seemingly chosen favorite; for he struck another death dealing blow, obtaining many scalps, then bade the unfortunate Callagehahs a final adieu, returned to his native land with his warriors, and annoyed them no more.

The Choctaws and Muscogeas, in years long past, were proverbial enemies, and hated each other with uncompromising bitterness; therefore, embraced every opportunity to manifest their hostility the one toward the other. On one occasion a party of Muscogeas secretly entered the Choctaw territories and, among other depredations committed on their devious route, they burned the house of Apushamatahah, who, with his family, was absent from home engaged in his favorite amusement—a grand ball-play. As soon as he returned home and found it a heap of smoking ruins, and learned who had committed the mischief, he at once collected a company of warriors and sought the Muscogee Nation with the same determination and resolution that he had previously sought that of the Callagehahs; and when arrived, he repaid them ten fold for the destruction of his home. Many years afterward Apushamatahah was the first Choctaw chief who led a war-party of 800 warriors against the Muscogeas in what is known as the Creek War of 1812.

Several Choctaw companies joined Washington's army during our Revolutionary war, and served during the entire war; some of them were at the battle of Cowpens, under General Morgan; others, at the battle of Stony Point, under General Wayne, and others, at the battle of Tilico Plains, under General Sullivan, sent by General Green to punish the Tories and northern Cherokees (at that time the only Cherokees hostile to the Americans) for the destruction of Fort Loudon, situated on the Tennessee river in the territories then of North Carolina, whom he overtook at Tilico

Plains, engaged and routed, with great loss on the part of the Tories and Cherokees, also securing the women and children whom they taken had prisoners in the fall of Fort Loudon, and devastating the country of the hostile Cherokees as he went, in driving them, (Tories and Cherokees) through Deep Creek Gap, in Cumberland mountains, into the now State of Kentucky; and there ending the pursuit, Sullivan returned and joined his command near Yorktown. It is said, those Cherokees never did return to their former homes, but became incorporated with other Indians in Kentucky; others, were under Washington at the capture of Yorktown, and witnessed the surrender of Cornwallis.

An amusing incident was related to me when in the Choctaw Nation in 1888, in which a Choctaw scout, under General Sullivan, previous to the defeat of the Tories and Cherokees at Tilico Plains, was the chief hero. This scout, from his short and thick set form, was given the name Dutch Johnnie, by the soldiers. Dutch Johnnie was an uncompromising enemy to the hostile Cherokees, for the reason that a scouting party of theirs had killed his wife and only child; and in revenge he had sworn, as he of ancient Carthage, eternal hatred against the Cherokees. Learning this, Gen. Sullivan appointed Dutch Johnnie as one of his chief scouts, much to the joy of Johnnie, as it gave him a broader field in which to seek and obtain the much desired revenge for the death of his wife and child. He soon became noted for his intrepidity, endurance, skill, and valuable reports in regard to the enemy; and by his many noble traits also became the pet of the army. At one time, he was returning to the command from a long scout of several days absence, and had reached within ten or fifteen miles of the army, when night overtook him at an old and long deserted house. It had been raining all day, so the story goes, and was still raining and growing dark. As any port in a storm had long been Dutch Johnnie's motto, he at once resolved to accept the offered hospitalities of the forsaken mansion; and, without formality, entered the open space, where once had hung the door that then lay upon the ground, a wreck of its former glory, and surveyed its apartments. He found it consisted of but one room, with but one ingress or egress, one chimney of sticks and dirt, and four or five logs extending across the room above, about four feet apart, upon which were loosely laid some boards extending from one to the other.

Being a good retreat from the rain and chill without, Dutch Johnnie soon stretched himself upon the puncheon floor in his wet clothes, too considerate to build a fire in the hearth by which to dry and warm himself, and thus attract

the eye of an enemy engaged in the same business as himself, and was just passing into the shadows of the land of dreams, when his ears, ever wakeful sentinels and always on the alert, whispered "danger without." He instantly arose to a sitting posture and heard approaching footsteps. Instantly he seized his rifle and quickly and noiselessly climbed up the wall and laid down upon the boards, and there waited future developments. The approaching footsteps grew plainer until they stopped before the house. Then all was hushed for a few moments, and then the intruders entered. Dutch Johnnie from above could see nothing, so intense was the darkness; but soon learned that his visitors were a company of Tories and Cherokee warriors, who, alike with him, had sought the hospitality of the deserted house from the inclemency of the night. He understood enough English to learn much of their plans as the Tories conversed with each other. In the course of an hour all had stretched themselves upon the puncheon floor, and were shortly after wrapt in sleep; yet with a sleepless sentinel eight feet above, who could see nothing—not even his hand before him—but hear everything, even to the low breathing of his unwelcome visitors below. Poor, entrapped Johnnie, how was he to safely get out of the dilemma? If he remained until morning some curiosity seeker might climb the wall to see what lay above, and then Dutch Johnnie's doom was inevitable. After cogitating the matter over carefully, he finally concluded he would try and escape by noiselessly descending the wall which he had ascended; but the question arose in his mind—how far from the wall in which the doorway was cut was the first parallel joist over which space he discovered there were no boards when he first entered the house. When he had taken his position above he had stretched himself full length (face downward) upon the boards, with his head toward the wall he desired to descend. He began at once to reach out with his right hand into the darkness for the wall, but his arm was too short. Again and again he stretched it out, but to no avail. Anxiety, at length, overcame his prudence; for, in attempting to extend his body a little over the joist that he might be enabled, perchance, to reach the coveted wall, the boards, which were not nailed to the joist, slipped from their places and, in confusion worse confounded, fell together with Dutch Johnnie in a promiscuous mass upon the sleepers below. The scene of confusion that then ensued may be imagined only.

The sleepers, thus suddenly aroused, were utterly bewildered, and unable to decide whether a cyclone had struck the house, an earthquake was upon them, or the knell of time

was at hand. But Dutch Johnnie's presence of mind, which had so oft brought him safely out of difficulties that tried men's souls, forsook him not in this hour of peril, but rendered him equal to the emergency, having, however, the advantage of his foes in knowing why he had made such a desperate charge, alone and in utter darkness, upon them; for he seized a board with both hands, sprang to his feet, and began to strike, right and left in the dark, with super-human force, accompanying the act with reiterated Choctaw war-whoops intermingled with General Sullivan's war-cry in English; which at once caused the Tories and Cherokee warriors to believe that, instead of a cyclone, earthquake, or the knell of time, or all together, it was Sullivan and his troopers upon them; therefore, each one, actuated with the frantic desire of self-preservation alone, sought, in frenzied haste, the one, and only egress into the open air, jumping, tumbling, falling, rolling out, while Johnnie's wild war-whoops uttered in both Choctaw and English, with his board wielded by his vigorous arms, whizzing through the darkness this way and that thus oft meeting in collision with heads and bodies, added wings to the retreat of his foes. Soon the house was left in possession of Dutch Johnnie alone; then to make the victory complete, he sprang to the rifles of his foes stacked in a corner of the room and then to the door, where he fired off each one in rapid succession accompanied with reiterated war-whoops, which made each flying Tory and Cherokee believe that himself alone had escaped. As he seized a gun and fired it off, he threw it upon the floor, and sprang for another, and so continued to do until he had fired the last; then, not knowing what might still be in the house, since the pitchy darkness prevented anything being seen, he leaped out, uttered several war-whoops of victory, and sought safety amid the darkness of the forest feeling his way as best he could. When he had gone far enough to feel safe from immediate danger, he sat down and waited for the light of the returning morning; then hastened to the encampment, where he arrived in safety about an hour after sunrise. He soon related his adventure to General Sullivan, who sent a company of troopers back with Dutch Johnnie to prove the statement of his romantic adventure, and night conflict with the enemy, over whose unknown numbers—unlike Sampson with his jaw bone of an ass, but like Dutch Johnnie alone—with a post-oak board, he had gained a complete victory. When the company had reached the battle ground and entered the again tenantless and silent fort, they found the fallen boards upon the floor under which lay Johnnie's rifle—sufficient proof of his rapid descent upon the enemy, while the

twenty empty rifles that lay upon the floor, gave entire satisfaction, none more so than to Dutch Johnnie himself, that he had defeated his enemies as one to twenty, by his rapid descent upon them with his shower of boards, followed by the vigorous use of one alone in his stalwart hands accompanied with his terrific war-hoops. Of course, he became the hero of the day. The twenty rifles were justly awarded to him as trophies of his victory; which he traded for various articles necessary for his comfort and protection in his anticipated future adventures. He lived through the war as an indispensable scout, proving himself fearless in battle, and oft dazzling his comrades by his daring acts.

THE MEETING IN 1811, OF TECUMSEH, THE MIGHTY SHAWNEE, WITH APUSHAMATAHAH, THE INTREPID CHOCTAW.

I will here give a true narrative of an incident in the life of the great and noble Choctaw chief, Apushamatahah, as related by Colonel John Pitchlynn, a white man of sterling integrity, and who acted for many years as interpreter to the Choctaws for the United States Government, and who was an eye-witness to the thrilling scene, a similar one, never before nor afterwards befell the lot of a white man to witness, except that of Sam Dale, the great scout of General Andrew Jackson, who witnessed a similar one—that of Tecumseh in council assembled with the Muscogeese, shortly afterwards—of which I will speak in the history of that once powerful and war-like race of people.

Colonel John Pitchlynn was adopted in early manhood by the Choctaws, and marrying among them, he at once became as one of their people; and was named by them "Chahtah Iti-ka-na," The Choctaws' Friend; and long and well he proved himself worthy the title conferred upon, and the trust confided in him. He had five sons by his Choctaw wife, Peter, Silas, Thomas, Jack and James, all of whom proved to be men of talent, and exerted a moral influence among their people, except Jack, who was ruined by the white man's whiskey and his demoralizing examples and influences. I was personally acquainted with Peter, Silas and Jack, the former held, during a long and useful life, the highest positions in the political history of his Nation, well deserving the title given him by the whites, "The Calhoun of the Choctaws;" but of whom I will speak more particularly elsewhere.

England, in her anticipated war with the United States in

1812, early made strenuous efforts to secure the co-operation of all the Indian tribes, both north and south, as allies against the Americans, as she had done against the French previous to supplanting them in 1763; though, not with that success that she did in arraying them in opposition to the Americans; for to the honor and praise of the majority of the early settlers of the French among the North American Indians be it said, that they had won the respect, confidence, and love of the northern Indians especially, by their freedom from all arrogance, abuse and oppression, and by honest dealing with them, comparing well in this particular with the Quakers, and thus seeming to the highly appreciative Indians more as affable companions and genial friends, than insolent and pretended masters, as the English had assumed to be, and afterwards the Americans, who followed in their wake; both of whom, early and late, introduced the traffic in whiskey among them, which had been effectually prohibited by the French down to that time.

Having secured the co-operation, however, of many of the northern tribes to operate under the command of the cruel Proctor, the English then turned their attention to the securing of the southern tribes as allies, especially the five great and most war-like tribes then within the boundaries of the United States, viz: The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Muscogeas and Seminoles, whose warriors were then justly considered as the shrewdest, bravest and most to be dreaded in war of all the North American Indians; and that they might the more effectually and with greater certainty secure the aid of those brave, skilful and daring warriors of the south, the renowned Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, was sent to persuade them by his great influence and unsurpassed native eloquence to unite with them as allies in the expected war. As one of the bravest and most skilful Indian chiefs that ever trod the American soil; as a statesman in the council of his nation; as a foresighted politician; as a man of integrity and humanity, according to the morals of his people; as a man of comprehensive mind, rich in resources for every emergency; as a man of undaunted nature, Tecumseh stands with no superiors and few equals upon the pages of Indian history; and his name still hovers among the northern and western tribes, with those of Sassacus, chief of the Pequods, in 1637; Philip, chief of the Pokanokets in 1674; Canonochet, chief of the Naragansetts in 1675; and the great Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas in 1763; Red Jacket, of the Senecas; Black Hawk, of the Sacs, and Fox, and others, who figured along down the path of time in their noble but vain endeavors to protect their homes and country from the

encroachment of foreign vandals, as the heroes, who, in the days of their prosperity and strength, had each devised the plan for unity of action among all the tribes in driving back the usurping whites from their common territories, and conducted their mighty but unavailing struggles with seeming destiny for the continued independence of their race, as men who loved no enjoyment equal to that of perfect personal freedom in the companionship of nature, as it then presented itself in its picturesque garb of mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, forests and prairies, affording them all the necessities of life, and uniting to consummate their earthly bliss as a free, independent, contented and happy people. Therefore one master spirit filled and ruled the hearts of those ancient chieftains, and gave to their whole lives their character.

Willingly, therefore, did Tecumseh accept the embassy to the southern tribes, in behalf of the English; nor could they have confided their mission with greater hope of success to a more influential chief, or a more bitter enemy to the Americans than to Tecumseh. North and South, far and near, was the name of the great Shawnee Chief and warrior known. From their youth the warriors of all the tribes, at that day and time, had heard of his great achievements in battle; of his irresistible eloquence in debate and the devastation that marked his footsteps upon the war-path; for his tomahawk was like the lightning bolt in force and power, armed with swift and sure destruction to all upon whom it fell when wielded by its master's hand, to all Indians, a meritorious commendation and worthy all acceptance. Unknown to fear, yet it is said of Tecumseh that his heart was tender as a child's, and the sufferings of a friend whom he loved could torture him with the keenest anguish. His mother was a Muscogee and his father a Shawnee; and both were born in Alabama, at a village called Sau-van-o-gee (afterwards known as "Old Augusta") on the Tallapoosa river, though Tecumseh's father and grand parents belonged to the Shawnees of the North. They moved to the then wilds of the now State of Ohio with their family of several children, where, in 1768, Tecumseh was born, who became so distinguished in the history of his race as a chief and warrior. He had five brothers, all of whom were noted warriors. He also had one sister named Tecum-a-pease, who was highly endowed as a woman of strong character and sound judgment, and a great favorite of her war-like brother, over whom she exercised great influence. At the age of nineteen years Tecumseh visited the South, once the home of his parents, where he spent a few years principally

among the Muscogeese, the relatives and friends of his mother—engaging with them in their hunts and various amusements, and winning their admiration by a heroism free from temerity, and a friendship free from partiality.

In the spring of 1811, Tecumseh, with thirty congenial spirits all well mounted, again left his northern home and directed his course once more to the South to visit those distant friends, not as before, a pleasure seeker in their hunts, national festivals and social amusements, but as one seeking co-operative vengeance upon a common foe, the pale-face intruders and oppressors of their race. Silently and fearlessly did the little band of resolute men, keep their course with unwearied resolution and unerring judgment through the vast wilderness that intervened; over hills and endless wastes; swimming broad rivers and narrow creeks, and working their way through wide extended cane-brakes, where seldom or never before had trod human feet, the sun their guide by day, the stars, by night, until they reached the broad territories of the Chickasaws through which they passed, nor ceased their march, until they entered the Choctaw Nation in the district over which Apakfohlichihubih was the ruling chief and there pitched their camp. Soon the tidings of the arrival and encampment of the renowned Shawnee chief and his thirty warriors as an embassy were borne as on wings of the wind, throughout the district fanning the hitherto quiet inhabitants into a blaze of the wildest excitement, and many rushed at once to see the great Chieftain and his warriors; actuated more however through curiosity than expectation of learning anything concerning the intent or purpose of their coming; for an Indian ambassador is ever silent upon the subject of his mission, and opens not his mouth but in council assembled, and thus manifesting good sense and profound judgment. In solemn pomp, therefore, Tecumseh and his warriors were escorted to the home of Apakfohlichihubih, to whom Tecumseh stated that his business was of a national character and of the most vital importance, to the Choctaw Nation. At once Apakfohlichihubih, summoned the warriors of his district to convene in council, at which a resolution was passed calling the entire Choctaw Nation to assemble in a great council, extending the invitation alike to the Chickasaw Nation, stating as a reason, that it was made through the request of Tecumseh, as an ambassador of the Shawnees; that he, with thirty warriors, was now a guest of Apakfohlichihubih, and had a proposition to lay before the council of vital import to both Nations. A day was also appointed and the place designated, in and at which the two Nations should assemble in united council to hear the words of the mighty

Shawnee. The place selected at which the council was to convene, was at a point on the Tombigbee river, five miles (by land) north of Columbus, Mississippi, and now known by the name of Plymouth.

Immediately runners (news horsemen) were sent out to the remotest points of their country, also to the Chickasaws, to notify all of the coming event; and soon they were seen on their fleetest horses speeding in wild haste and in all directions, over their wide extended territory; even as was witnessed when our Declaration of Independence was first proclaimed, and the "Old Liberty Bell" rang out its joyous peals echoing amid wild shouts along the hills of the Atlantic shore, but to die away in muffled tones among the rocky battlements of the far-away Pacific coast; and as the tones of the "Old Liberty Bell" secured responsive ears, so too the call of Tecumseh secured the speedy response of every Choctaw and Chickasaw warrior, however remote his cabin from the designated place of rendezvous.

For many days previous to the convening of the council, hundreds upon hundreds of warriors, in various groups, were seen slowly and silently wending their way through the forests from every direction toward the designated place for the meeting of the two Nations in council with the mighty chief and Shawnee ambassador; and when the appointed day came, many thousands had presented themselves.

Col. John Pitchlynn stated to the missionaries who established a mission among the Choctaws several years after, that he never saw so great a number of Indian warriors gathered together. It was indeed a congregation vast of solicitous and expectant men, whose breasts heaved and tossed with the conflicting emotions of the wildest imaginations, for rumor of war between the United States and England had reached them in their distant villages situated along the banks of their rivers and creeks, and in their humble cabins found scattered everywhere amid the deep solitudes of their seemingly illimitable forests; therefore hope and fear alternately held dubious sway o'er their minds as to the design of Tecumseh's unexpected visit, and the calling them together in council, which seemingly foreshadowed evil, also to their respective nations as compulsory allies to the one or to the other of the belligerent parties; still no external manifestations of any kind whatever were seen that betrayed the secret emotions within, as profound silence and the utmost decorum were always and everywhere observed by the North American Indians when assembling and having assembled in national council.

But the light of that memorable day seemed to wane

slowly, and its sunset was followed by that seemingly breathless pause and stupor so oft experienced in a southern clime. The increasing dusk crept on by degrees, while the outlines of familiar objects became blurred, then dim and fantastic in the uncertain light. At length the leaves began to stir and the placid waters of the itombi ikbi trembled in the darkness, for the night wind had sprung up freighted with the cool breath and sweet odors of the surrounding forests, as twilight dropped her mantle to her successor—night. Then a huge pile of logs and chunks, previously prepared, was set on fire—the signal to the waiting multitudes, who sat in groups of hundreds around chatting in low tones and smoking their indispensable pipes, constructed in the heads of their tomahawks. Each group arose without delay or confusion and in obedience to its mandates, marched up in solemn and impressive silence, and took their respective seats upon the ground forming many wide, extended circles around the blazing heap, but leaving an open space of twenty or thirty feet in diameter for the occupancy of the speaker and his attendants.

The chiefs and old warriors always formed the inner circle; the middleaged, next, and so on to the outer circle, which was composed of the young and less experienced warriors, thus carrying out the old precept, "The old for counsel, the young for war." All being seated, the pipes, indispensable adjuncts in all the North American Indians' national and religious assemblies, were lighted, and commenced their rounds through the vast concourse of seated men; and each one, as a pipe came to him, drew a whiff or two, and then, in turn, passed it on to the next, while profound silence throughout the vast assembly reigned supreme, disturbed alone by the crackling and sputtering of the burning logs. 'Twas indeed a silence deep, as if all nature had made a pause prophetic of the gathering storm.

What a beautiful characteristic of the North American Indians was that of repressing every emotional feeling when assembled in council or otherwise, and observing the most profound silence when one of their number was speaking! Even in the social circle, never but one speaks at a time while the closest attention is given and the most profound silence observed by the others. This was and is a part of their education, an established rule of their entire race, into the violation of which they were seldom if ever betrayed by any kind of excitement whatsoever; and in visiting the Choctaw and Chickasaw councils in 1885, I found they still adhered to the old established rule with the same rigid tenacity as did their ancestors east of the Mississippi river in the days.

of the long-ago. For this noble virtue (for virtue it may be called) they are termed taciturn and grave, yet their national sensibilities are deep, active and strong.

Soon Tecumseh was dimly seen emerging from the darkness beyond into the far reflected light of the blazing logs, followed by his thirty warriors. With measured steps and grave demeanor they slowly advanced. But no wild shouts heralded their coming. No deafening yells proclaimed their welcome. Silence deep and profound swayed her sceptre there. Yet that vast assembly of silent men seated in circles upon the ground, while clouds of tobacco smoke gently floated o'er their heads; with countenances beaming with inquiry as their calm but piercing eyes glistened in the reflected light of the blazing logs, spoke a language to Tecumseh more potent than the wild huzzas of the whites ever did to their approaching political favorite. In silence the circle was opened as Tecumseh and his followers drew near through which they slowly marched, then immediately closed behind them surrounding them by thousands of strangers; but nothing to fear, for the Peace Pipe was in the left hand of the mighty Shawnee, an emblem rigidly respected by all North American Indians all over the continent. When Tecumseh had reached a point near the fire, he halted and his thirty warriors at once seated themselves on the ground forming a crescent before their adored chieftain, while he, the personification of true dignity and manly beauty, stood erect and momentarily flashed his piercing eyes over the mighty host as if to scan each countenance (that index of the soul) and read its import, the better thereby to lay a proper basis for the successful effect of his arguments in the support of his mighty scheme.

Every eye was now fastened upon him, while, in turn, beneath his high forehead flashed his own black and restless eyes; and though his face wore a calm expression yet there was a nervousness about him withal that plainly indicated one of those sensitive organisms that kindle at the slightest warmth. But he sought not the personal admiration or the praise of his audience. He meant business serious and weighty; business, in which he felt was involved the future destiny of the entire Indian race for weal or woe. Noble and unselfish patriot! How true thy far-sighted statemanship! But alas, how unavailing! What an imposing and impressive scene was there! A hundred closely formed circles of silent men seated on the ground from whose dark features were reflected, by the light on the burning log-heaps, a thousand conflicting emotions of hope and doubt, as they gazed in profound silence upon the

imposing figure that stood in their midst. The scene at this juncture, stated Col. Pitchlynn, was grand and imposing indeed, and worthy the pencil of a Raphael. Every countenance told of suppressed feeling, and every eye sparkled with mental excitement. An enthusiasm bordering on ecstasy marked the manner of the elder, while the young, sturdy fellows in the flower of manhood's strength, had more than usual expression upon their faces, which indicated that some of the deepest chords in their natures had already been struck, holding out a promise to them of things undreamed of before, by touching that note to which their every breast gave more or less response.

Tecumseh's observant eye read its import at a glance, and at once the tones of his voice broke the stillness. Now he seemed nothing but nerves, and shot out magnetism that electrified his hearers into like intensity of feeling, and every nerve and muscle of the vast assembly seemed to take up the measure and tingle with the same enthusiasm and feeling, as the wild orator voiced the sentiments of his audience. In the outset he unfolded the designs of the whites and their schemes to accomplish them; he portrayed the consequences that would inevitably ensue in case they should get the ascendancy; he spared no artifice, omitted no topic that would have a tendency to alarm their concern for their country, or their fears for themselves; he arraigned all the conduct of the whites since their first introduction among their race, and portrayed in vivid colors their ingenuity in concealing their avarice and covetousness under a veil of most generous and disinterested principles; and how insidious and vile their schemes had ever been, and still continued to be; he made good use of the figures which gave force and energy to his discourse, for no one better understood the designs of the white man, and no one could better explain them than he; therefore he drew his lines, sketched his plans, and well did the drawings and sketches manifest the master's hand; and ere he had closed, strange alternatives of elevating hope were manifest in the countenances of his silent and attentive hearers.

He began his speech in a grave and solemn manner, stated Col. Pitchlynn, which I here give in substance, as follows:

"In view of questions of vast importance, have we met together in solemn council to-night. Nor should we here debate whether we have been wronged and injured, but by what measures we should avenge ourselves; for our merciless oppressors, having long since planned out their proceedings, are not about to make, but have and are still making

attacks upon those of our race who have as yet come to no resolution. Nor are we ignorant by what steps, and by what gradual advances, the whites break in upon our neighbors. Imagining themselves to be still undiscovered, they show themselves the less audacious because you are insensible. The whites are already nearly a match for us all united, and too strong for any one tribe alone to resist; so that unless we support one another with our collective and united forces; unless every tribe unanimously combines to give a check to the ambition and avarice of the whites, they will soon conquer us apart and disunited, and we will be driven away from our native country and scattered as autumnal leaves before the wind.

“But have we not courage enough remaining to defend our country and maintain our ancient independence? Will we calmly suffer the white intruders and tyrants to enslave us? Shall it be said of our race that we knew not how to extricate ourselves from the three most to be dreaded calamities—folly, inactivity and cowardice? But what need is there to speak of the past? It speaks for itself and asks, ‘Where to-day is the Pequod? Where the Narragansetts, the Mohawks, Pocanokets, and many other once powerful tribes of our race? They have vanished before the avarice and oppression of the white men, as snow before a summer sun. In the vain hope of alone defending their ancient possessions, they have fallen in the wars with the white men. Look abroad over their once beautiful country, and what see you now? Naught but the ravages of the pale-face destroyers meet your eyes. So it will be with you Choctaws and Chickasaws! Soon your mighty forest trees, under the shade of whose wide spreading branches you have played in infancy, sported in boyhood, and now rest your wearied limbs after the fatigue of the chase, will be cut down to fence in the land which the white intruders dare to call their own. Soon their broad roads will pass over the grave of your fathers, and the place of their rest will be blotted out forever. The annihilation of our race is at hand unless we unite in one common cause against the common foe. Think not, brave Choctaws and Chickasaws, that you can remain passive and indifferent to the common danger, and thus escape the common fate. Your people too, will soon be as falling leaves and scattering clouds before their blighting breath. You too will be driven away from your native land and ancient domains as leaves are driven before the wintry storms.”

These were corroding words; and well might terrible thoughts of resistance pass through the minds of those freemen and patriots, as, by the light of the burning heap

gleaming through the darkness of the night, they in admiring silence gazed upon the face of Tecumseh and listened to his untaught eloquence, which thrilled and swayed their hearts and moved the deep waters of their souls, as he plead the cause of right from the vindications of his own heart upon which was written the statute—"A favor for a favor, an injury for an injury."

"Sleep not longer, O Choctaws and Chickasaws," continued the indefatigable orator, "in false security and delusive hopes. Our broad domains are fast escaping from our grasp. Every year our white intruders become more greedy; exacting, oppressive and overbearing. Every year contentions spring up between them and our people and when blood is shed we have to make atonement whether right or wrong, at the cost of the lives of our greatest chiefs, and the yielding up of large tracts of our lands. Before the pale-faces came among us, we enjoyed the happiness of unbounded freedom, and were acquainted with neither riches, wants, nor oppression.* How is it now? Wants and oppressions are our lot; for are we not controlled in everything, and dare we move without asking, by your leave? Are we not being stripped day by day of the little that remains of our ancient liberty? Do they not even now kick and strike us as they do their black-faces? How long will it be before they will tie us to a post and whip us, and make us work for them in their corn fields as they do them? Shall we wait for that moment or shall we die fighting before submitting to such ignominy?"

At this juncture a low, muffled groan of indignation forced its way through the clinched teeth running through the entire assembly, and some of the younger warriors, no longer enabled to restrain themselves, leaped from their seats upon the ground, and, accompanying the act with the thrilling war-whoops of defiance, flourished their tomahawks in a frenzy of rage. Tecumseh turned his eyes upon them with a calm but rebuking look, which spoke but too well his disapproval of such an undignified and premature display of feelings, which had interrupted him; then with a gentle wave of the hand, the interpretation of which was not very difficult, he again continued: "Have we not for years had before our eyes a sample of their designs, and are they not sufficient harbingers of their future determinations? Will we not soon be driven from our respective countries and the graves of our ancestors? Will not the bones of our dead be plowed up, and their graves be turned into fields? Shall we calmly wait until they become so numerous that we will no longer be able to resist oppression? Will we wait to be destroyed in our turn, without making an

effort worthy our race? Shall we give up our homes, our country, bequeathed to us by the Great Spirit, the graves of our dead, and everything that is dear and sacred to us, without a struggle? I know you will cry with me, Never! Never! Then let us by unity of action destroy them all, which we now can do, or drive them back whence they came. War or extermination is now our only choice. Which do you choose? I know your answer. Therefore, I now call on you, brave Choctaws and Chickasaws, to assist in the just cause of liberating our race from the grasp of our faithless invaders and heartless oppressors. The white usurpation in our common country must be stopped, or we, its rightful owners, be forever destroyed and wiped out as a race of people. I am now at the head of many warriors backed by the strong arm of English soldiers. Choctaws and Chickasaws, you have too long borne with grievous usurpation inflicted by the arrogant Americans. Be no longer their dupes. If there be one here to-night who believes that his rights will not sooner or later, be taken from him by the avaricious American pale-faces, his ignorance ought to excite pity, for he knows little of the character of our common foe. And if there be one among you mad enough to undervalue the growing power of the white race among us, let him tremble in considering the fearful woes he will bring down upon our entire race, if by his criminal indifference he assists the designs of our common enemy against our common country. Then listen to the voice of duty, of honor, of nature and of your endangered country. Let us form one body, one heart, and defend to the last warrior our country, our homes, our liberty, and the graves of our fathers.

"Choctaws and Chickasaws, you are among the few of our race who sit indolently at ease. You have indeed enjoyed the reputation of being brave, but will you be indebted for it more from report than fact? Will you let the whites encroach upon your domains even to your very door before you will assert your rights in resistance? Let no one in this council imagine that I speak more from malice against the pale-face Americans than just grounds of complaint. Complaint is just toward friends who have failed in their duty; accusation is against enemies guilty of injustice. And surely, if any people ever had, we have good and just reasons to believe we have ample grounds to accuse the Americans of injustice; especially when such great acts of injustice have been committed by them upon our race, of which they seem to have no manner of regard, or even to reflect. They are a people fond of innovations, quick to contrive and quick to put their schemes into effectual execution,

no matter how great the wrong and injury to us; while we are content to preserve what we already have. Their designs are to enlarge their possessions by taking yours in turn; and will you, can you longer dally, O Choctaws and Chickasaws? Do you imagine that that people will not continue longest in the enjoyment of peace who timely prepare to vindicate themselves, and manifest a determined resolution to do themselves right whenever they are wronged? Far otherwise. Then haste to the relief of our common cause, as by consanguinity of blood you are bound; lest the day be not far distant when you will be left single-handed and alone to the cruel mercy of our most inveterate foe."

Though the North American Indians never expressed their emotions by any audible signs whatever, yet the frowning brows, and the flashing eyes of that mighty concourse of seated and silent men told Tecumseh, as he closed and took his seat upon the ground among his warriors, that he had touched a thousand chords whose vibrations responded in tones that were in perfect unison and harmony with his own, and he fully believed, and correctly too, that he had accomplished the mission whereunto, he was sent, even beyond his most sanguine hopes and expectations.

A few of the Choctaw and Chickasaw chiefs now arose in succession and, walking to the centre, occupied, in turn, the place which Tecumseh had just vacated and expressed their opinions upon the question so new and unexpectedly presented to them for their consideration; the majority leaning to the views advanced by the Shawnee chief, a few doubting their expediency. Tecumseh was now jubilant, for his cause seemed triumphant. But at this crisis of affairs, a sudden and unexpected change came o'er the scene. Another, who, up to this time, had remained a silent but attentive listener, arose and, free of all restraint, marched to the centre mid the deep silence that again prevailed. A noble specimen also, was he, of manly beauty, strength, (and unlettered eloquence, who was to fasten a ring in the nose of the mighty Shawnee to lead him before all the Philistines at his royal will and pleasure. As he drew himself up to his full height, there was revealed the symmetrical form of the intrepid and the most renowned and influential chief of the Choctaws, a man of great dignity, unyielding firmness, undisputed bravery, undoubted veracity, sound judgment, and the firm and undeviating friend of the American people. He was Apush-amatahah.

All eyes were at once turned to and riveted upon him, as he momentarily stood in profound silence surveying the faces of his people with that indescribable expression which in-

dedicated to the stranger, and none the less to the astonished gaze of Tecumseh, that under it lurked such fearlessness as commanded respect. How truly and plainly the soul writes its tale on that expressive and plastic tablet—the face of man! Though habitually of a lively and jovial disposition, yet Apushamatahah could rival the lynx when he applied his penetrating mind to detect the weak points of his opponent, and present his arguments in such a manner as to unravel the hidden meaning of those of his antagonist. Free from any nervous agitation he calmly looked over his audience. His long black locks fell back from a broad manly brow, from which shone dark, eloquent eyes full of depth and fire; his face broad and of a clear olive tint, his lips thin and compressed, all united to give an expression of firmness and intellectuality. The solemn manner and long silence that he assumed as he calmly gazed upon the scene before him, was as full of eloquence as any words he could have uttered, and fell with unmistakable meaning upon the silent throng, upon whose faces still shone the light of the blazing council fire, reflecting no longer conflicting emotions, but one seemingly united all pervading sentiment. War and extermination to the whites. Apushamatahah's observant eye read its deep signification. But nothing daunted, he began in a low but distinct tone of voice, which increased in volume and pathos as he became more and more animated. It was then that his eloquence also struck other sympathetic chords in that silent and attentive audience, and caused hundreds of hearts to pulsate faster under the magnetic influence of his words, and feel at once that before them stood, what many already knew, a great man. He also began his speech in the ancient method of opening an address (long since obsolete), thus: "O-mish-ke! A numpa tillofasih ish hakloh." (Attention! Listen you to my brief remarks); and then continued in substance as follows:

"It was not my design in coming here to enter into a disputation with any one. But I appear before you, my warriors and my people not to throw in my plea against the accusations of Tecumseh; but to prevent your forming rash and dangerous resolutions upon things of highest importance, through the instigations of others. I have myself learned by experience, and I also see many of you, O Choctaws and Chickasaws, who have the same experience of years that I have, the injudicious steps of engaging in an enterprise because it is new. Nor do I stand up before you to-night to contradict the many facts alleged against the American people, or to raise my voice against them in useless accusations. The question before us now is not what wrongs

they have inflicted upon our race, but what measures are best for us to adopt in regard to them; and though our race may have been unjustly treated and shamefully wronged by them, yet I shall not for that reason alone advise you to destroy them, unless it was just and expedient for you so to do; nor, would I advise you to forgive them, though worthy of your commiseration, unless I believe it would be to the interest of our common good. We should consult more in regard to our future welfare than our present. What people, my friends and countrymen, were so unwise and inconsiderate as to engage in a war of their own accord, when their own strength, and even with the aid of others, was judged unequal to the task? I well know causes often arise which force men to confront extremities, but, my countrymen, those causes do not now exist. Reflect, therefore, I earnestly beseech you, before you act hastily in this great matter, and consider with yourselves how greatly you will err if you injudiciously approve of and inconsiderately act upon Tecumseh's advice. Remember the American people are now friendly disposed toward us. Surely you are convinced that the greatest good will result to us by the adoption of and adhering to those measures I have before recommended to you; and, without giving too great a scope to mercy or forbearance, by which I could never permit myself to be seduced, I earnestly pray you to follow my advice in this weighty matter, and in following it resolve to adopt those expedients for our future welfare. My friends and fellow countrymen! you now have no just cause to declare war against the American people, or wreak your vengeance upon them as enemies, since they have ever manifested feelings of friendship towards you. It is besides inconsistent with your national glory and with your honor, as a people, to violate your solemn treaty; and a disgrace to the memory of your forefathers, to wage war against the American people merely to gratify the malice of the English.

"The war, which you are now contemplating against the Americans, is a flagrant breach of justice; yea, a fearful blemish on your honor and also that of your fathers, and which you will find if you will examine it carefully and judiciously, forbodes nothing but destruction to our entire race. It is a war against a people whose territories are now far greater than our own, and who are far better provided with all the necessary implements of war, with men, guns, horses, wealth, far beyond that of all our race combined, and where is the necessity or wisdom to make war upon such a people? Where is our hope of success, if thus weak and unprepared we should declare it against them? Let us not be

deluded with the foolish hope that this war, if begun, will soon be over, even if we destroy all the whites within our territories, and lay waste their homes and fields. Far from it. It will be but the beginning of the end that terminates in the total destruction of our race. And though we will not permit ourselves to be made slaves, or, like inexperienced warriors, shudder at the thought of war, yet I am not so insensible and inconsistent as to advise you to cowardly yield to the outrages of the whites, or wilfully to connive at their unjust encroachments; but only not yet to have recourse to war, but to send ambassadors to our Great Father at Washington, and lay before him our grievances, without betraying too great eagerness for war, or manifesting any tokens of pusillanimity. Let us, therefore, my fellow countrymen, form our resolutions with great caution and prudence upon a subject of such vast importance, and in which such fearful consequences may be involved.

"Heed not, O, my countrymen, the opinions of others to that extent as to involve your country in a war that destroys its peace and endangers its future safety, prosperity and happiness. Reflect, ere it be too late, on the great uncertainty of war with the American people, and consider well, ere you engage in it, what the consequences will be if you should be disappointed in your calculations and expectations. Be not deceived with illusive hopes. Hear me, O, my countrymen, if you begin this war it will end in calamities to us from which we are now free and at a distance; and upon whom of us they will fall, will only be determined by the uncertain and hazardous event. Be not, I pray you, guilty of rashness, which I never as yet have known you to be; therefore, I implore you, while healing measures are in the election of us all, not to break the treaty, nor violate your pledge of honor, but to submit our grievances, whatever they may be, to the Congress of the United States, according to the articles of the treaty existing between us and the American people. If not, I here invoke the Great Spirit, who takes cognizance of oaths, to bear me witness, that I shall endeavor to avenge myself upon the authors of this war, by whatever methods you shall set me an example. Remember we are a people who have never grown insolent with success, or become abject in adversity; but let those who invite us to hazardous attempts by uttering our praise, also know that the pleasure of hearing has never elevated our spirits above our judgment, nor an endeavor to exasperate us by a flow of invectives to be provoked the sooner to compliance. From tempers equally balanced let it be known that we are warm in the field of battle, and cool in the hours of debate; the for-

mer, because a sense of duty has the greater influence over a sedate disposition, and magnanimity the keenest sense of shame; and though good we are at debate, still our education is not polite enough to teach us a contempt of laws, yet by its severity gives us so much good sense as never to disregard them.

"We are not a people so impertinently wise as to invalidate the preparations of our enemies by a plausible harangue, and then absolutely proceed to a contest; but we reckon the thoughts of the pale-faces to be of a similar cast with our own, and that hazardous contingencies are not to be determined by a speech. We always presume that the projects of our enemies are judiciously planned, and then we seriously prepare to defeat them. Nor do we found our success upon the hope that they will certainly blunder in their conduct, but upon the hope that we have omitted no proper steps for our own security. Such is the discipline which our fathers have handed down to us; and by adhering to it, we have reaped many advantages. Let us, my countrymen, not forget it now, nor in short space of time precipitately determine a question in which so much is involved. It is indeed the duty of the prudent, so long as they are not injured, to delight in peace. But it is the duty of the brave, when injured, to lay peace aside, and to have recourse to arms; and when successful in these, to then lay them down again in peaceful quiet; thus never to be elevated above measure by success in war, nor delighted with the sweets of peace to suffer insults. For he who, apprehensive of losing the delight, sits indolently at ease, will soon be deprived of the enjoyment of that delight which interesteth his fears; and he whose passions are inflamed by military success, elevated too high by a treacherous confidence, hears no longer the dictates of judgment.

"Many are the schemes, though unadvisedly planned, through the more unreasonable conduct of an enemy, which turn out successful; but more numerous are those which, though seemingly founded on mature counsel, draw after them a disgraceful and opposite result. This proceeds from that great inequality of spirit with which an exploit is projected, and with which it is put into actual execution. For in council we resolve, surrounded with security; in execution we faint, through the prevalence of fear. Listen to the voice of prudence, oh, my countrymen, ere you rashly act. But do as you may, know this truth, enough for you to know, I shall join our friends, the Americans, in this war."

The observant eye of Tecumseh saw, ere Apushamatahah had closed, that the tide was turning against him; and, maddened at the unexpected eloquence, the bold and irre-

sistible arguments of the Choctaw orator, the moment Apushamatahah had taken his seat he sprang to the center of the circle and, as a last effort to sustain his waning cause, cried out in a loud, bold and defiant tone of voice, "All who will follow me in this war throw your tomahawks into the air above your heads." Instantly the air for many feet above was filled with the clashing of ascending, revolving and descending tomahawks, then all was hushed. Tecumseh then turned his piercing eyes upon Apushamatahah with a haughty air of triumph, and again took his seat. All eyes were instantly turned to where the fearless hero sat. At once the mighty Choctaw, nothing daunted, sprang to his feet, gave the Choctaw hoyopatassuha (war-whoop), then, with the nimble bound of an antelope, leaped into the circle, and hurling his tomahawk into the air, shouted in a loud and defiant tone, "All who will follow me to victory and glory in this war let me also see your tomahawks in the air."

Again the air seemed filled with tomahawks. Again silence prevailed. The test has been made, and what is the issue? The two forest orators have just counterpoised each others' arguments, making an equal division in opinion among the vast assembly of warriors, which caused a strange alternative of hope in the one, and of apprehension in the other, of the now newly formed and opposing parties. Truly, that midnight council presented as wild and romantic a scene as can possibly be imagined, but which neither words nor pencil can justly express or paint; the wild glare of the burning log-heap alternately presenting in different shades the immediate surroundings in all their picturesque and romantic appearance; the voice of nature's unlettered and untutored orators alone disturbing the stillness of the night; friends and countrymen besieged by conflicting emotions expressed alone by the face. What a medley was there and then presented! some incredulous, some convinced; some hopeful, some despairing; but all breasts heaving with the wildest, conflicting emotions. But I leave the reader to turn his thoughts upon it, and view it through the whole of its proceedings by the power of his imagination, which he can only do.

What now was to be done in this dilemma of a dubious issue? If half followed the suggestions of Tecumseh, and took sides with the English, and the other, those of Apushamatahah declaring for the Americans, it would virtually be civil war, and that should not—must not be. To settle the question, after many conflicting suggestions had been proposed and rejected by first one and then the other of the two opposing parties, it was finally resolved to refer the matter

to an aged Choctaw seer, living some distance away, and abide by his decision. The council adjourned to await his coming. A proper deputation was immediately sent to request his presence without delay, which returned in the evening of the second day accompanied by the old and venerable Choctaw hopaii (seer) whose white locks and wrinkled face proclaimed life's journey had passed many years beyond man's allotted period of three score and ten. As the twilight of the declining day approached, the council fire was replenished, and when night again had thrown o'er all her sable mantle, the council once more convened.

Again Tecumseh made the opening speech, rehearsing his designs and plans before the attentive seer and warrior host in strains of the most fascinating eloquence. Again followed Apushamatahah, who fell not behind his worthy competitor in native eloquence and logical argument. No other spoke, for both parties had mutually left the mooted question in the hands of the two great chiefs, statesmen and orators. When the two distinguished disputants had been respectively heard by the aged seer, he arose and slowly walked to the centre of the circle, gazed a moment over the silent but solicitous throng, and then said: "Assemble here to-morrow when the sun shall be yonder—pointing to the zenith—build a scaffold there—pointing to the spot—as high as my head; fill up the intervening space beneath with dry wood; bring also a red heifer two years old free of all disease, and tie her near the scaffold; and to-morrow the Great Spirit will decide for you this great question."

On the next day the appointed hour found the multitude assembled; the altar erected; the wood prepared, and the sacrificial offering in waiting. The seer then ordered the heifer to be slain; the skin removed; the entrails taken out and placed some distance away; the carcass cut up into small pieces and laid upon the scaffold; he then applied a brand of fire to the dry wood under the scaffold; then commanded the vast multitudes, all, everyone, to stretch themselves upon the ground, faces to the earth, and thus to remain in profound silence until he ordered them to rise, which command was instantly obeyed; then seizing the bloody skin he stretched it upon the ground, hair downward, and quickly rolled himself up in it, and commenced a series of prayers and doleful lamentations, at the same time rolling himself backward and forward before the consuming sacrifice uttering his prayers and lamentations intermingled with dissonant groans fearful to be heard; and thus he continued until the altar and the flesh thereon were entirely consumed. Then freeing himself from the skin, he sprang to his feet

and said: "Osh (the) Ho-che-to (Great) Shilup (Spirit) a-num-pul-ih (has spoken). Wak-a-yah (rise) ah-ma (and) Een (His) a-num-pa (message) hak-loh (hear). All leaped to their feet, and gathered in close circles around their venerated seer, who, pointing to the sky, exclaimed: "The Great Spirit tells me to warn you against the dark and evil designs of Tecumseh, and not to be deceived by his words; that his schemes are unwise; and if entered into by you, will bring you into trouble; that the Americans are our friends, and you must not take up the tomahawk against them; if you do, you will bring sorrow and desolation upon yourselves and nations. Choctaw and Chickasaws, obey the words of the Great Spirit." Enough! As oil upon the storm agitated waters of the sea, so fell the mandates of the Great Spirit upon the war agitated hearts of those forest warriors, and all was hushed to quiet; reason assumed again her sway; peace rejoiced triumphant, as all in harmony sought their forest homes; and thus the far scattered white settlers, in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and Florida, and the western portion of Tennessee, escaped inevitable destruction; for, had Tecumseh been successful in uniting those five then powerful and warlike tribes into the adoption of his schemes scarcely a white person would have been left in all their broad territories to tell the tale of their complete extermination; since the wily Shawnee had laid off for each tribe its particular field of operation, before he had left his northern home to entice them into daring schemes. The whites were then but few, scattered here and there, and at great distances apart, and could not have competed even with the Choctaws alone, as they, at that time, numbered between thirty and forty thousand warriors, and, besides, the blow would have fallen upon them when least expected and most unprepared.

But the long cherished hopes of Tecumseh were blasted, and Apushamatahah erected his trophies upon his defeat. Though greatly disappointed, yet not disheartened, Tecumseh at once set his footsteps toward the Muscogee Nation, now the State of Georgia.

Apushamatahah, who then lived near St. Stephens, now in Washington county, Alabama, turned his steps directly for that little town. Rumor of Tecumseh's presence among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and the council on the Tanapoh Ikbih river, had preceded him; and when he arrived at the little place he found it in a blaze of excitement, for a thousand exaggerated reports had but added to the conjecture as to the convening of the two tribes in common council, with the noted Shawnee Chief. But their fears were

wholly allayed when the noble Apushamatahah, whose veracity none questioned, rode into the little town, and gave a short sketch of the proceedings at the council, and also proffered the services of himself and warriors to the Americans, which were cordially accepted by George S. Gaines, then United States agent to the Choctaws, and who, in company with the noble chief, immediately hastened to Mobile, to inform General Flournoy of Apushamatahah's proposition. To the astonishment of all, General Flournoy refused to accept the offer of the great Choctaw chief and warriors; while from every mouth loud curses and bitter denunciations were heard against his considered folly and seeming madness. With heavy heart and unpleasant forebodings Gaines returned to St. Stephens with Apushamatahah, whose grave silence but too plainly told the wound inflicted.

Fortunately, however, Flournoy reconsidered his refusal, and at once sent word to Gaines not only to accept the proposal of Apushamatahah in the name of the United States, but also to go immediately into the Choctaw Nation and secure the Choctaws as allies in the approaching war. There had been great apprehension lest the Choctaws would unite with the Muscogees and other disaffected tribes, as allies to the English; which they would, perhaps, have done, had Flournoy's rejection of Apushamatahah's proposal been given previous to the council held but a few days before. Apushamatahah, without delay, returned to his people then in the northern district of his Nation—contiguous to the Chickasaw Nation, and there assembled his warriors in council, while Gaines hastened to Colonel John Pitchlynn's house, near where the council with Tecumseh had but shortly adjourned, and where he was fortunate enough to meet Colonel McKee, United States Agent to the Chickasaws. At that time, the Choctaw Nation was divided into three districts, of which Apushamatahah was the ruling chief of the eastern, Apakfohlichihubih, of the northern, and Amoshohlihuhih of the southern. Gaines at once left Colonel Pitchlynn's and hastened to the Choctaw council, where he found Apushamatahah and several thousand of his warriors already assembled; to whom Apushamatahah made a long and eloquent speech denouncing the ambitious views of Tecumseh, and extolling the friendship of the American people; then offered to lead all who would follow him, to victory and glory against the enemies of the Americans. As soon as he had concluded his speech, a warrior sprang from his seat on the ground, and striking his breast repeatedly with the palm of his right hand, shouted: "Choctaw siah! Tushka chitoh siah aiena! Pimmi miko uno iakiyah. (A Choctaw I am. I

am also a great warrior. I will follow our chief). To which action and sentiment the whole council at once responded. In the mean time, McKee hastened with Colonel John Pitchlynn to the Chickasaw Nation, and by mutual efforts succeeded in assembling them in council, and successfully secured them also as the allies to the Americans. Thus, by the firmness, influence and eloquence of the great and good Apushamatahah, Tecumseh's plans were thwarted, and those two then powerful tribes, the Choctaws and Chickasaws, secured as allies to the Americans, in the war with England in 1812, and also in that known as "The Creek war."

In the council convened, in which the Choctaws declared in favor of the Americans against the English and the Muscogees, Apushamatahah publicly announced that, every Choctaw warrior who joined the Muscogees, should be shot, if ever they returned home. Still, there were thirty young warriors under the leadership of a sub-chief named Illi Shuah (Dead Stink), who joined the Muscogees. It was said, five or six lived to return home after the defeat of the Muscogees, all of whom Apushamatahah caused to be shot. But an aged Choctaw (long since deceased) whom I interviewed concerning the subject, stated that all the thirty warriors, who joined the Muskogees under Illi Shuah, were slain in battle to a man; but Illi Shuah escaped and finally returned home, but he did not remember whether Apushamatahah had him shot or not. In the "Creek war," Apushamatahah, assisted General Jackson with seven hundred warriors; and in the "Battle of Orleans," with five hundred. In both of which they proved themselves to be worthy allies in bravery and in the use of the deadly rifle.

The noble Apushamatahah descended not through a successive line of chiefs, but was of common parentage. Yet of whom it may be truly said: He was one of nature's nobility, and born to command—a man who raised himself from the obscurity of the wilderness unlettered and untaught; but by his superior native talents, undaunted bravery, noble generosity, unimpeachable integrity, unassumed hospitality to the known and unknown, won the admiration, respect, confidence and love of his people; and also, of all the whites—high or low, rich or poor—who were personally acquainted with him. He was truly and justly the pride of the Choctaw people when living, and their veneration today though long dead. He acknowledged no paternity. Yet, his own statement in regard to his genæology, as related to me by the aged Choctaws of the past, and is still mentioned by their descendants at the present day, with great pride, as charac-

teristic of the manly independence of their honored chieftain, is worthy of record. It is in substance as follows:

On one occasion a deputation was sent by the Choctaws to Washington City to present the respects of their nation to the President of the United States who, at that time, was Andrew Jackson, and to assure him of their abiding friendship toward him as the "Great Chief" of the American people, and to also confer with him relative to the future interests and welfare of their nation. The renowned Apushamatahah was one of the deputation. A few days after their arrival in the city a reception was given to them, at which many of the cabinet and representative officers were present. Among the many and various questions that were asked of the different members of the delegation was the question, How they became so distinguished among their people? To which various answers were given, each telling his own story of the exploits which brought him out of obscurity and placed his name in the temple of human fame. Apushamatahah, up to this time, had said nothing. At length President Jackson requested the interpreter to ask him how he became such a great warrior and renowned chief. To which Apushamatahah coolly and with unassumed indifference replied: "Tell the white chief it's none of his business." This unexpected retort attracted the attention of all present, and all eyes were at once turned upon the bold chief. Jackson, amused at the reply, and pleased at the manly independence of the noble chief, requested the interpreter to propound the same question again; which was done, but to which Apushamatahah seemed to give no heed. The curiosity of all being greatly excited, the question was asked still again. To which Apushamatahah then replied: "Well, if the white chief must know, tell him that Apushamatahahubih has neither father nor mother, nor kinsman upon the earth. Tell him that once upon a time, far away from here in the great forests of the Choctaw Nation, a dark cloud arose from the western horizon, and with astonishing velocity, traveled up the arched expanse; across its dark face the bright lightning played in incessant flashes, while the rolling thunder reverberated in muffled tones from hill to hill amid the vast solitudes of the surrounding forests. Swiftly and majestically it climbed the western sky, while the lightning flashed, followed by the thunder's roar in successive peal after peal. In silence profound, all animate nature stood apart; soon the fearful cloud reached the zenith, then as quickly spread its dark mantle o'er the sky entire, shutting out the light of the sun, and wrapping earth in midnight gloom, lighted only in lucid intervals by the light-

ning's fitful glare, followed by peals of thunder in deafening roar. Then burst the cloud and rose the wind; and while falling rains and howling winds, lightnings gleam and thunders roar, in wild confusion blended, a blinding flash blazed athwart the sky as if to view the scene, then hurled its strength against a mighty oak—an ancient monarch of the woods that for ages had defied the storm with his boasted power—and cleft it in equal twain from utmost top to lowest bottom; when, lo! from its riven trunk leaped a mighty man; in stature, perfect; in wisdom, profound; in bravery, unequalled—a full-fledged warrior. 'Twas Apushamatahah-ubih."

In November 1812, Apushamatahah visited General Claiborne. When he approached the General's tent, he was received by the lieutenant on guard, who invited him to drink. that "civilized" method of the whites to prove the sincere emotions of the heart in regard to friendship. Apushamatahah answered only with a look of contempt. He recognized no equal with one epaulette. When Gen Claiborne walked in, the Choctaw Chieftan shook him by the hand and proudly said, as to one equal, "Chief, I will drink with you." He was six feet two inches in height, of powerful frame and Herculean strength, and with features after the finest models of the antique, composed, dignified, and seductive in his deportment, and was the most remarkable man the Choctaws ever produced since the days of Chahtah, the Great Miko of their traditional past. He was sometimes called Koi Hosh, (The Panther); and sometimes, Ossi Hosh; sometimes Oka Chilohonfah (Falling Water); The two first alluding to his quick movements and daring exploits in war, and the latter, to the sonorous and musical intonations of his voice.

Sam Dale, the renowned scout of General Andrew Jackson in the "Creek war" of 1812, and as famous in his day, as Kit Carson in the narrative of Gen. Fremont in his exploring expedition over the Rocky Mountains, stated that he had heard Tecumseh and the Prophet of the Shawnees; Bill Weatherford of the Muscogees; Big Warrior of the Cherokees, and Apokföhlichubih of the Choctaws, besides the most distinguished American orators in congress, but never one who had such music in his tones, such energy in his manner, and such power over his audience as Apushamatahah, the Choctaw chief, patriot and warrior.

Many characteristic anecdotes are related of him, and of which I will mention a few: A feud once existed between him and another Choctaw chief of the Yazoo district, and it was generally believed that when they met their tomahawks would settle the difference between them. One day his rival

was seen approaching in company with a large party of warriors; and on a nearer approach, manifested great agitation irresolutely grasping his tomahawk. Apushamatahah, as soon as he discovered him shouted his challenging warwhoop, rushed toward him with his long hunting knife in his hand, then suddenly stopped, and with a smile of the utmost contempt, cried out "Hushi osh chishikta! Katihma ish wun-nichih! Hosh mahli Keyumahlih. Ea, ho bak! Ea!" (Leaf of the red-oak! Why, do you tremble? The wind blows not. Go, coward! Go!) The word hobak is considered by the Choctaws, as a word of the greatest reproach and most unpardonable offense that could possibly be applied to a man, its true signification being an eunuch.

Apushamatahah was very sensitive at the appearance of anything that even bore the appearance of oppression. A few soldiers, at that day, were stationed at the agency among the Choctaws, as they are and always have been among all Indians, as a bright (?) manifestation of the great confidence(?) the whites cherished in the integrity and friendship of all Indians; and one of the soldiers being addicted to drunkenness, and at one time having become boisterously drunk, he was tied to a tree, for the want of that necessary appendage to an Indian Agency, as well as to all towns among the whites, a jail or guard house, until he became sober. Apushamatahah happening to pass by and seeing the soldier tied asked him of what he was guilty, that he should be placed in so humiliating a condition; being told the cause, he at once released the unfortunate man, exclaiming, "Is that all? many good warriors get drunk."

Apushamatahah, in unison with the ancient custom of the Choctaws, had two wives. Being asked if he did not consider it wrong for a man to have more than one living wife, he replied: "Certainly not. Should not every woman be allowed the privilege of having a husband, as well as a man a wife? and how can every one have a husband when there are more women than men? Our Great Father had the Choctaws counted last year, and it was ascertained that there were more women than men, and if a man was allowed but one wife many of our women would have no husbands. Surely, the women should have equal chances with the men in that particular."

During the Creek war of 1814, in which Apushamatahah was engaged with eight hundred of his warriors as allies of the United States, as before stated, a small company of Choctaw women, among whom was the wife of Apushamatahah, visited their husbands and friends then in the American army in the Creek Nation. A white soldier, grossly

insulted the wife of the distinguished Choctaw chief, for which the justly indignant chief knocked him down with the hilt of his sword, instead of plunging it through his body, as he should have done. Being arrested for the just and meritorious act, and asked by the commanding general the reasons for his act, he fearlessly answered: "He insulted my wife, and I knocked the insolent dog down; but had you, General, have insulted her as that common soldier did, I would have used the point upon you instead of the hilt, in resenting an insult offered to my wife." And he would have been as good as his word; for a Choctaw then, as now, is not slow in resenting any insult offered to the female portion of his family, and his work is quick and sure; and had not the noble Apushamatahah regarded the soldier who insulted his wife, as too contemptible a creature for the point of his sword, he would have plunged it through his body without a moment's hesitation; and that he only knocked him down with the hilt, is sufficient evidence that he did not regard him worthy its point.

Apushamatahah was exceedingly fond of engaging in that ancient and time-honored amusement, the famous *Tolih* (ball play); and in which the Choctaws, as well as the southern portion of their race, took great delight—a gymnasium indeed, where were exhibited and tried the various physical powers of man, unsurpassed on earth; and in which even those of ancient Greece and Rome dwindle into insignificance.

While battling with his warriors for the interests of the Americans under Andrew Jackson, in 1814, General Jackson presented to Apushamatahah a complete military suit and sword, as worn by the American generals; which he wore with manly and becoming dignity until the close of the war; which, after the close, he took off and hung up in his cabin, and never afterwards put on the suit; but donned his native garb and once more became the Apushamatahah of his people. Having become wearied, however, in looking upon the white man's insignia—that feeble representation of true greatness in the opinion of the Choctaw hero—he took the suit from its resting place, rolled it up and fastened it to one end of a long rope, then attached the other end to his belt; and then, with quiver full of arrows hung over his left shoulder and bow in hand, marched through various parts of his village, dragging the insignificant badge of meritorious distinction on the ground behind him; at each house he approached, he shot a chicken, if one was found; took it up and inserted its head under his belt; then he continued his silent walk, and seeking another house, there shot another chicken,

also slipped its head under his belt: and thus he continued his march from house to house with a solemn and silent gravity, taxing each a chicken until he had shot as many as he could slip heads under the belt. The owners of the chickens said nothing, knowing that some fun was ahead. He then walked to an untaxed house with his load of chickens dangling from his belt, had them nicely dressed and cooked, then invited all from whom he had taken a chicken to come and partake of the feast he had thus unceremoniously prepared for them. They went and had a jolly time, Apushamatahah figuring as the gayest among the gay. He left his suit lying upon the ground before the door of the house at which he deposited the chickens, a frail memento of human greatness with its hopes departed.

In 1823, Apushamatahah, then about sixty years of age, walked about 80 miles from his home (being too poor to own a horse, and too proud to borrow one) to attend a council of his Nation. Mr. John Pitchlynn, then United States interpreter to the Choctaws, and Mr. Ward, United States agent, (with both of whom I was in boyhood personally acquainted), were present at the council. At the adjournment of the council, Mr. Ward suggested to Mr. Pitchlynn that they purchase a horse for the old chief. Mr. Pitchlynn readily acquiesced in the proposition, but with the proviso that Apushamatahah must pledge his word that he would not sell the horse for whiskey. Apushamatahah cheerfully gave the pledge, received the horse and departed for his distant home highly elated with his unexpected good fortune. A few months after he visited the agency, and Ward discovered that he was again minus a horse, and learned, upon inquiry that he had lost the presented horse in betting him on a ball-play. Ward at once accused him of violating his pledged word, which Apushamatahah as firmly denied. "But you promised," continued Ward, "that you would not sell the horse." "True I did;" retorted the venerable old chief. "But I did not promise you and my good friend, John Pitchlynn, that I would not bet him in a game of ball. Ward conceded the victory to Apushamatahah, and chided him no more.

In 1824, this great and good man visited Washington City in company with other Choctaw chiefs, as delegates of their Nation to the United States government; at which time he made the following remarks to the Secretary of War, which were written down as he spoke them.

"Father, I have been here many days, but have not talked, have been sick. I belong to another district, different from these my companions and countrymen. You have no doubt heard of me, I am Apushamatahahubih. When in

my own country, I often looked towards this Council House, and desired to see it, I have come, but I am in trouble, and would tell my sorrows; for I feel as a little child reclining in the bend of its father's arms, and looks up into his face in childish confidence to tell him of its troubles; and I would now recline in the bend of your arm, and trustingly look in your face, therefore hear my words.

"When at my distant home in my own native land, I heard that men had been appointed to talk to us; I refrained from speaking there, as I preferred to come here and speak; therefore I am here to-day. I can boastingly say, and in so doing speak the truth, that none of my ancestors, nor my present Nation, ever fought against the United States. As a Nation of people, we have always been friendly, and ever listened to the applications of the American People. We have given of our country to them until it has become very small. I came here years ago when a young man to see my Father Jefferson. He then told me if ever we got into trouble we must come and tell him, and he would help us. We are in trouble, and have come; but I will now let another talk."

The above was but a preliminary to a speech he intended to make, and which, had he lived to have delivered, would have proved to his hearers in Washington his great native eloquence, which had been so long and much eulogized by the whites who had often heard him around the council fires of his Nation.

In conversation with the noble General Lafayette during the same visit to Washington City Apushamatahah closed with the following: "This is the first time I have seen you, and I feel it will be the last. The earth will separate us forever—farewell!" How prophetic! He died but a few days after. When stretched upon his bed of death, fully conscious of his near approaching end, he calmly turned his eyes upon the faces of the Choctaw delegates standing around him, and said: "I am dying, and will never return again to our native and loved land. But you will go back to our distant homes; and as you journey you will see the wild flowers of the forests and hear the songs of the happy birds of the woods, but Apushamatahahubih will see and hear them no more.

"When you return home you will be asked, 'Apushamatahah katimmaho?' (where is Apushamatahah?), and you will answer, 'Illitok' (dead to be). And it will fall upon their ears as the sound of a mighty oak falling in the solitude of the woods." His dying words were—"Illi siah makinli sa paknaka tanapoh chitoh tokalichih" (As soon as I am dead

shoot off the big guns above). The request of the dying hero was strictly complied with. The minute-guns were fired on Capitol Hill as the solemn and imposing procession of half a mile in length marched to the cemetery—that silent and melancholy habitation of the dead—and there the great Choctaw Chief and warrior found a grave where all distinctions cease and where neither flatteries, nor censures, nor proffered wealth, nor honors, could seduce his incorruptible heart.

His surrounding brother chiefs erected a monument over the grave of their distinguished chieftain, with the following meritorious epitaph,—“Apushamatahah, a Choctaw Chief; lies here. This monument to his memory is erected by his brother chiefs who were associated with him in a delegation from their nation, in the year 1824, to the government of the United States. Apushamatahah was a warrior of great distinction. He was wise in council, eloquent to an extraordinary degree; and on all occasions, and under all circumstances, the white man’s friend. He died in Washington on the 24th of December, 1824, of the croup, in the 60th year of his age.”

Apushamatahah had only one son, who was named Johnson. He moved with his people to their present homes, and served them in the capacity of Prosecuting Attorney for many years, in Apushamatahah District. He lived to prove himself worthy of his distinguished father, and in many respects was a true scion of the parent trunk.

Truly, if the adventures through which Apushamatahah passed had been preserved, they would have furnished alone abundant material for all the writers of romance in the United States, for years.

It is conceded by all who knew him, that he was the most renowned warrior and influential chief of the Choctaw Nation, since their acquaintance with the whites. He was a man who never surrendered nor disguised his opinions and convictions upon any subject whatever. His recoil from all that which was mean, selfish, false, and unjust resembled the impulse with which the strongly bent bow recoils from the curve to which the strong arm of the experienced archer has forced it.

Nor did Tecumseh, whom I would not pass unheeded by, fall below Apushamatahah; and he too may deservedly have a place among the greatest of the North American Indian chiefs; and truthfully may it be said of him, his arm pervaded, his vigilance detected, his spirit animated, and his generosity won, in all directions, and he ever maintained the standing he acquired among all his race everywhere.

That Tecumseh was a man of tender feelings and noble principles is sufficiently attested in his actions at Fort Miami. When the white prisoners, taken at Fort Meigs in 1813, were confined in Fort Miami by General Proctor, some of them were being slain by the Indians in the presence of Proctor, and his officers, when suddenly a thrilling voice in the Shawnee language was heard, and soon Tecumseh was seen approaching on his horse at full speed, and springing to the ground where two Indians were in the act of killing an American prisoner, he hurled them both to the ground, then brandishing his tomahawk he threatened death to the Indian that dared to kill another prisoner. All knew too well that the fearless chieftain threatened not in vain, and the killing instantly ceased. Then he called out in the loudest tone of voice, "Where is Proctor?" but at the same instant, seeing him standing a few rods distant, he sternly demanded of him why he permitted the murdering of the American prisoners? To which Proctor replied: "I cannot govern your warriors." Upon which Tecumseh fixed his keen and penetrating eyes upon him a moment, and then, with the utmost contempt, cried out, "Begone! you are not fit to command; go put on a petticoat," an epithet denoting the Indian's supreme disgust and highest contempt.

To Tecumseh the idea of selling land was an absurdity. On one occasion, he cried out in unfeigned astonishment: "What! sell land! As well sell air and water. The Great Spirit gave them in common to all—the air to breathe, the water to drink, and the land to live upon—you may as well sell air and water as sell land;" and in the same light did all the North American Indians view it, and hence their opposition to land severalty which they cannot understand nor comprehend.

Tecumseh, signifying Flying Arrow, (it is said) belonged to the clan called Panther of the Kickapoo tribe. His mother was a Muscogee and his father a Shawnee, though born among the Muscogees in the South, and afterwards moved to Ohio among his own tribe and settled upon the banks of the Sciota river, but while upon the journey Tecumseh was born.

The Kickapoos of the present day are supposed to be a branch of the Shawnee tribe proper, as the traditions of both give nearly the same accounts of their union and separation, besides their language is said to identically the same.

The Shawnee traditions declare their ancestors formerly dwelt in a foreign land, but the reason for the abandonment of their ancient sites is not stated.

But when the day appointed for their exodus rolled

around, they were informed by the Great Spirit through their prophets, to march in a body to the shore of a sea, and then select a leader from the multitude, who would be clothed by the Great Spirit with that supernatural power that the waters of the sea, as soon as he touched them, would separate and he would conduct them on dry land safely across to another country. Having reached the sea, a selection was made but the incredulity of the chosen caused him to refuse the honor as well as the responsibility; many having been chosen with like results, it began to awaken no little trepidation, when one, who was selected from a clan called The Turtle Clan, accepted the position, and confidence was again restored. All things being duly prepared to resume their journey, still to many of uncertain issue, their chosen leader boldly placed himself at the head of the host, and fearlessly stepped into the sea, upon which the waters at once divided to the right and to the left, and they safely walked across on the bottom and thus came to this country; reminding one of the account given by Holy Writ of Moses and the Jewish host encountering the waters of the Red Sea. To what else can the Shawnee tradition point, but the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites in their exodus from Egypt and their flight before Pharaoh and his pursuing army?

The Shawnees had another tradition whose shades of coloring seem greatly Jewish. It is, that the Shawnees were originally divided into twelve tribes, each one having a distinct and separate name; and each of which was afterwards sub-divided into clans, called The Eagle, The Panther, The Turtle, etc., the animals whose names they bore constituting their coat-of-arms, or totem. Their traditions also affirm two of the original tribes became extinct, as also were their names; while the other ten are still extant, though but four are wholly distinct, and are called The Ma-kas-trake, The Pick-a-way, The Kick-a-poo, and the Chil-i-cothe Clans; the other six, according to their tradition, having been incorporated with the four. It has been stated by the early missionaries to them, that to a late date their council houses were separated into four divisions, each one of which was assigned to the occupancy of each one of the tribes separate and apart from each other, and was invariably so occupied. And that it was impossible for the whites to discriminate in the least whatever, yet the Indians themselves could tell to which clan any one belonged as soon as they saw him.

Truly, what an interesting and instructive volume would the early history of the North American Indians have been, with all the various traditions of their migrations, vicissitudes and changes, had they been preserved.

It long has been believed that Col. Richard M. Johnson killed Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, and the following from the pen of Benjamin B. Griswold strengthens, if not wholly confirms it. "I had an interview with Noon-day, chief of the Ottawa tribe, about the year 1838. This chief was six feet high, broad shouldered, well proportioned, with broad high cheek bones, piercing black eyes, and long black hair which hung down upon his shoulders, and he possessed wonderful muscular power. He was converted to the Christian religion by the preaching of a Baptist missionary named Slater, whose mission was located about three miles north of Gull Prairie, in the county of Kalamangoo, Michigan. Just over the county line and in the edge of Barry county, this chief and about one hundred and fifty of his tribe were located and instructed in farming. A church was erected which answered for a school house, and here, residing near them, I attended their church and listened to the teachings of Mr. Slater in the Indian dialect, and to the prayers of this old chief. To get a history of any Indian who fought on the side of the British has ever been a difficult task; but through the Rev. Mr. Slater I succeeded, to a limited extent, in getting a sketch from this old chief of the battle of the Thames, in which he was engaged. After rehearsing the speech which Tecumseh made to his warriors previous to the engagement and how they all felt, that they fought to defend Tecumseh more than for the British, he was asked, were you near Tecumseh when he fell? 'Yes; directly on his right.' Who killed him? 'Richard M. Johnson.' Give us the circumstances. 'He was on a horse, and the horse fell over a log; and Tecumseh, with his tomahawk, rushed upon him to kill him, when he drew a pistol from his holster, shot him in the breast, and he fell dead on his face. I ran to him and, with the assistance of Saginaw, carried him from the field. When he fell the Indians all stopped fighting and the battle ended.' We laid him down upon a blanket in a wigwam, and we all wept, we loved him so much. I took his hat and tomahawk.' Where are they now? 'I have his tomahawk and Saginaw his hat.' Could I get them? 'No; Indian keep them.' How did you know it was Johnson who killed him? 'General Cass took me to see the Great Father, Van Buren, at Washington. I went to the great wigwam, and when I went in I saw the same man I see in Battle,' an Indian never forgets a man's face (once seen). The same man I see kill Tecumseh. Johnson replied that he never knew who it was, but a powerful Indian approached him and he shot him with his pistol. 'That was Tecumseh. I see you do it.' Noon-day finished his story of Tecumseh by

telling of his noble traits, the tears meanwhile trickling down his cheeks." There can be no doubt of Noon-day's unvarnished narrative; and he who would doubt it, is well prepared to doubt any truth.

It is a matter of regret that so little has been preserved of Apushamatahah and Tecumseh, and so few circumstances have escaped oblivion, which would most clearly have elucidated their private characters. Both were men respected, honored, and loved by all who knew them. Tecumseh, by the Indians and English, and Apushamatahah, by the Indians and Americans. Noble men! Though history may not record their names with earth's illustrious great as worthy remembrance in the years to come, yet they were, as well as thousands of their race, mortals of no common mould, and worthy a place 'mid names of high degree.

But why have not the services of Apushamatahah—that remarkable friend of the American people—been written? Alas! he was an Indian. But I mistake! They have been written; and to-day, after the lapse of nearly three quarters of a century, the aged Choctaws speak his name with loving reverence, while the young listen with wondrous delight to the thrilling stories of his life in many an humble home in their territory.

The death of Apushamatahah shrouded the countenances of the bereaved chiefs at Washington in the deepest unaffected gloom during their remaining short stay in the city, telling a tale of sorrow that nothing but a full realization of their loss could create. One, however, a young warrior of noble mien, whose power of self-command was not equal to his seniors in age and experience, betrayed emotions that told of a heart overwhelmed with the keenest and deepest anguish, though manifested by no outward expression of feeling. To offered words of consolation by some of the whites, he replied: "I'm sorry"; and being questioned why he should be more deeply grieved than the others, answered: "I'm sorry it was not I who had died"; signifying that his country would have sustained but little loss in his death, in comparison with the loss sustained by the death of Apushamatahah, and thus expressed it—"I'm sorry it was not I." But the recorders of the incident have greatly misrepresented that young Choctaw by stating that the firing of the minute-guns and the pageantry displayed at the burial of Apushamatahah alone produced the deep sorrow manifested, because he himself was not the subject of the honors conferred. That young and sorrowing Choctaw youth was Nitakachieubih (Give us the day to kill), the nephew of A-push-a-ma-taha, and proved himself to be a worthy scion of the

ancestral tree, as a statesman and counselor among his people, sustaining his high honors with dignity through a long and useful life and dying as his noble uncle—lamented by his nation.

In traveling through their present country, many of the aged Choctaws (old friends when living east of the Mississippi river) have expressed great indignation that Nitakachie was so unjustly misrepresented. Indian men die every day, whose lives are grander than those of the world's historic battle heroes; yea, and women too, before whose pure devotion the heroism even of Joan of Arc would fade away; yet the world knows nothing of them.

We, the American people of to-day, still pay (and justly too) the highest honors to the name of General La Fafayette, who extended so generously a helping hand to our fathers in their darkest hour of need; remembering him with filial reverence and gratitude unalloyed, but silently bury in oblivion the name of Apushamatahah, as unworthy of eulogy or even a place in the annals of history; though he, at the head of his brave warriors, with purity of motives and without expectation of reward, also extended to them a helping hand in a gloomy hour of their history, and saved the primitive white settlers of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia—then few, far between, and feeble—from actual extermination.

But had he lived, whose character and noble deeds form the subject under consideration, some centuries ago; had he saved a portion of the citizens of a Roman or Grecian province from destruction, as he did the American citizens of the above named States in 1811, Old Rome and Greece would have deemed no applause too loud, no honors too great, no laurels too extravagant, yea, would have embodied him in columns of unfading marble; yet the name of the old hero of the past, though forgotten by the white beneficiaries of his friendship, still live written upon that imperishable monument, the hearts of his people.

In a letter to me, September 5th, 1891, Judge Julius Folsom, son of Rev. Israel Folsom, thus wrote: "In the year 1861, two Delegates of the Choctaw Nation, Peter P. Pitchlynn and Israel Folsom, were in the city of Washington, D. C., attending to business in which our Nation was interested, but accomplished nothing, as the prospect of an approaching war between the North and South absorbed every other consideration. The two delegates, as soon as they learned that war had actually commenced between the North and South, hastened home that they might use their influence (which no two men exercised more over their Nation than they) in an

effort to keep the Choctaw Nation upon neutral ground. But alas, they were too late! Already had the Confederate troops taken possession of our country, and they found everything in a state of wildest confusion. Up to this time, our protection was in the United States' troops stationed at Fort Washita, under the command of Colonel Emory. But he, as soon as the Confederate troops had entered our country, at once abandoned us and the Fort; and, to make his flight more expeditious and his escape more sure, employed Black Beaver, a Shawnee Indian, under a promise to him of five thousand dollars, to pilot him and his troops out of the Indian country safely without a collision with the Texas Confederates; which Black Beaver accomplished. By this act the United States abandoned the Choctaws and Chickasaws.

Our Indian Agent, 'Duglas H. Cooper, also betrayed the United States by his acts, for he at once joined the rebellion, and urged the Indians of both the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes to do the same, backing his arguments with the threat of confiscation of both land and stock if they refused. But under all this pressure, abandoned by the North, and threatened by the South, they stood upon neutral grounds until the middle of June, 1861! Then, there being no other alternative by which to save their country and property, they, as the less of the two evils that confronted them, went with the Southern Confederacy. Your friend, JULIUS FOLSOM."

Contemporaneous with Apushamatahah was the Choctaw chief Apakfolichihubih who was of the Hai-yipa-tuk-lo Clan (meaning Two Lakes.) He also was a Choctaw whose blood was uncontaminated with anything foreign, a man of sterling merits, whose name is held in grateful and proud remembrance by his people to this day, as a worthy and faithful chief in the national affairs of his common country and the interest of his people. He was also a quiet and unobtrusive man, but faithful in the discharge of his duties as chief; and his seemingly premature death was a national loss to his people, and deeply deplored by them. He lost his life by accidentally stepping off a balcony at night, at a hotel in Maysville, Kentucky, his neck being dislocated by the fall, while going to Washington City as a delegate with Apushamatahah and others of his Nation. Little has been preserved of Apakfolichih's life but that he was an honest man. Enough! Requiescat en pace. Amen! Amosholihubih (To destroy as by fire), was a noted chief of the Oklafalaiah Clan (Long People). It is said the name of this clan had its origin in a Choctaw family who, both parents and children, were uncommonly tall. Amosholihubih, than whom a more far-

sighted man, white or red, is seldom found, was a true patriot; he was calm and dignified in council; possessing a black, keen penetrating eye, and a lowering yet meditative brow on which a thousand emotions of conflicting thoughts and designs seemed to have stamped a portion of their obscurity. Many years prior to the expulsion of his people from their ancient homes, his character was assailed by the white intruders who strolled about over the country, and of whom he had seen and learned enough to convince him, as well as many others, of their utter want of scarcely a redeeming trait of character; therefore, strenuously advocating measures for their expulsion from the Choctaw country and prevention of their return, he was called Hattak-upi-humma okpuluh, (a Bad Red Man.)

Amosholihubih through whose veins unadulterated Choctaw blood alone coursed, and of which he was justly proud, moved with his people to their present homes, where he spent the few remaining years of his life (for he was then an old man) in encouraging their desponding hearts to rise above misfortune and adversity. Though not a fluent speaker, yet he spoke with a dignified but gentle humility; he addressed the reason and good sense of his hearers, and not their passions and prejudices. His untutored delivery was indeed graceful; his argument connected and convincing, and his manners, calculated to attract audiences and hold attention. He lived several years beyond the allotted life of man, reaching nearly four score years and ten. He died at home among his friends and people, honored, respected and loved by his nation, though age seemed not to have diminished his mental faculties, and but slightly impaired his physical powers; and to the last he continued a grand old man, who, while he was as confiding as a child in those who had won his confidence, was full of fire and vigor when he was convinced that wrong had been done either to himself or his people. Always a hater of shams and deceits, liars and defamers, and being never a dissembler nor a coward, liar or defamer himself, there was no room to doubt the side on which he would be found in any cause where there was a question about its truth or its justice; and withal a kindlier, gentler spirit than Amosholihubih possessed was seldom found. The years of his aged wife, who survived her venerable husband many years reached within a few years of a century.

Apushamatahahubih, Apakfolichihubih and Amosholihubih were the head chiefs of the Choctaw Nation in 1814, the latter being the youngest; but after the demise of the two former, Coleman Cole and Nittakachihubih, the nephew of the renowned Apushamatahahubih were chosen as their

successors a few years previous to the treaty of 1830 at Bok Chuckfiluma Hehlah (dancing rabbit creek), Nittakachihubih succeeding his uncle and Coleman Cole, Apakfolichihubih.

Subsequently Greenwood Le Flore superseded Coleman Cole as leading chief of the Apakfolichihubih District, and David Folsom superseded Amosholihubih District; to the proceedings of the latter succession Amosholihubih taking exceptions, and being strenuously supported by Nittakachihubih, he openly disputed the claims of David Folsom to the chieftaincy over him; while Coleman Cole, who was of Shukchih Humma descent, and proved himself an upright and honest man during his whole public, as well as private life, quietly returned to private life after he was superseded by Le Flore, moved west with his people and spent his remaining days in using his influence by precept and example, for their welfare and happiness, and died in the fall of 1884 at the honored age of four score and ten, at his home near Atoka, Indian Territory. But Amosholihubih, still chafing under his political defeat, and viewing the appointment of Colonel David Folsom as chief of the district over which he had so long ruled, as an unjust encroachment upon his rights, resolved to sustain his claims at all hazards. At this time there had just been paid to the Choctaws an annuity, which getting into the hands of Amosholihubih, sustained by a strong party of his adherents, and also by Nittakachih and his entire district, he refused to pay it, or any part of it, into the hands of Colonel Folsom, the proper person to hold it for distribution. This seemingly bold step at once threw the entire nation into a high state of excitement. A council was immediately called, to be represented by the two districts—the one over which Nittakachih presided and the one over which Colonel Folsom had just been appointed. The council at once convened and, as was expected, controversy ran high and the dispute waxed warmer and warmer, and the breach grew wider and wider, resulting in the adjournment of the council sine die, without any definite conclusion being attained; and each party, with anything but amicable feelings the one toward the other, returned to their respective homes—Colonel Folsom and his partisans to their homes in the northern part of the district, the others to theirs in the southern.

Nittakachih was as true a specimen of the North American Indian warrior as ever lived. True courage, than which no other quality commands so great admiration among men, seemed to have been written in every lineament of his face, and his unflinching eyes convinced at a glance that no earth-

ly power could intimidate him. Though small in stature, yet nature had cast his limbs in a mould of delicate yet manly beauty, and also endowed him with a constitution which seemed to bid defiance to almost all changes, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in a great degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great activity, strength and endurance, the other, under a calm semblance, had much of the fiery love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the Indian character, constituting them, in the estimation of the inconsiderate, a remarkable phenomenon; though not more so to be regarded than many of the Nations of antiquity, whose love of war fell not behind that of the North American Indians, yet have not been considered as a remarkable phenomenon. But the face of Nittakachih might well be termed a luminous medium of the passions. The bright or the dark, the lurid cloud and the calm sunshine, made themselves known, not only in the voice and gesture, but also in the ever-varying expression of his eloquent countenance. His self-command under any and all circumstances, and his calm and unassumed fearlessness in the hour that tests the soul of man, were truly wonderful; and, as an illustration, I will here relate an incident of his life, in connection with that of Colonel David Folsom, having its origin in the deposal of Amosholihubih and the elevation of Colonel David Folsom to his place as a chief concerning which I have just spoken.

As soon as the council adjourned, Colonel David Folsom, fearing the hot words passed in the council might be but the preliminaries to something serious, immediately sent a messenger to Greenwood Le Flore then living in the extreme western portion of the Nation to inform him of the unpleasant state of affairs existing in his district, and the causes; and also the fears he entertained of its resulting in bloodshed. Le Flore, comprehending the situation at once, collected a large body of his warriors without delay and hastened to Colonel Folsom's place of residence, then known as The Choctaw Agency, twelve or fifteen miles south of the present town of Starkville, Mississippi, on the road now leading from Columbus to Jackson, then known as the "Old Robinson Road."

In the meantime rumor was on the wing that Amosholihubih and Nittakachih had threatened to depose Colonel Folsom and reinstate Amosholihubih even if it had to be done by the tomahawk and rifle. Colonel Folsom at first regarded the rumor as having no foundation in truth—a feint on the part of Amosholihubih and Nittakachih to bring him

to their measures—but soon learned to his surprise and sorrow that they evidently meditated hostilities, as they were actually collecting their warriors at the then trading-house of the Choctaws with the whites, on the Tanapo Ikbi river, now known as Demopolis. Colonel Folsom now fully comprehended the gathering storm no longer of doubtful mien; for the distant thunder in its low mutterings, and the glitterings here and there of the lightning's flash, while he felt the heaving and rocking of the convulsed mountain, all unmistakably portended a terrific eruption; and it was now manifest that but a spark was wanting to kindle the flame of civil war, and who could tell the moment that spark would appear! Colonel Folsom immediately sent out his runners (fleet horsemen) to call together his warriors; and then were seen these runners, mounted upon their fleetest horses, speeding with the velocity of the wind from village to village and from neighborhood to neighborhood, calling to arms. Truly, it was astonishing in how short a time the Choctaws, at that day and time, could send any intelligence they desired to convey, from any part of their country to another. If anything of importance occurred to-day in any part of the Nation it was known on the morrow at distances seemingly incredible.

All was now in a blaze of wild excitement. The missionaries in their quiet and peaceful homes, though not indifferent to these seemingly approaching events that were then and there extending their shadows before, did not anticipate anything serious at first, even as was thought by all that the events that foreshadowed our civil war of 1861, would have its origin in blustering only to terminate in an empty noise; but the thrilling warwhoop that now disturbed the hitherto quiet, echoing by day and by night from hill to hill through their then boundless forest; the renewed life and active energy displayed by the warriors, who but the day before reclined in silent reverie before their cabin doors, or in listless indifference smoked their pipes, but too plainly announced to them, that a fearful storm was not only fast gathering, but seemed ready to burst with all its terrific fury upon the Choctaw Nation, and who could tell where or upon whom its fury would be spent! The pale-face intruders, loafers, stragglers, and traders, taking the hint, bade the country a hasty adieu; but the missionaries hoping for the better, still lingered with their families, but stood in readiness for precipitous flight at a moment's warning, should safety absolutely require it. Colonel David Folsom's residence, then known and long after remembered as the old Choctaw Agency, was appointed as the place of rendezvous

for his assembling warriors, there to unite with the coming forces of LeFlore, the warriors of Colonel Folsom living in the northern part of his district, passed directly by Hebron, the missionary station and home of Mr. Calvin Cushman, on their way to the point of rendezvous. Many parties stopped in passing and conversed with him concerning the unfortunate state of affairs; and replied to his interrogatories, as to the propriety of his leaving the nation with his family at once, or wait for further developments, by urging him to remain, and assuring him, at the same time, a timely notice of approaching danger, and also a sufficient escort to conduct him and family to a place of safety. Mr. Cushman, having implicit confidence in their plighted word, resolved to remain, though not entirely free of all apprehensions, but stood in readiness to depart with his family at any moment.

For two or three days, and frequently during the night, bands of warriors continued to pass dressed in all the Choctaw paraphernalia of war, and painted as an Indian only can paint—an art known but to him by which the countenance is made to assume a most frightful and awe-creating expression, and the eye that deadly ferocity, which to be comprehended must be seen. Invariably when passing, night or day, as they drew near Mr. Cushman's home the thrilling war-whoop broke the stillness of the forests that stretched around and away from that humble and peaceful missionary habitation, as a signal to its occupants that, though it proclaimed war to others, it was a harbinger of peace to them; but which, after all, was not, to the unaccustomed ear, in strict accordance with the rules of harmony, or to the timid heart very persuasive in its melody.

But this difficulty, the result of which seemed would inevitably terminate in a civil war, was brought to a happy settlement by an incident unparalleled in the annals of ancient or modern history, and which I will here relate from memory as I heard it in my boyhood, when narrated to Mr. Cushman by Colonel David Folsom, who was one of the two who figured as the most conspicuous in the novel scene; and which was so impressed upon my youthful mind, that distance nor time has been able to efface it from the pages of memory. Still I do not presume to be able to present before my readers the vivid picture that was presented to my delighted imagination by the eloquent tongue of Colonel David Folsom, who both saw and felt that which of itself alone could give unwearied wings to the imaginative mind and undeviating eloquence to the tongue.

Colonel Folsom stated to Mr. Cushman, in substance, as follows; and which I will place under the caption:

THE MEETING OF FOLSOM AND NITTAKACHIH
—THE TWO CHOCTAH CHIEFS.

When the council, convened for the adjustment and final distribution of the annuity, adjourned in such confusion, together with the animosity manifested and openly expressed by both contending parties the one toward the other, (a similar scene never before witnessed in a Choctaw council) I feared the consequences that I was apprehensive would follow; but hoped that the conflicting opinions then agitating my people would be harmonized upon calm reflection and the adoption of wise and judicious measures. But when I ascertained that Nittakachih and Amosholihubih were truly assembling their warriors, I began to view the matter in its true and proper light. I knew those two chiefs too well to longer doubt the full interpretations of their designs as set forth in their actions; for they both were men who indulged not in meaningless parade, or delighted in empty display. Inevitable war—kindred against kindred and brother against brother—with all its horrors and irreparable consequences now seemed to stare me in the face, with no alternative but to speedily prepare to meet it; therefore Le Flore and myself, after due deliberation, resolved, if we must fight, to confine the fighting as much as possible within Amosholihubih's and Nittakachih's own districts. We at once took up our line of march south toward Demopolis which was in the district of Amosholihubih, and where they had assembled their warriors.

At the termination of our second days march, we ascertained through our scouts, that Amosholihubih and Nittakachih were also advancing with their warriors to meet us. In vain I still sought for some pacific measures that might be advanced to stop further demonstrations of war. To send a flag of truce, requesting a conference with the two disaffected chiefs, would, I felt, prove unavailing, as it would be attributed to fear on the part of myself and LeFlore, and but render them the more obstinate and unyielding. On the morning of the third day we were informed by our scouts that they were only a few miles distant, slowly but boldly advancing. In a few hours marching, I looked ahead and dimly saw the outlines of the front warriors here and there visible among the trees, and then the whole army appeared in full view about half a mile distant, all in full war dress and armed complete, advancing slowly and in good order.

Even up to this moment I had cherished the fond hope that matters would not be carried to the extreme; but now hope fled, and the speedy destruction of my people and country seemed inevitable. In vain I endeavored to think of some plan that might yet avail and prevent bloodshed. A few moments more and it would be too late for reflection, as each army with stern brows, firm steps and resolute hearts, were slowly but fearlessly shortening the distance between. But now the time for futile reflection had passed, and stern determination claimed the hour.

Nearer and nearer the fearless warriors were steadily approaching each other. Not a word had been spoken, nor a sound of defiance uttered by either the one or the other of the still advancing parties; and thus in profound silence each continued to advance, the one toward the other, until not exceeding two hundred yards intervened, when Nittakachih gave the signal for his warriors to halt, which they instantly obeyed. LeFlore and myself instantly gave the same to our men, which was as quickly obeyed. For several minutes the armies stood and gazed upon each other in profound silence. To me what minutes of indescribable suspense! I speak not boastingly when I affirm that my own safety had not the weight of the sixteenth part of a poor scruple in my reflections. The terrible consequences that would follow the firing of a single gun absorbed my every thought; and how soon that might be done by some inconsiderate and reckless one, no one knew. I still clung to a feeble and lingering hope that the unfortunate affair might yet be amicably adjusted; but what step to take that could lead to that desirable and happy result, at that advanced stage of affairs, I was utterly at a loss.

At this juncture of alternate hope and despair my astonishment was unbounded when I saw Nittakachih leave his men where they were standing and alone advance toward us with slow and measured steps, looking with a calm and steady gaze upon us. Every eye was upon him in a moment, as with firm and dignified steps he continued to advance until he had reached a point half way between the now wondering, but still silent, warriors; then stopped and, slowly raising his arms, he gently folded them across his breast and, in calm and dignified silence, looked with fearless eyes upon me, Le Flore, and our astonished men. Truly, what a scene! What a picture! There he stood in his shining war-dress midway between the gazing and admiring warriors, the personification of calm courage and heroic daring; his dark eyes flashing, and his proud lips curling seemingly in fearless defiance, and presenting one of the finest specimens of a North

American Indian warrior conceivable. No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of Nittakachih, as he there stood erect and in calm silence; truly a more striking subject for a picture was never exhibited than was presented in Nittakachih in that attitude. What a theme was he to whom fear was a stranger!

But what his motive in thus presenting himself—deliberate as it was strange—none could comprehend, or even advance a remote conjecture. Yet, all could read that whatever it might be, he meant it; for no one did him the injustice by even supposing that the situation was contrived for dramatic effect. Ah! it is comparatively an easy matter to unravel those characters which appear before us in butterfly colors, whose easy dispositions and familiarities of manner preclude the possibility of deception; but to understand the secret and hidden workings of that mind which lies continually wrapped up in its own solitude—to trace the secret springs and solitary windings of the mysterious power within, and read the intents of the heart as they are made manifest, in the attitude, the look, the silence, the act, requires an intimate knowledge of the human soul which but few; if any, possess, and which nothing but long experience can ever secure.

To all it seemed a fearful scene, terrific in its consequences, was about to be enacted. In vain I sought for some token, some sign expressive of his wish; but his silent and motionless form, indexing a determined soul, was all that seemed animate. Like a statue he still stood, calm, silent and motionless, presenting a picture grand and beautiful even to sublimity, while silence profound seemed to brood over everything animate. Even the gentle breezes seemed to have sung themselves to rest; and a solemn hush prevailed, as though all nature in pitying suspense had made a pause, to stay the death dealing struggle that seemed about to ensue between kindred and friends. It was a bright October morning, clear, sunny and cool, with the bluest of blue skies overhead, dotted here and there with little white clouds that floated about like sails upon an ocean, while the sunlight filtered down between the branches of the trees and fell in bright flecks upon the ground. The melancholy haze of Indian Summer wrapped every distant object in the soft, purple veil; the dim vistas of the surrounding forests ended in misty depths; through the openings the majestic trees of endless variety and gigantic size were dropping their dying leaves, and here and there along a ravine, crimson maples gleamed against the back-ground of dark green sweet-gums. In all directions, the forest foliage painted with autumnal

hectic, were strewing the bier of the departing year, casting over all a melancholy, dreamy, appearance that approximated to the sublime; and which, under other circumstances, would have awakened the harp of memory to the sweetest tones, carrying the thoughts back to the haunts of the olden time, under the magic melody of boyhood's by-gone joys; but then all was wrapped in that mysterious silence which produced sensations not unsimilar to that experienced by the birds beneath the basilisk glare of the serpent. What emotions thrilled my soul! emotions which seemed to isolate my whole being from all surrounding objects, but that silent and motionless form before me, wrapt in the impenetrable silence of his own heart.

Again I looked around for some one from whom I might receive even a conjecture as to the interpretation of the incomprehensible enigma, that so mysteriously and unexpectedly had presented itself before us, but none ventured to break the stillness by a word.

I then resolved to go to him alone, be the consequences what they might; and a ray of hope illuminated the darkness of my despairing soul, as I thought a word to him might, perhaps, be as oil upon the troubled waters, and the threatening storm of war yet be hushed to peace. With emotions known only to myself, yet with a calm exterior, I started toward him with a slow but firm step, and had walked but a few paces when I observed Nittikachih's warriors silently, but steadily raising their rifles to their shoulders and bringing them to bear directly upon me; and at the same instant heard behind me the ominous click of the rifle-locks of my own men—the signification of which I well understood. With deadly aim Nittakachih's warriors held their rifles upon me, as I drew nearer and nearer to their adored chieftain who still stood silent and motionless, but with his black, penetrating eyes upon me as if he would read the very thoughts of my heart; yet without a visible sign of emotion, and utterly unheeding the thousand rifles that also rested upon him, with as many clear and resolute eyes glancing along their dark barrels. The silence was still profound, Not a word, not even the chirping of a bird or rustling of a leaf broke the fearful stillness. I well knew everything was suspended at this juncture upon a pivot which the slightest breath might turn the equally poised scale for the worst, and give a signal for several thousand rifles to begin their work of death, and Nittakachih and myself would be the first to fall riddled with bullets, and our position but made it doubly sure.

With a secret bracing of my nerves I continued to stead-

ily advance, and when within a few paces of him I met his eyes fixed upon mine with that baffling expression, which, I must confess, caused me to feel an inward alarm, as if something vaguely dangerous had suddenly reared himself in my path, which by its very charm instinctively bade me beware. But I as quickly subdued my apprehensions, by thinking, with a certain haughty pride which I fear will never be eliminated from my nature, of the dangers I had already met and overcome in my brief but troubled life, and meeting his calm and steady gaze with a smile which I knew to contain a spice of audacity, stopped immediately before and near him, and calmly said, as I noticed the strife of expression between his eye and lip; the one hard, cold and unyielding; the other deprecating in its half smile and falsely gentle, as if the mind that controlled it was even then divided between its wish to subdue and the necessity it felt to win: Nittakachih, it would be only folly for me to speak as if nothing had occurred to justify your present attitude. It would be doing your good sense and sound judgment but little honor; and putting myself, or rather, ourselves, for we, as chiefs, should be one in the matter of our country's interests, in a position which would make any after explanations exceedingly difficult. For explanations can be given, and in a word, for what has doubtless appeared to you as strange and unwarrantable on our part, explanations which I am sure you will cheerfully accept, as it is not natural for you to nurse suspicions contrary to your own candid and noble nature. I calmly waited for the words I felt to be hovering upon his lips, but they were scarcely the ones I expected. He replied that he was satisfied with my proffered words of reconciliation, and, as he spoke his voice assumed its confident tone, whatever might have been the disturbance communicated to his inward nature. Then looking with his dark and piercing eyes into mine, as if to read the secret thoughts of my heart, and see if perchance treachery lurked not beneath the smile of friendship: finding none, the dark cloud of defiance that greeted my approach instantly gave place to the sun-lit rays of confidence, and he continued: "I feel that I can and will again give you the title of friend. Will you accept it from me, and with it my past confidence and esteem?" I responded, I will in behalf of the common interests of our people; and then extended my hand to him, but in a steady mechanical way that I felt committed me to nothing, for I was fully alive to the possible consequences of my every act. He took it, though the slight unmistakable pressure he returned seemed to show that he accepted it for a true sign of restored friendship, if not of absolute surrender. "You

have removed a great weight from my heart," he again remarked. "Had you been one of the common place type of men, you might have made this a serious matter for us."

What have I said and done, I replied, though not so bitterly, or with as much irony as I might have done, had that desire to understand the full motive of a condescension I could but feel was unprecedented in his arrogant nature, been less keen than it was, to influence you to suppose that I will not yet do so? "Your glance and your honest hand are your surety," he answered; then with a real smile, though it was not the reassuring and attractive one he doubtless meant it to be, we both turned our faces toward our anxious and waiting warriors, and each gave the signal of peace and friendship restored. Instantly every rifle was lowered, and the two armies slowly marched in perfect order to where we stood, and there all shook hands. A council was then and there convened; satisfactory explanations made and accepted; peace and friendship restored, and a terrific civil war averted. And then, as the party turned their faces homeward, all fired off their guns as an acknowledgment that not a particle of animosity lingered in the heart of a single one of either party, but that entire confidence and friendship was restored.

In more ancient times, when difficulties between two clans of parties had been settled they stacked their arms together, and as an evidence that entire confidence, friendship and good will was restored; which ceremony was called "Tanapoh Aiyummih," signifying guns mixed.

Such was the narrative (in substance) related to Mr. Calvin Cushman by Colonel David Folsom sixty years ago, portraying a scene in actual life that stands unequalled in the annals of historic warfare; while also displaying a self-sacrificing and patriotic heroism (especially in Colonel David Folsom) that should put to shame and confusion of tongue those ignorant and senseless babblers who deny to the Indian race the possession of a single virtue.

Nittakachih moved west with his people; remained a few years, and then returned to the home of his nativity in Mississippi to attend to some unfinished business, and while there was taken sick and died; and thus secured for himself the gratification of dying in his native land, and having his body laid away in peaceful rest among the graves of his ancestors—a privilege so much coveted by the North American Indian.

Had Nittakachih possessed the advantages of a thorough education, he would have placed his name high on the roll of fame among earth's illustrious great as a brave, patriot and

honest statesman; yet, without any of those advantages whatever; few, if any, among the whites could equal him in point of true native eloquence, genuine patriotism, self-command, and moral courage, under any and all circumstances. It was my fortune to be personally acquainted with him, and never have I seen, nor do I ever expect to see, a finer specimen of nature's true man, than was exhibited in Nittakachih. He left one son, who was known as Captain Jackson Nittakachih, and also one son-in-law named Tunapoh Humma, (Red Gum). He was chief at one time of the Kunsha-ache Iksha, which lived on the creek then called Lu'ssa-h Hocheto, (Big Swamp), now known as Big Black. They both moved with their people to their present place of abode, and died soon after the death of their noble father and father-in-law.

Colonel David Folsom, the first chief of the Choctaws, elected by ballot, was a man whose generosity of nature was conspicuous, not merely in the ordinary acceptance of that term, but in its fullest and broadest sense; and I hazard nothing in saying if posterity shall do justice to his memory, history will accord to David Folsom a high rank as a just and honest ruler, a noble patriot and an exemplary Christian; and it is no doubtful proof of the distinguished talents of this illustrious Choctaw, that he administered the national affairs of his people for thirty years, during a period the most critical and perilous in the annals of the Choctaw Nation, conjointly with other kindred spirits venerable for their age, prudence and integrity and of which their nation seemed remarkably prolific, and whose names and eulogy might fill a volume. Colonel David Folsom was a good man in the full sense of that word. Continually filling offices of greater or less importance in his country, still he ever carried the traits of honesty, faithfulness, zeal and energy into every position. He was truly one of those characters that naturally come to the front in all matters, and possessed many of the characteristics of a leader of men. It was natural that such a man should sometimes encounter antagonism and be misunderstood, but his noble heart and generous nature could not carry malice or harbor revenge. No man was more ready for reconciliation and forgiveness, whether the cause of misunderstanding was just or unjust. Of his worth as a citizen, public or private, and his Christian faith and life, his people know full well and justly appreciate.

He was elevated to the chieftaincy at a time when his country was agitated by many conflicting emotions; his people were just emerging from the state of nature to that of Christianity and civilization; and the fountains of the great deep of their hearts were being broken up by the new order

of things that were being established among them in government and in morals; and in connection with this; the exchange of their homes and country for others remote in the distant and unknown west, by a process of coercion, fraud and tyranny unsurpassed in the annals of man, but justly aroused their fears to the highest pitch, and filled every heart with misgivings and the deepest gloom. I witnessed their indescribable agitation, and heard their wail of woe. Yet, amid the raging storm of conflicting emotions that everywhere prevailed, Colonel David Folsom stood pre-eminent; the prudent, wise and wholesome counsels he then gave upon all questions to the subordinate chiefs and his agitated people; his calm and noble bearing amid the all pervading confusion; the firm and undaunted rebuke which his enlightened and enlarged philanthropy administered to the wrong policy of the uninformed and inconsiderate, were as oil upon the troubled waters and conspired to make him the chief influence for good.

But in his home life Colonel Folsom's virtues shone in all their unvarnished beauty. This was his chosen sphere; here he delighted to receive and entertain the friends who were privileged with his intimate acquaintance, official or private, rich or poor, high or low; and for warmth of affection to his people, kindred and cherished friends; for singular unselfishness, he had few equals and no superiors any where. His sympathies were as prompt and as tender as a child's, and it was natural and became habitual for his people to go to him when in trouble, to seek council and sympathy which they never sought in vain; nor did he wait to be sought. He loved outward nature too as the source of conscious pleasurable emotions. He would say, "It rests me to look upon its varied and lovely scenes, landscapes which are really a means of education to the susceptible mind, and which so often have been invested with the charms of poetry and romance."

During a visit to the Choctaw Nation, in 1884, I unexpectedly came upon a cemetery in my devious wanderings wherein I found the graves of many Choctaws. Conspicuous among many monuments, stood that of Colonel David Folsom, whom I had known from youth's early morn. Thus reads the epitaph:

"To the memory of Colonel David Folsom, the first Republican Chief of the Chahtah Nation, the promoter of industry, education, religion, and morality; was born January 25th, 1791, and departed this life, September 24th, 1847, aged 56 years and eight months.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

His son, then my companion, and old friend from early youth, informed me that the above appropriate epitaph was dictated by Rev. Cyrus Byington, the long known and faithful friend of Colonel David Folsom and his people. To all, Colonel Folsom seemed to have died in the very midst of his great usefulness and the brightest glory of his days; but those years and the responsibilities that had attended them, had already added dignity to his firm, bold brow, with its strongly marked eyebrows above black penetrating eyes. For many years he had been the ruling spirit among his people, and this sense of mastery had given him some touch of kingliness to his general appearance, his tone and manners something of that look and demeanor which is seen in renowned statesmen and famous warriors.

In strolling o'er that silent and lonely habitation of the dead, I found the graves of many of my old Choctaw and Chickasaw friends of the long-ago; and in reading their names carved upon the hard, white stone, how beautifully those cherished friends of other days seemed to rise up again in the perspective of memory, calm and serene, as angels of life from the paradise of the past.

Close by that of Colonel David Folsom's was the grave of Joel H. Nail, a brother-in-law to Colonel Folsom, and grandfather of Joel H. Nail, now living in Caddo, Indian Territory. He was another true and noble specimen of a Choctaw Christian man. A beautiful marble monument also marked his place of rest, and the following told the curious and inquisitive passer-by who was the occupant:

"Sacred to the memory of J. H. Nail, of the Chahtah Nation, who died at his residence near Fort Tawson, August 24th, 1846, in the 52nd year of his age.

"Reader prepare to meet thy God."

The present Nail family of the Choctaws are the descendants of Henry Nail, a white man, who came among the Choctaws about the time Nathaniel Folsom, John Pitchlynn and Lewis Le Flore came; and as they, so did he, marry among them, was adopted and thus became identified among that people. He rose to the position of child and exerted, as did the other three above mentioned, a moral influence among that noble and appreciative people with whom he had cast his lot. He had four sons—Joel, Robert, Morris and Joseph; Joel Nail had seven daughters—Harriet, Delilah, Selina, Catharine, Isabelle, Melvina and Emma; and three sons—Jonathan (father of the present J. H. Nail), Adam and Edwin. Robert Nail had one son—the only chief—named Edwin, who was drowned in Blue river; and Jonathan had only one son, the present Joel H. Nail, as above stated, and

who is a worthy scion of the old stock and still living; he is a quiet and good man; noble and good in his integrity of character; attractive in the benevolence of his life; great and good in his benefaction and charity to his fellow-man; with a life full of gentleness, always ready, he lives as one whom only those can understand who knew him and enjoyed the benefits of his virtues.

Near to this stood another emblem of frail mortality, which told of one who had lived and died, and upon whose smooth face I read love's tribute of affection. "Sacred to the memory of Major Pitman Colbert, who departed this life February, 26th, 1853, aged 56 years. He lived an exemplary life. Ever devoted to the welfare of his people (the Chickasaws), and died respected by all who knew him."

Of Major Colbert it may justly be said: He was eminently a Christian reformer. His sympathy for his people was intense. He sought to create love and harmony among them; and to show them that purity of life, generosity, honor, truth, are blossoms that spring even from stagnant pools, which to know may be found, not faultless, but still true and lovable, and learn that mercy and charity are needed as well as justice to see what is beautiful in any life. His hearty contempt for cant and snobbery in any form found a ringing echo in his noble nature. He was a true disciple in the temple of knowledge; ever devoting his time and labors to those useful pursuits, which alone adorn and embellish the mind, fitting it for the abode of truth. To the light of nature and reason he added the light of the Bible and Revelation; and prompted by a higher and nobler motive, moved and instigated by a Divine impulse, by that Spirit that comes from above, he spent the morn, noon and evening of his life in trying to alleviate the sufferings of others; to lift the fallen, support the weak, confirm the good, elevate the scale of excellence among his people, and with the laudable purpose of making them the better by his having lived; and who, in his devotion to the great principles of morality and virtue, lived a life of pleasant toil, supporting and elevating his race wherever fallen, curbing the vices of the vicious, correcting the waywardness of the dissolute, sustaining the right and condemning the wrong.

But what visions of the long past awoke to memory as I stopped before a monument, whose beautiful symmetry of form had attracted me and read; "In memory of Louis Garland; died August 14th, 1853, aged 33 years. Generous, upright and virtuous, he lived an example for all who seek the favor of the good."

More appropriate and truthful words never adorned the

tombstone of man. We were fellow students during the years 1839-40-41 and 1842 at Marietta College, Ohio; and both professors and students who may now be living, could they read the epitaph that records Lewis Garland's place of rest, would attest to its truth without a dissenting voice; and I too, though years have intervened with their varied vicissitudes, would here offer some tribute, though feeble yet sincere, to this my Choctaw friend, though an Indian, yet loved none the less. I was born among his people and thus was early initiated into the "mysteries of the Indian character;" and a friendship and love for them, of which I am not ashamed, but justly proud, was formed; not only for them but their entire race, which time nor distance has been able to weaken; and even to-day, in these my declining years, my heart oft turns to these true children of the Great Spirit, known during the long period of life, and among whom I have yet to find my first false friend; and though during my sojourn and travels among them, I could but feel that

We met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse—
One little hour! and then speed away,
On diverging paths—to meet no more—

and my heart still goes out in fond affection to all those old Choctaw and Chickasaw friends of my youth; in whose honest hearts I have ever found a friendship that never betrayed and a constancy that never wearied.

Continuing my walk through the cemetery, I discovered a grave that had no marble token to tell of its silent occupant. Upon inquiring of my Choctaw companion, he informed me that it was the grave of his brother, Cornelius; another fellow-student of boyhood's merry time. We were chums for two years in college life, and there and then became sincere friends, linked to the recollections of life's early morn, ere sorrow's dark pall had fallen athwart our pathway; but hope with rosy finger still pointed to the flattering possibilities of the promising future. But alas! Consumption claimed him as its own, and he returned to his southern home but to fall into a premature grave. In college he was a diligent student, and stood high in his classes. The high elements of his noble nature were so fully developed that he commanded the respect and admiration of both professors and students. He was consistent in all things, and his moral character was blameless; and the highest testimony to this was the respect which all classes of students manifested toward him. But here, dear Cornelius, old chum, loved friend and companion of school-boy days, I let

the curtain drop over thy blameless life, closed by a calm and peaceful death and blessings well bestowed. Thou wert loved and honored while living, and thy early death deeply mourned by all thy friends both red and white; and friendship without alloy still drops a tear o'er thy early grave, while thy name and virtues are engraved on still loving hearts that need no voiced urn or marble inscription to perpetuate thy memory.

But adieu, old friends of the past. After life's fitful fever, there you sleep. No persecution and oppression disturb you now. The tall forest oaks stand like sentinals around your graves as if keeping watch over this bivouac of the noble dead, which I visited with deep emotion, and left with reflections sad. Why should not history preserve their names? But all unnoticed by the busy world, they lived and died, because they were Indians. That tells tale.

As a sample of Colonel David Folsom's ability as a letter writer, I will insert a few of his letters written to Rev. Elias Cornelius and others, copied from the original without alteration; and when it is taken into consideration that he never went to school but six months, they may justly cause the blush of shame (if such a thing be within the line of a possibility) to appear upon the cheeks of thousands of white men, who have gone as many years, and yet cannot do half as well.

To Rev. Elias Cornelius:—

CHOCTAW NATION, PIGEON ROOST, July 16, 1818.

My Dear Sir:—

Your letter dated Knoxville, June 2nd has come duly to hand, safe this morning, which I am rejoice to learn that you and brother McKee and three other boys are all well and happy. I did learn from you and McKee, when you wrote from Cherokee Nation to me by Mr. Kingsbury, and did write you and direct the letter to City Washington, agreeable to your direction to me. Rev. Mr. Kingsbury was here few days ago from Yellobusher; and he requested that he wanted my brother Israel under his care, and that he was much in need for company in traveling about the nation and which his request was very certainly most pleasing talk to me and Israel. He is under Mr. Kingsbury's care and as he is very industrious boy I make no doubt but he will be useful to Mr. K, by the first opportunity that K. may have he will send Israel on to you. My dear friend, I have no means to inform you at present in the regard of my nation as we have had no council since you left here. But I know and all I can say for my nation they are a people much in

need for help and instruction, and we look up to the government of the U. S. for instruction, and which I do know the establishment of this school will be the means of the greatest good ever been done for this nation. Our hunting are done for these many years back and for wanting good Father and good Council that the general run of peoples at the Nation have still hunted for game an they have in many become in want. But I know that your wish is pure and love and good for this nation, and therefore I have been talking to my peoples and have advice them for the best during their intention to industrys and farming, and lay our hunting aside, and here is one point of great work is just come to hand before us which is the establishment of a school, and the Choctaws are appear to be well pleased. I thank you for the good and love you have, and what have already done for my nation. Not long since I have heard from Rev and Mrs. Williams. They are all well. I have not seen them yet. I wish you happiness.

I am your true friend till death,

DAVID FOLSOM.

N. B. You will excuse my bad writing, as I did inform you that I had only but six months schooling.

CHAHTAH NATION, PIGEON ROOST, Nov. 3, 1818.

To Rev. Elias Cornelius:

My dear sir:—I have just returned from the Chahtah Treaty, and I inform you that Chahtah did not sell or exchange lands with the United States the Chahtah said that it is but two years ago when the Nation sold a large track of country to the United States and therefore they said that they had no more lands to sell, which they cannot think to sell the land which we are living on it and raising our children on it. And I inform you also that the nation a great of friendships to the United States Com. The Nation talk of in Council and mention that it was great benefit for us Chahtah to have school in our Nation, and appear to be well please and rejoiced to have such aids in our Nation. The chiefs wrote a letter to the president of the United States a most friendly talk and I must inform you in one part of the letter to the president, our chief said, Father we are most thankful for your kindly favor that you aided the Society School in our nation. The chiefs are I believe in notion of visiting the father, the president. Give my warm love to my brother McKee and Israel when you shall see them, and tell them we are all well.

I remain your most dutiful friend till death,

DAVID FOLSOM.

CHAHTAH NATION, PIGEON ROOST, July 6th, 1822.

My Dear Friend Rev. Byington:

I was rejoiced to learn from Rev. Kingsbury good news from Elliott, and that health of family was much better. It is indeed good news to me to hear that Mr. Ward has brought the large boys under his Government once more. After all our fuss and talk and grumbling and dissatisfaction on the part of we Chahtahs, I hope good will result from it. I did feel sorry when I was there to witness some bad conduct of the scholars there. But I hope good may overrule for the best—this is my sincere wish. Some days since I was at Mayhew and staid there few days, and I am happy to say to you that family were well, and the scholars are doing well, and all in good health. The children go out to work cheerfully, and come in the school cheerfully, and mine their teacher cheerfully, and on the hole I think they improve most handsomely—and the missionary spirit at Mayhew I think it is good—they all appear to do what they can. We shall have a council 18th inst. at Mayhew—with the chiefs and warriors of this District. I shall want Mr. Kingsbury to give them a straight talk. I have no news to inform you at present that is worth your notice. Give me some news if you have any. Present my best wishes to the Mission family. I am—Dear Sir—your friend,

DAVID FOLSOM.

Rev. C. Byington.

January 7th, 1829.

My Dear Friend Rev. C. Byington:—

I am informed you have gone to Columbus, and I do not know it is best that you were there with the lame hand you had. I did not like the look of your hand other day. I think it would be well for you to be very careful hereafter and endeavor to get your hand well. As to our appoint at Aiiikhuna (a school or place of learning), you need not feel any disappointment. I shall try to go over agreeable to promise, it was made to the people, if I should be permitted to go by the almighty hand. I shall try to go and see the people—if I only just go there and shake hands and see the people. Mr. Williams will be there, and he can preach to the people if it be necessary to do so. I trust, if I am not deceived, the Lord has done great things for my soul. Pray for me brother.

I am, dear sir, your friend,

Aiiikhuna.

D. FOLSOM.

I have copied the above four letters of Colonel David Folsom from the original without any alteration whatever.

Though there are defects, yet, when we consider the limited opportunity offered in six months tuition—and only six months—and the writer beginning at the alphabet of a language foreign to his native tongue, and of which he comparatively knew nothing, are they not remarkable productions, especially in that of their orthography? And when we also take into consideration that Colonel David Folsom is but one of hundreds of Choctaws, as well as of other North American Indians all over the continent, as will be successfully established, do not the united voices of truth and justice proclaim the falsity of the assertion, "The Indian could never be educated from his savagery." Here I will introduce to the reader the Rev. Israel Folsom, a younger brother of the great and good Colonel David Folsom, either of whom to know was to love, yet true Choctaw Indians. But Rev. Israel Folsom's name belongs alone to the religious history of his country and people, by whom such a man cannot be forgotten. The cause for which he so prodigally spent himself is his people; but I honor his name. What Christian can be dead to the lesson of self-sacrifice, and life-long devotion, which his noble career so eminently exemplified? Who of those who knew him can doubt that after life's journey he entered into that everlasting rest which, while on earth, he so wistfully contemplated, and so interestingly discoursed upon?

His conversion to the Christian religion was somewhat peculiar. After he had become the head of a family, he came in possession of some deistical books handed to him by some of that class of whites who would not only degrade the Indian upon earth but also damn his soul in eternity. But the God of pity and love thwarted the designs of the white miscreant by interposing in behalf of his untutored, inexperienced and unsophisticated child of nature, as the sequel will prove. For several years he carefully and diligently read the deistical works, to the gradual neglect of the religious books, especially the Bible, all of which, had been furnished him by those devoted missionaries, with their frequent prayers for God's blessing to accompany them. Those prayers of faith followed the Choctaw student from his home east of the Mississippi river to his new home in the west; when he still read his deistical books, and devoted much thought and calm reflection upon their teachings while engaged in the duties of his extensive farm and stock ranch. One beautiful spring morning, having ridden out upon the prairie to look after his cattle, and while reflecting upon what he had read the night before, which denied the existence of a First Great Cause, he asked himself: "Then

whence came the green grass that now covers this vast prairie as with a carpet, that stretches away before me on every side? Whence came the innumerable flowers of variegated colors that so delight my eye? Whence came the cattle, the horses, the birds, and all other animals? Ah! Whence came I, myself? There must be a God. There is a God!" Then and there he sprang from his horse, fell upon his knees, and in earnest prayer sought light from Him, who hath said, "In the day that ye seek me with all thy heart, I will be found of thee," and arose a changed man. He at once turned his steps homeward, entered his house, and without speaking a word gathered every deistical and infidel book that had so long contaminated and polluted his house and led him astray, and in one pile threw them into the fire; then went out of the house, took his stand where he could see the top of the chimney, and, as the black smoke, made blacker by the consuming falsehoods of their infamous contents, ascended in dark rolls to the sky, shouted as he waved his hand to its final adieu, "Behold infidelity"! and from that moment gave his life to the ministry, and in that capacity filled a large sphere of usefulness, and sat upon the throne of a wide public esteem.

By precept and example, he endeavored to lead the minds of his people into the paths of virtue and truth. His great effort was to train them morally by impressing upon them the value of Christian truth, as the basis of Christian character and life. In his nature he was modest and retiring, but his social qualities were of the highest order; and as husband, father, citizen, friend and preacher of the Gospel, he illustrated in his daily life all those noble attributes which make up and form the highest type of true manhood. His fine sensibility fitted itself to every demand that could be made upon it in his family and social relations. He was happy in making others happy, tender, true and devoted; and his ways were truly the ways of simplicity and gentleness. Thus lived and died this great man—great, not in the present acceptation of the word in this age of folly and sin, but in that of truth, an ornament to the truth, and a gem in the diadem of his Redeemer. Truly, so grand a specimen of the old school of Presbyterianism should not be lost from the view of succeeding generations; who, in strength of faith, ardor of hope, and zealous devotion to the cause of man's Redeemer, and unwearied labor for the salvation of souls, had few equals in any age of that glorious church of Christ.

One has spoken of him as "one of the saintliest men with whom he had ever been acquainted"; and all those who

knew him will fully acquiesce in the truth of that statement. He was indeed a most sincere Christian; a man of great spirituality; in which there was nothing morbid or sentimental, nor yet bustling and obtrusive; but unaffected and genuine, and at the same time most active and efficient. The elements of character which contributed to his success were his simplicity, solidity and godly sincerity. He was one who believed what he preached, and practiced what he taught. He united gentleness with decision of character, and was firm in his convictions, yet free of obstinacy; and when convinced of his errors, he at once retracted. No one ever knew him to knowingly sacrifice a right principle, frustrate a worthy purpose, shrink from a known duty, betray a sacred trust, speak evil of his fellowman, forsake a friend or injure an enemy. Insincerity was a stranger in his breast, and to say or do anything for effect never entered his honest mind. Though not what the world would call a brilliant preacher, yet he possessed what many brilliant preachers lack—good, common sense; for extravagances or eccentricities never marred his own labors, nor were the legitimate effect of his pulpit works cancelled by his errate life.

Rev. Israel Folsom always gave one tenth of his annual income to the church; and in his will, left one tenth of his property to the church to which he was attached; and though time seemed to have prematurely whitened his locks, yet it also seemed to have gently touched his stalwart frame, and his manly features indicated to the last a character that had met life's vicissitudes as a man should meet them. His native strength and force still seemed like the beautiful country in which he lived—once wild and rugged indeed, but now softened and humanized by years of culture. It was evident that he looked at the world, as mirrored before him, not with cynicism nor mere curiosity, but with a heart in sympathy with all the influences that were making it better. He died April 24, 1870, and was buried at Old Boggy Depot, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, aged 67 years, 11 months and 22 days. Such was Rev. Israel Folsom, of whom it may be said: He was a remarkable illustration of the power of Christianity—a great mind, once entangled in the meshes of error, but broke away, grasped the truth and yielded not with his expiring breath. His was a religion that endured; a bright and shining light to all his people; a morning star that had arisen, casting its wild light over the dark cloud which, for untold centuries, had hung its dark and gloomy pall over his nation; and though it seemed to set prematurely, yet it cast back a light that illuminated the path of truth. But the veil of silence has been drawn over as true

and unselfish a life as was ever laid at the Master's feet; yet his grand Christian life will remain a bright, shining light, animating and encouraging his loved ones left behind, while memory endures.

I will here give the following of the Choctaw people, from the pen of their great and good countryman, Rev. Israel Folsom, which I have copied from the original without alteration whatever, furnished me by his daughter Czarena, now Mrs. Rabb, and never before published:

"The history of the aborigines of America has been one of the most prominent and interesting subjects of inquiry and research of the present age. The, manners, habits, customs and peculiarities of the different Indian tribes, have, for many years, formed a theme of deep interest and praiseworthy investigation to the philanthropic and scientific world. While their traditions are worthy of being preserved, on account of their similarity to some of the wondrous and attractive events recorded in the Old Testament, various and unsatisfactory are the conjectures set forth regarding their parent root or origin. Some, with a good show of plausibility, have attempted to prove that they are of Jewish extraction and constitute a remnant of the lost ten tribes of Israel; others as earnestly agree, that they are but a branch or off-shoot from the Tartar, Slavonic or Tyrus race; while, on the other hand, a class of speculative historians make bold to assert that they are not of Asiatic lineage, and do not, therefore, owe in common with mankind their descent from Adam. The first view is supported by the Indians themselves, but gives little strength or additional force to the argument. Whatever value, or otherwise, may be attached to one or all of these theories, which to a large extent they only are, one thing is clear and beyond contradiction, that the white people in general have, comparatively speaking, but a very imperfect knowledge of the Indian race.

"During the earlier period of the history of America, and shortly after its discovery, the monarchs of Europe, fired with the lust of conquest and spoil, attempted, but in vain, to subjugate the Indians and rivet the shackles of slavery upon them. They however, carried this purpose so far into execution, as cruelly to tear them away from their peaceful homes and endeared families, and transported them by thousands into various parts of the world. These unjust proceedings, instead of quenching the indomitable love of liberty, which so strongly and brightly burned in their breasts, served only to arouse the full power of resistance

against their oppressors, which ultimately had the effect of freeing them from such bondage.

'They may bury the steel in the Indian's breast;
They may lay him low with his sires to rest,
His scattered race from their heritage push,
But his dauntless spirit they cannot break.'

"From that period up to the present time, the Indians have been and are still receiving everything but justice. In fact ever since the Christian world gained a foot-hold upon the American continent and erected the cross on its shores they have had no rest, but have been defrauded, trodden down, oppressed, scattered, and weakened. Their condition has been one of constant suffering and injustice. Avarice, the demon of civilized man, has worked heavily upon them, the result of which is, that only a sad and melancholy history can be written in regard to their past and present conditions. Yet a people possessed of such rare and remarkable traits, should not be permitted to pass away without some notice and record of their history.

"But how true, when nature is wounded through all her dearest ties, she must and will turn on the hand that stabs and endeavor to wrest the poniard from the grasp that aims at the life, pulse of her breast! And this she will do in obedience to that immutable law, which blends the instinct of self-preservation with every atom of human existence. And for this, in less felicitous times, when oppression and war succeeded alternately to each other, was the name Indian blended with the epithet 'cruel,' therefore, when they (the whites) talk or write about the Indians' wild, savage, and irreclaimable nature, they speak not nor write as they know or feel, but as they hear, by which and through which they have been educated to regard the Indian race as beings forming a lower link than humanity in the chain of nature, and finding only a place for them in the ranks of ferocious beasts of prey; but this, with other innumerable errors of both excusable ignorance, but in most cases, that of inexcusable ignorance and great want of principle, is shamefully unjust; since the Indians' cruelty to the White Race as a whole, has not been greater than that practiced upon them by the White Race, proving that they possess as humane dispositions as any nation of people under the same circumstances and in the same state of moral and intellectual culture.

"As comprising an important chapter of this great subject, I will now proceed to give a brief narrative of the Choctaw tribe of red people—their traditions, government, relig-

ious belief, customs and manners, anterior to the introduction of the gospel among them. To guard against any misconception, however, I deem it proper to state that their traditions and history are so much commingled, it is difficult to separate them without destroying, in a great measure, the interest of the subject, and I have, therefore, to some extent, interwoven them.

NAME AND MIGRATION FROM THE WEST.—THE PROPHET WARRIOR, AND THE ENCHANTED POLE. — “The name Choctaw, or Chahtah is, derived from a prophet warrior who flourished at a time too remote for fixing any date, as it is only handed down by tradition from one generation to another.

“Headed by him, tradition informs us, the people in one grand division migrated to the East from a country far toward the setting sun, following the Cherokees and Muscogees, who had moved on, four years previous, in search of a suitable spot for a permanent location. He is said to have been possessed of all the characteristics essential to the carrying out of such an enterprise to a successful termination. His benevolence and many other virtues are still cherished and held in sacred remembrance by his people. The country whence they migrated, or the causes which induced them to seek another place of habitation, is wrapt in mysterious oblivion, as their tradition begins abruptly with the epoch of migration. In moving from place to place, Chahtah is said to have carried a high staff or pole which, on encamping, was immediately placed in front of his wigwam, where it remained until they broke up encampment. His wigwam is represented to have been placed in the van of all the tribe. When the pole inclined forward—a power which it was believed to possess—the people prepared to march. This is somewhat analogous to the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, by which the Lord, through His beloved servant, guided the children of Israel from Egypt. After many years of wanderings, during which they, in common with those who have ever engaged in similar enterprises, suffered many trials and privations, they at length arrived at a certain place, where the staff stood still and, instead of bending forward, inclined backward, which was regarded as a sign they were at their journey’s end. To this place where the staff stood still, Chahtah gave the name of Nun-nih Wai-ya. The exact period of the termination of their wanderings is unknown. So soon as they got in some degree settled, Chahtah called the warriors together for the purpose of organizing a code of laws for their government. At this place of rest, Nunnih Waiya, they built strong fortifications in order

to protect themselves from any foe who might conceive hostile intentions against them. Whether or not they were ever assailed is unknown. The remains of the fortress, however, is still to be seen in Mississippi. A long time did not elapse before their newly acquired territory was found to be too limited to hold their rapidly increasing numbers, and they were in consequence compelled to spread themselves over the adjacent country, and form themselves in villages. It is a well authenticated fact that from this out-pouring or scattering, sprung the Indians called Shukchi, Hummas and Yazoos.

DOMESTIC GOVERNMENT.—“In the domestic government the oldest brother or uncle was the head; the parents being required merely to assist in the exercise of this duty by their advice and example. This was similar in a great degree to the Patriarchal government in vogue among the Jews.

TRIBAL GOVERNMENT.—“The tribal or national government was vested in the royal family. Their criminal code was simple in the extreme—life for life. For minor offenses they inflicted punishments or imposed fines suited to the nature of the case. They were under the government of custom or common law of the Nation. All their matters of dispute or difficulty were settled in open council. They had no such officers as constables or sheriffs, but the chief had power at any time to order out any number of warriors to bring offenders to justice. The chief's office was one merely of supremacy or leadership, and consequently there was no pay attached to it as at present.

IDOLS—SPIRITS—SACRED FIRES.—They never worshiped idols, or any works of their own hands, as other savage nations. They believed in the existence of a Great Spirit, and that He possessed super-natural power, and was omnipresent, but they did not deem that He expected or required any form of worship of them. They had no idea of God as taught by revealed religion—no conception of His manifold mercies, or the atonement made for sin. All they felt was a dread of His attributes and character, made manifest to them by the phenomena of the heavens. But in common with the believers of the Scriptures, they held the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. They differed from them, however, as to the location of heaven and their views of happiness and misery. Heaven, or the happy hunting grounds, in their imagination, was similar to the Elysian fields of the heathen mythology. There the spirit of those who had been virtuous, honest and truthful, while on earth, enjoyed, in common with youthful angels, all manner of

games and voluptuous pleasures, with no care, no sorrow, nothing but one eternal round of enjoyment. They believed that angels or spirits seldom visited the earth, and cared but very little about doing so, as being supplied in heaven with everything suitable to their wants, nothing was required from the earth. According to their notion, heaven was located in the southwestern horizon, and spirits, instead of ascending, according to the Christian idea, sped their last journey in a line directly above the surface of the earth in the direction of the southwest horizon. Previous to a spirit's admission into the happy hunting ground, it was examined by the attendant angel at the gate, who consigned it to heaven or hell according to its deeds on earth. Their hell, or place of punishment, as they termed it, was the reverse of the happy hunting ground—a land full of briers, thorns, and every description of prickly plants, which could inflict deep cuts, causing intense pain from which there was no escape; onward they must go—no healing oil for their wounds—nothing but an eternity of pain—no games—no voluptuous pleasures—nothing save an illimitable land of blasted foliage.

They also believed in the existence of a devil, whom they designated Na-lusa-chi-to, a great black being, or soul eater, who found full occupation in terrifying and doing all manner of harm to people. He accords well with the one described in the Scriptures; "who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Previous to a spirit winging its flight to the happy hunting ground, or the land of briers and blasted foliage, it was supposed to hover around the place where its tabernacle lay for several days—four at least. They believed that the happy hunting ground was at a distance of many days journey. When a person died, provision was prepared for the journey under the supposition that the departed spirit still possessed hunger. Upon the death of a man, his dog was killed, that its spirit might accompany that of its master. Ponies, after they were introduced, were also killed, that the spirit might ride. They believed that all animals had spirits. During four days a fire was kept kindled a few steps in front of the wigwam of the deceased, whether the weather was cold or hot. They imagined, that if the spirit found no fire kindled in that manner for his benefit, it would become exceedingly distressed and angry, especially when the night was cold, dark and stormy. A bereaved mother, on the loss of her child, would kindle up a fire and sit by it all night. The wife on the loss of a husband performed the same vigil. In either case a rest in sleep was denied. For six months or more, in case of the death of a

chief, the sorrowing and mourning relations indicated their grief in many ways. The men, in the early part of their time of mourning, remained silent and subdued, ate very sparingly, and abstained from all kinds of amusements, and from decking themselves out in their usual manner; the women did the same, with this difference, that they remained at home prostrated with grief—their hair streaming over their shoulders, unoiled and undressed, being seated on skins close to the place of burial or sacred fire. They not unfrequently broke the silence of sadness by heart piercing exclamations expressive of their grief. For a long time they would continue to visit the grave regularly morning and evening to mourn and weep.

MODE OF BURIAL—BONE-PICKERS.—ORIGIN OF THE MISSISSIPPI MOUNDS.—“The mode of burial practiced by the Choctaws consisted in placing the corpse five or six feet from the ground upon a platform of rough timber made for that purpose, covered with a rough kind of cloth of their own making, or skins of wild animals and bark of trees. After remaining in that condition until the flesh had very nearly or altogether decayed, the bones were then taken down by the bone-pickers (persons appointed for that duty) and carefully put in wooden boxes made for that purpose, which were placed in a house built and set apart for them. These were called bone-houses; whenever they became full, the bones were all taken out and carefully arranged to a considerable height somewhat in the form of a pyramid or cone, and a layer of earth put over them. This custom, which prevailed among many different tribes, is, no doubt, the origin of the Indian mounds, as they are generally called, which are found in various parts of the country, particularly in the States of Mississippi and Alabama, formerly the home of the Choctaws. When the custom of placing the dead upon platforms was abandoned, which met with strong opposition, they buried their dead in a sitting posture in the grave; around the grave they set half a dozen red poles about eight feet high, and one about fifteen feet high, at the top of which a white flag was fastened. The occupation of the bone-pickers having been abolished, it then became their business to make and set up red poles around the graves, and afterwards to remove them at the expiration of the time of mourning, and hence they were called pole-pullers. They were respected by the people, and for less labor being imposed upon them, they were pleased with the change in the burial of the dead. At the pole-pullings, which as stated, was at the expiration of the time of mourning, a vast collection of people would assemble to join in a general mourning.

After much food had been consumed they would disperse to their respective homes, and the mourning relations would oil their hair and dress up as usual.

TRADITION OF THE FLOOD.—The tradition, as related by wise men of the Nation, about the flood, is as follows: A long continued night came upon the land, which created no small degree of fear and uneasiness among the people. Their fears were increased at seeing the terrible buffaloes, and the fleet deer making their appearance, and after them the bears and panthers, wolves, and others approaching their habitations; suspicious at first of their intentions, they thought of placing themselves beyond the reach of the more dangerous animals, but instead of exhibiting any disposition of ferocity, they seemed rather to claim protection at their hands. This presented an opportunity of having a jubilee of feasting, and they therefore indulged themselves to the fullest bent of their propensity and inclinations by an indiscriminate massacre of the animals. Having thus feasted for some time, they at last saw daylight appearing. But what surprised them much, was, they saw it coming from the north. They were at a loss what to think of it. They, however, supposed that the sun must have missed his path, and was coming up from another direction, which caused the unusual long night, or perhaps he had purposely changed his course, to rise hereafter in the north instead of the east. While such conjectures were making, some fast runners arrived as messengers coming from the direction of the supposed day light, and announced to them that the light which they saw was not the day light, but that it was a flood slowly approaching, drowning and destroying everything. Upon this report the people fled to the mountains, and began to construct rafts of sassafras wood, binding them together with vines, believing this expedient would save them from a watery grave. But alas, delusive hope! for the bears were swimming around in countless numbers, being very fond of vine twigs gnawed them through, thereby setting loose the materials of the raft, and bringing the people under dark waters. Their cries, wailing and agony, were unheard and unseen. But there was one man who prepared and launched a strong peni or boat, into which he placed his family and provisions and thus floated upon the deep waters. For days the Penikbi (boat builder) strained his eyes looking all around for the purpose of discovering the existence of some animal life, and a place at which to anchor his vessel.

“Nothing met his sight save the cheerless waste of waters. The hawks, eagles and other birds of the same class, had all, when they found that the tops of the moun-

tains could not render them a lighting place from the flood, flown to the sky and clung on to it with their talons, and remained until the flood abated, when they returned to their old haunts and resumed their natural propensities and habits. An indication of the disappearing of the flood thus manifested itself. A crow made its appearance and so much delighted to see the boat, that it flew around and around it. The Penikbi, overjoyed beyond measure, addressed the sable bird, wishing to elicit some information from it as to whereabouts, and whether or not the flood was subsiding any, but it heeded him not, seeming to be determined to consult its own safety before that of any one else; but scarcely had the crow winged away from the peni before a dove was described flying towards it, and on reaching it, the Penikbi with joy perceived a leaf in its bill. It flew several times around but did not alight; after doing so took its course slowly flying toward the west, but seemingly anxious that Penikbi would steer in the direction it flew, which he did faithfully following the course. In this way many a weary mile was traveled, before seeing a place to land. At length a mountain became visible, and never did a benighted mariner hail the sight of land as Penikbi did, when its summit became visible. When he had safely landed, the dove flew away to return no more. Though this diluvial story is in some respects absurd, still, the intelligible portions of it coincide with those evidences which are embalmed in the convictions and understanding of the Christian world, in the authenticity of the inspired Word. It is strange that the Choctaws should have been in possession of those particulars long before the white man spread before them the pages of life."

Ancient Choctaw tradition affirms that a drouth followed by a famine in corn, peas, beans, etc., prevailed throughout their country far back in the days of their forefathers, which continued over three years; that all the tributaries of the Tanapoh Ikbi (Gun Maker), now known as the Tombigbee river, together with all the lakes and ponds, were completely dried up; that the river ceased to run, the water standing only in holes here and there, that all the larger game left the country, going west; that the buffalo, then inhabiting their country, never returned. Does this tradition point back to those remote ages in which the Prophet of God and king Ahab figured? This traditional drouth of the Choctaws continued over three years, that of the Prophet three and a half years. Did it extend to the western continent, or did the tradition refer back prior to their ancestors' migration

from the eastern to the western continent, the Tanapoh Ikbi and the buffalo being additions of a future generation?

IKSA:—"The Choctaws were divided into various clans called Ikksa, established and regulated upon principles of unity, fidelity and charity. They held this to be a necessary and important custom to be sacredly kept and inviolably observed by them at all times and under all circumstances, and never to be forgotten. If one should be found in a strange place far from home, and should be placed in a situation to need assistance, all he had to do was to give the necessary intimation of his membership of one of those Ikksas, and upon the mention of the name of that clan he would never fail to meet one or more, who would immediately extend to him the hand of friendship. Should he be sick, in want or in distress, relief would be immediately administered. The marriage of persons belonging to the same Ikksa was forbidden by the common law of the tribe. The brotherly love, so strongly inculcated and highly recommended in the Inspired Volume, was to a great extent practiced under this sort of arrangement. It was considered that the Nation could not exist without the Ikksa. One Ikksa piled the bones, and buried the dead of another. No Ikksa performed these last offices to any of its own Ikksa. Each had their bone-pickers—old men being usually chosen for that purpose and were held in high esteem on account of their age and office.

DOCTORS:—"I believe it is an acknowledged fact, there is no nation in existence, or has ever existed, but has had doctors. This shows the importance of the profession. The Choctaws also were not without them. But perhaps with the advantage over all others, of having as many of the female as of the male sex, who were quite as successful in their practice as the latter. The doctors made use of herbs and roots in various forms, applied and given in different modes—for emetics, cathartics, sweats, wounds and sores; they also made use of cold baths, scarification, cupping and blistered by means of burning punk, and practiced suction to draw out pain; some used enchantment, while others practiced by magic, pretending to have learned the art of healing, Mormon-like, by special revelation, communicated to them in some retired and unfrequented forest. It was in this way, also, it was said, that the war-prophets were raised up to lead the people to battle. At a high price and much expense the doctors of both sexes learned the mode and manner of the use of herbs and roots. It is a fact worthy of remark, that even now many of them are in possession of some useful and important means of cure. They have, among other

things, an effectual remedy for the bite of the rattle-snake, or of any other venomous reptile, the bite of which they consider very easy of cure.

MESMERISM.—“Mesmerism was known among them, though they regarded it with wonder and dread, and it was looked upon as injurious and hurtful in its results; while those who practiced this curious art had often to pay very dearly for it, for they were frequently put to death. Ventriloquism has also been found among them, and used solely for vain, selfish and evil designs, but to the great danger of the life of the person practicing it, for the Choctaws believe that whatever appears supernatural, is suspicious and likely at any time to be turned to evil purposes.

ECLIPSES.—BLACK SQUIRRELS EATING UP THE SUN.—“Before correctly understanding the true causes of the eclipses of the sun, all heathen nations have had their superstitious belief in regard to them. It was so with the Choctaws. Their notions were strange indeed. When the sun began to get less in his brightness, and grow dark and obscure, they believed that some thereal black squirrels of large size, driven by hunger, had commenced eating him and were going to devour him. With this belief they thought it was their duty to make every exertion they could to save the great luminary of day from being consumed by them. Therefore every person, both men, women and children, who could make a noise, were called upon to join in the effort to drive the squirrels away. To do this they would begin in the same manner as persons generally do in trying to start a squirrel off from a tree. Some would throw sticks towards the declining sun, whooping and yelling, at the same time shooting arrows toward the supposed black squirrels.

DANCES.—“They had various kinds of dances as well as other people, many of which were, however, insignificant and do not deserve a notice here; but there were others which were considered important and national, such as the ball-play dance, the war-dance, eagle-dance, and scalp-dance, all of which seem to have been the result of rude and savage ideas. The training of their young men consisted principally in three things; viz.: War, hunting, and ball-playing. The last was a national play with ball-sticks, in which they all took much pride. In that for war, the young men were required to pass through many hard exercises of the body in order to inure them to hardships and suffering. They were required to receive inflictions of tortures on their naked bodies, once a year, and also to plunge into deep water and dive four times in about one minute, during one of the

most cold and frosty mornings. Lectures on the subject of bravery and sincerity, truth and justice towards their friends, were often given them by some of the bravest of their head-men. In fact, no other person was allowed to address the young, or the people at any time, but those only whose bravery had been long known and acknowledged among them. They were also carefully drilled in the use of the bow, with which they were expert and perfect. They would hardly ever miss a deer or turkey at the distance of fifty yards.

"The girls were trained up to perform various kinds of domestic employments, as well as to work in the field, which was but little at that time. They took no small degree of pride in the latter, viewing it as a proper sphere for their exertions. The women would ridicule and laugh at the men who would dare to undertake that kind of labor, which was considered as properly belonging to the women. Their maxim was—men for war and hunting; while home is the place for women, and theirs the duty to work.

ANCIENT CHOCTAW COURTSHIP:—"When the young Choctaw beau went the first time to see his 'Fair One,' after having resolved upon matrimony, he tested his own standing in the estimation of his anticipated bride by indifferently walking into the room where she is seated with the rest of the family, and, during the general conversation, he sought and soon found an opportunity to shoot, slyly and unobserved, a little stick or small pebble at her. She soon ascertained the source whence they came, and fully comprehended the signification of those little messengers of love. If approved, she returned them as slyly and silently as they came. If not, she suddenly sprang from her seat, turned a frowning face of disapproval upon him and silently left the room. That ended the matter, though not a word had been spoken between them. But when the little tell-tales skipped back to him from her fingers, followed by a pair of black eyes peeping out from under their long, silken eye-lashes, he joyfully comprehended the import and, in a few minutes, arose and, as he started toward the door, he repeated his informal 'Ea li' (I go), upon which a response of assent was given by the father or mother in the equally informal 'Omih' (very well).

He returned in two or three days, however, with a few presents for the parents, and to secure their approval. Which being obtained, a day was appointed for the marriage—a feast prepared and friends invited. When all had assembled, the groom was placed in one room and the bride in another and the doors closed. A distance of two or three

hundred yards was then measured off, and at the farther end a little pole, neat and straight was set up. Then, at a given signal, the door of the bride's room was thrown open, and at once she springs out and starts for the pole with the lightness and swiftness of an antelope. As soon as she has gotten a few rods the start, enough for her to keep him from overtaking her if she was so inclined, the door of his room was thrown open, and away he runs with seemingly superhuman speed, much to the amusement of the spectators. Often, as if to try the sincerity of his affection, she did not let him overtake her until within a few feet of the pole; and sometimes, when she had changed her mind in regard to marrying him, she did not let him overtake her, which was public acknowledgement of the fact, and the groom made the race but to be grievously disappointed—but such a result seldom happened. As soon as he caught her, after an exchange of a word or two, he gently led her back by the hand, and were met about half way by the lady friends of the bride, who took her from the hands of the groom yielding to their demands with seeming reluctance, and led her back into the yard to a place in front of the house previously prepared for her, and seated her upon a blanket spread upon the ground. A circle of women immediately formed around her, each holding in their hands the various kinds of presents they intended to bestow upon her as a bridal gift. Then one after another in short intervals began to cast her presents on the head of the seated bride, at which moment a first-class grab-game was introduced. For the moment a present fell upon her waiting head it was snatched therefrom by some one of the party—a dozen or more making a grab for it at the same instant—regardless of the suffering bride, who was often pulled hither and thither by the snatchers' eager fingers becoming entangled in her long, black ringlets. When the presents had all been thus disposed of, the bride not receiving a single article, the twain were pronounced one—man and wife; then the feast was served, after which all returned to their respective homes with merry and happy hearts."

As the land was free to all, the happy groom, a few days after his nuptials, erected with the assistance of his friends, a neat little cabin in some picturesque grove by the side of some bubbling spring or on the banks of some rippling brook. A small iron kettle in which to boil their venison, and a wooden bowl in which to put it when cooked, were sufficient culinary utensils for the young house-keepers. They needed no mahogany tables or carved chairs, for, they sat, as the Orientals, upon the ground. The bowl with its contents was placed in the centre of the cabin and the

husband and wife sat around it, and with the wooden or horn spoon, helped themselves one after the other. If they had guests the same rule of etiquette was observed—each one being free to make a dip with the spoon into the contents of the bowl, thence to the mouth, in regular turn.

Ta-ful-a, (Tomfuller), was their favorite and hence standing dish, and is to this day. It consists of corn, pounded in a wooden mortar with a wooden pestle to take off the husks, then thoroughly boiled; sometimes peas or beans are mixed and cooked with it, then it is called Tafula tabi ibulhto.

Then, again, hickory or walnut kernels or meats are mixed and cooked with it; it is then called Tafula oksak nip-ibulhto; if walnut kernels, then it is called Tafula ok-sak-hahe (walnut) nipi ibulhto.

They used a very pleasant beverage of acidulated fo-i (honey) and o-ka, (water); also they made a very palatable jelly from the pounded roots of the China brier, strained through baskets, and mixing the dried farina with honey. They pounded hickory and walnuts together, and having passed them through boiling water, and then through strainers of fine basket work, it produced an inspissated liquor, the color and consistency of cream, and richer and of finer flavor.

LAWS—Of the Choctaws regulating the marriage of white men to the Choctaw women:

Whereas, the Choctaw Nation is being filled up with white persons of worthless characters by so-called marriages to the great injury of the Choctaw people.

Section 1st.—Be it enacted by the General Council of the Choctaw Nation assembled: That the peace and prosperity of the Choctaw people require that any white man or citizen of the United States, or of any foreign government, desiring to marry a Choctaw woman, citizen of the Choctaw Nation, shall be and is hereby required to obtain a license for the same, from any of the Circuit Clerks or Judges of a Court of Record, and make oath, or satisfactory showing to such Clerk or Judge, that he has not a surviving wife from whom he has not been lawfully divorced, and unless such information be freely furnished to the satisfaction of the Clerk or Judge no license shall issue.

Section 2nd.—Be it further enacted: That every white man or person applying for a license as provided in preceding section of this act, shall before obtaining the same, be required to present to the said Clerk or Judge a certificate of good moral character, signed by at least ten respectable Choctaw citizens by blood, who shall have been ac-

quainted with him at least twelve months immediately preceding the signing of such certificate.

3rd. Be it further enacted, before any license as herein provided shall be issued; the person applying shall be, and is hereby required to pay to the Clerk or Judge, the sum of twenty-five dollars, and be also required to take the following oath: I do solemnly swear that I will honor, defend and submit to the Constitution and Laws of the Choctaw Nation, and will neither claim nor seek from the United States Government, or from the Judicial Tribunals thereof any protection, privilege or redress incompatible with the same, as guaranteed to the Choctaw Nation by the treaty stipulations entered between them, so help me God.

Sec. 4th. Marriages contracted under the provisions of this act, shall be solemnized as provided by the laws of this Nation or otherwise null and void.

Sec. 5th. No marriages between a citizen of the United States, or any foreign Nation, and a female citizen of this Nation, entered into within the limits of this Nation, except hereinbefore authorized and provided, shall be legal, and every person who shall engage and assist in solemnizing such marriage, shall upon conviction before the Circuit Court of the District of this Nation, be fined fifty dollars, and it shall be the duty of the prosecuting attorney of the District in which said person resides to prosecute such person before the Circuit Court, and one-half of all fines arising under this act, shall be equally divided between the sheriff and prosecuting attorney.

Sec. 6th. Every person performing the marriage ceremony under the authority of a license provided for herein, shall be required to attach a certificate to the back of the license and return it to the person in whose behalf it was issued, who shall within thirty days therefrom place the same in the hands of the Circuit Clerk, whose duty it shall be to record the same, and return it to the owner.

Section 7th.—Be it further enacted: that should any man or woman, a citizen of the United States, or of any foreign country, become a citizen of the Choctaw Nation by intermarriage and be left a widow or widower, shall continue to enjoy the rights of citizenship, unless he or she shall marry a white man or white woman, a citizen of the United States, or of any foreign government, as the case may be, having no rights of Choctaw citizenship by blood; in that case, all his or her rights acquired under the provision of this act shall cease.

Section 8th.—Every person who shall lawfully marry under the provision of this act, and after abandon his wife,

shall forfeit every right of citizenship and shall be considered intruders and removed from this Nation by order of the principal Chief.

Section 9th.—Be it further enacted; that this act take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Proposed by Isham Walker.

Passed the House, November 6, 1875, J. White, speaker.

Passed the Senate, November 9, 1875, J. B. Moore, President Senate.

Approved, November 9, 1875, Coleman Cole, P. C., Choctaw Nation.

I hereby certify that the foregoing act in relation to white men marrying an Indian woman, or white woman marrying, e'c, is a true and correct copy from the Original Bill now on file in my office. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the Choctaw Nation.

This the 9th day of October, 1884.

THOMPSON MCKINNEY,

National Secretary Choctaw Nation.

It no doubt would have been better for the Choctaws, if they had strictly adhered to a resolution drawn up and adopted in an ancient council of their tribe. A white man at an early day, came into their country, and in the course of time married a Choctaw girl and as a natural result, a child was born. Soon after the arrival of the little stranger, (the first of its type among them), a council was called to consider the propriety of permitting white men to marry the women of the Choctaws. If it was permitted, they argued, the whites would become more numerous and eventually destroy their national characteristics. Therefore it was determined to stop all future marriages between the Choctaws and the White Race, and at once, ordered the white man to leave their country, and the child killed. A committee was appointed to carry the decision into execution, yet felt reluctant to kill the child. In the meantime, the mother, hearing of the resolution passed by the council, hid the child, and when the committee arrived they failed to find it, and willingly reported that the Great Spirit had taken it away. The mother kept it concealed for several weeks, and then secretly brought it back one night, and told her friends the next morning that the Great Spirit had returned during the night with her child and placed it by her side as she slept. The committee had previously decided, however, that if ever the child returned it might live; but if it never came back, they then would know that the Great Spirit had taken it. The boy was ever afterwards regarded

as being under the special care of the Great Spirit, and became a chief of their Nation. The law was repealed; the father re-called and adopted as one of the tribe; and thus the custom of adopting the white man originated and has so continued from that day to this—so affirms one of their ancient traditions, those Indian caskets filled with documents from the remote past, but which have long since passed into the region of accepted fables.

As proof that the North American Indian has love for country and home, I will here insert the following (never before published) taken from the original MS., written by Rev. Israel Folsom, just before his people were driven from their ancient possessions east of the Mississippi river to their present place of abode. Their lands had been promised to the Choctaws "as long as water should run and grass should grow."

THE INDIAN'S SONG.--LO! THE POOR INDIAN'S HOPE.

"Land where brightest waters flow,
Land where loveliest forests grow
Where warriors drew the bow--
Native land farewell.

"He who made yon stream and tree,
Made the White, the Red man free,
Gave the Indian's home to be
'Mid the forest's wilds.

"Have the waters ceased to flow?
Have the forests ceased to grow?
Why do our brothers bid us go
From our native home?

"Here in infancy we played,
Here our happy wigwams made,
Here our fathers' bones are laid--
Must we leave them all?

"White men tell us of God on high.
So pure and bright in yonder sky--
Will not then His searching eye
See the Indians' wrong?"

The following is from the pen of a missionary who has long labored among the Choctaws and knew of what he spoke, and is sufficient testimony of the moral worth of him of whom he wrote:

"CHOCTAW NATION, April 9, 1885.

"Dear Brother Murrow:—

"I write you a sad letter. Our old Brother Peter Folsom is dead. He was taken sick the first day of April, and has

been growing worse ever since. He died to-day. I am writing by his beloved body. His spirit is in heaven. I can write no more. Please publish his death in the Champion, that all friends may know.

“Your brother in Christ,

“SIMON HANDCOCK.”

Such was the sad news that reached me. I knew Bro. Folsom personally for twenty-seven years. Truly, ‘a great man has fallen.’ He was great—first and chiefest, because he was good. He was good in a moral and Christian sense. He was the first Choctaw who united with a Baptist church. This was in the year 1829. No charge of unfaithfulness to Christ has ever been made against him for over fifty years. He was an eloquent and active preacher of the Gospel. He established a number of churches, and developed and trained excellent pastors for them all. He might appropriately be termed ‘the father of the Baptist mission work in the Choctaw Nation.’ His piety was known and read of all men. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of everybody—red, white and black. He walked with God, and is not, for God has taken him.

Second.—‘He was ‘great,’ because he was useful as a citizen. Uncle Peter was a true Choctaw. He loved his people; he sought their interests. For many years he was a prominent man in the councils and national affairs. He was a safe and wise counselor; was never accused of betraying a party to any crookedness nor a member of any ring. He often represented his Nation at Washington City. While there he always maintained his moral, upright character. His religion and purity were not left at home.

“Third—he was ‘great,’ because he was charitable; ‘But the greatest of these is charity,’ or love. I think Uncle Peter loved everybody and everything that was good. His heart, his home, his purse were always open. Indeed, he was, perhaps, too charitable, for he was often imposed upon. The poor, the needy, the distressed, whether red, white or black, were never turned from him without help or comfort. For many years he enjoyed a competency of this world’s goods, for he was a good manager. But the war broke him up, and he died in poverty. And yet he held an interest in a large and just claim against the United States Government. A claim recognized by Congress as just and ordered paid. Technicalities and red-tape delays hindered this payment. O what a shame! A rich and prosperous Government, with millions piled up in the treasury vault, owing money justly to a feeble people who need it, and who die in poverty and

suffering for the want of it. 'But our brother needs it not now. He is free from poverty and injustice. He is rich and happy.'

"J. L. MURROW."

Rev. Peter Folsom had two sons—Jerry and William. He had also three daughters—Susan Francis, Sophia and Kizia—all of the daughters are deceased.

Judge Loring Folsom, now the only surviving child of Colonel David Folsom and his first wife, Rhoda Nail, was long one of the leading men of the Choctaw Nation, but retired from the political arena several years ago, and has ever since been living in peace and quiet on his farm one and a half miles south of the town of Caddo, which took its name from a tribe of Indians whom the Choctaws defeated in battle on a group of high hills at the base of which Judge Loring Folsom now lives. This was the last battle in which the Choctaws were ever engaged as a Nation. In this the sun of their military glory went down to be followed by no returning morn.

But no study is needed to ascertain that Judge Loring Folsom is also a genuine man; a man from all dissimulation free—a characteristic so notable of the Choctaws—and ever wearing a cheerful face, so indicative of the warm feelings of a kind and generous friend. His natural disposition is remarkably amiable, being endowed with a gentleness of manner and delicacy of feeling, which to the casual observer would not at first indicate that inflexible firmness which he always manifests in determining questions of duty.

He filled the high and responsible position of Circuit Judge in his district for nearly twenty years, with credit and honor; though retired to private life, like his amiable father, he possesses a strong, clear mind, which he has cultivated with assiduous success, in consequence of which he has obtained a large amount of general information, by extensive reading, close observation and mature reflection. He is well posted in all the political affairs of his own nation, and also of the United States. His whole public life, in all the different and responsible fields in which he has been called by his people to labor, attest the purity and loftiness of its tone and purpose. He is a man of distinct individuality, yet in all his conduct, he is ever animated by the purest motives and an inflexible love of truth and justice, that would be of great advantage to all to put into practice the noble principles that animate the breast and govern the actions of Judge Loring Folsom.

THE TWO FRIENDS—THE RED AND THE WHITE.—

During my travels in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations in 1884, I arrived one evening the 19th of June, at the quiet and unostentatious village of Doaksville—one among the first towns located in their present country when arriving from their ancient domains east of the Mississippi river, in the year 1832. It soon became a place of considerable trade; but ultimately proving to be very sickly it was nearly abandoned; and, at the time I visited it, was but a relic of the past with Ichabod as an appropriate epitaph—having only one small dry goods store and eight or ten resident houses. My object in visiting it was to find a Choctaw friend, one among the few then living and known as friend in the broadest sense of the word, in days of the long ago. On entering the little place I found many Choctaws there of both sexes and of all ages, the store full within and its immediate environments covered with diversified groups of men, women and children sitting and standing. I asked a Choctaw man standing near, if he knew Henry Folsom, and if he was in the town? Looking around a moment he pointed to a group of men a short distance away and said: “Yum-mun-o (that one) chish-no (you) pisah (see) pil-lah (yonder). Dismounting I slowly walked towards the group with fixed eyes upon him who, I had just been told, was the object of my search. As I approached, all eyes of the little group turned upon me with inquisitive gaze; but, by my steady look at him alone, he seemed intuitively to know that he was the one I sought; acting accordingly, he quietly arose and advanced, with measured steps, to meet me looking straight into my face. As each approached the other, I recognized the features and knew 'twas he—the long lost friend of the far distant past—though now in the dignity and the sadness of his reclining years; once more, after so many years, I looked upon him, whom of all others, aside from kindred ties, I loved as one among the best of earthly friends, and knew I was thus to him; and again felt the strange magnetic charm of his noble soul, so well known in days of yore and remembered still; for he had stood to me during all the years for all that was good, a perfect type of friendship true, and honor without alloy. As we drew nearer, I saw also, that o'er him hung the shadows of fragile health, and thought 'tis but the old type of receding years.

We met, he paused a moment, surprised and uncertain. Ah! that long past time was now so dim to him, and many remembrances had been so merged in the vicissitudes and misfortunes that it was difficult to call them up. Alas, I saw too that his eyes, so victorious in youth, so unsparing in their attraction, now gazed into mine with painful desola-

tion. Truly, weary and time-worn was he; while in his hands seemed an hour-glass whence the last sands of life were slowly but surely falling. I looked upon his wrinkled brow as memories uncalled rushed upon me, and with extended hand, said: Henry, friend of my youth, have you forgotten me? Grasping my offered hand he replied: "Forgotten my earliest friend! never! Wrong me not thus! Much of my life now seems a blank to me, and our re-union in this our decline of life gives me joy." Reader, there are no words for such a re-union. Yet, this much I can and will unfold. We met—the red and the white—as ardent friends—only can and do meet—enough for thee to know.

Henry, how many joyous reminiscences as well as blighted hopes do thy name and face now arouse from their long sleep amid the scenes and events experienced together in the years now so far behind!

"Cush, I rejoice for what I bestowed and regret what I took away. But are not what you call blighted hopes oft changed into fruits of good?"

Even so, Henry. But the years, how swiftly have they seemed to speed away since we drifted apart!

"True, and much older are we now."

Yet Henry! how the forms and faces of loved one, long since recorded among the dead, seem to rise up before me now as they have not done for years before.

"Yes, friend Cush, like sprigs cast upon the waters of a turbid stream they have been swept apart to meet on earth no more. But how is it that we've never met upon the high-ways of life, until in this my home of retirement and solitude?"

Oft I've heard of you and thus kept upon your trail; have suffered with you and your race in the bitterness of your wrongs; have gloried in your patient endurance, though distant away. Yet, you and your people seem to have made a noble use of your adversity.

"Ah, old friend of better days, I'm heart-sick of the eternal babbling of the white people about my race and its so-called worthlessness. It is your race (no reflections upon you) who blinded us but to deceive; yours, who was never satisfied until it had won our confidence only to violate it; yours, who curse us in right and in wrong; yours, who, if you see us at peace, imagine your lives are endangered and drive peace away; yours, who eternally rants at us as savages, yet little know and less care, that their mockery destroys more lives than it has ever saved."

He thus spoke in passionate yet sad and mournful tones. I made no reply. How could I when feeling the truth of his

words so deeply? Yet, with the thoughts of other days which my presence had called up so unexpectedly, there seemed as suddenly to steal on him one fresh, soft and loving memory—that of our joyous boyhood's days. "Friend of my youth," in calm and gentle tones he said; "Pardon me! I did not wish to speak of those things, but they came up uncalled. In the bliss of my early life, and in which you, old friend, was a large sharer, I looked upon the White Race with a wonder, in which mingled much of admiration, but more of veneration, when first presented to me in its representative, the noble self-sacrificing white missionary. But I learned, as I grew on to manhood, that there were few, very few white missionaries among the White Race; but that the animal lusts and the evil leaven, venality, lay concealed seemingly in the purest forms of its nature ready to rouse and glut its insatiate appetite in the destruction of my race. But because the White Race has destroyed my own, I would not stoop so low as to deny the power of its cultivated intellect. It is worthy of its fame; but not, that I acknowledge its superiority over that of the red, only in the cultivation. But regard me none the better, friend Cush, that I thus speak; for there are still times in hours of reflection, if a reckoning could come between my race and thine, in which I could resort to deadly weapons, I, with my race entire, would, though few and feeble, deal with the common destroyer hand to hand and blow for blow."

But, friend Henry, has not the United States Government manifested much lenity towards your race? Instantly he replied in an excited and high tone of voice. "Lenity! lenity! did you say: Alas! we are but the miserable wards of a tyrannical government."

There was the vibration of deep and intense feeling in his words, as he thus continued: "Have not the misguiding influences of the whites hurled down to ruin the manhood of my race, by the mighty arm of superior numbers and implements of war; and then by the taunts, mockery, injury, hate and cruelty with which it has always been requited for nobly resisting aggression, oppression, outrage and extermination? Surely, it would be super-human if, through the countless years of unmerited wrong, and the constant banishments from all it once owned and loved, it had not despaired, long since, of all hope or belief in truth and justice earthly or divine; wiping out in their helpless victims all higher instincts, all appearance of honor, all purity of conscience; that if possible, even at the end, their hopes might be rewarded in fruition; that, under the weight of accumulated wrongs, long-chained passions and long-strained endurance

might give way, and find their fall in dealing in retribution, though it be in the justice of some avenging wrong."

I freely, but not without shame, confess, Henry, that all you have stated is but truth and only truth. Yet, I rejoice in also knowing the truth, that all the wrongs and sufferings of your race have not been able to wrench from it its better and nobler nature. An involuntary sigh escaped him, as he replied: "That is idle talk. My race is no better nor worse than any other race of mankind; nor are we demi-gods, to rise above all natural passions, and unmoved see evil triumph. Robbed us, you say? 'Tis true! yet, wisely kept to windward of your law, Might is Right, and took our heritage by forcing us to disinherit ourselves, and in lieu thereof bequeathed us a mess of pottage—a combination of whiskey, poverty, degradation, suffering, death—and called it "Purchase." But those who sin easily as easily find an apology for their crime; therefore, few know the Indians' wrongs as they have been, are still to-day, and may be through all future to come."

Thus he swept on, while thoughts seemed to rush upon him with such sudden and passionate force that it was an impossibility to frame them into words; yet they came with an irresistible power; wholly absorbed I listened to his expressed thoughts which moved him and seemed to stir depths of his soul that time had long sealed. I knew that he had striven to live only the life of a reader and thinker; and to leave behind him all weight of regret and the useless indulgence of vain hopes. But now looking backward to multiplied remembrances, the events of those days rose up and forced themselves upon him; and many things returned to his mind and knocked for admittance which, until now, had passed unheeded by; for he had long striven to hurl from memory the remembrance of his and his people's wrongs and losses—the former beyond avenging, the latter beyond redemption. But as they look back to all they have endured, all they have lost, by the merciless hands of arbitrary power whose shout is "Might is Right," could they but feel the fierce blood of retributive instinct—latent in all human hearts—rise and burn in them? They could not be human and feel otherwise.

"But how came you, friend Cush?"

I but pointed to my horse.

"'Tis well! Go get him. Yonder's my home, amid those trees on the ridge, a quarter of a mile away. Let us seek its quiet."

We reached his house. He paused at the yard gate and said: "What think you, old friend, of this my home?"

It has the appearance of quietness, peacefulness, and happiness unalloyed, and surely must constitute much of pleasure to your declining years. "Truly have you spoken." It was indeed a quiet place bordering even on the romantic. But alas, how still! how lonely! Surely, thought I, one in search of utter exile from the din and noisy strife of a contending world, might here safely hide and find that "solitude" of which the seemingly disconsolate poet sang in days of yore. We entered the open door, and then he said: "Friend of my youth! feel at home under this my humble roof. You have been lost to me for many, many years. Is thy heart still unchanged?" In silence I extended my hand. In silence he clasped it.

Our eyes met in unison of emotion, and the two long separated friends were one again, even as in the days of youth and hope; endeared the one to the other not only by the ties of boyhood and early manhood's association, but by the ties of sincere friendship between the Red and the White.

"Much," he continued, "of my life you know not, 'tis with the dead. To-night we'll talk till wearied nature demands a halt to seek repose. My domestic affairs attention need. Excuse a moment's absence. I'll soon return." He then left me to muse alone. Night had already begun to glide along the woods shutting out the wilderness of forests that stretched away on every side, whose deep silence seemed never to have been broken by the din of human life. But after many years have flown, we dear Henry, have met again; met as only ardent friends long lost can and do meet, enough for us to know

Reader, no gilded ornaments adorned this my Choctaw friend's humble home; no luxurious furnishings attracted the eye as you entered its portals, but a piano and violin, whose appearance bespoke the vicissitudes of many years, yet, his sweet solaces in hours of despondency and gloom—undeviating adjuncts decreed to man; but here his house stands far back amid broad-armed oaks of centuries' growth, whose leafy crowns were never defaced by the ax wielded by the topping hand of art, and where the way-worn and weary traveler and long absent friend found indeed a place of rest. Haughty pride and folly would look down upon it, with scorn, and even ask in sneering tones, "What is its object there"? Yet, it still remains with its inmates (father and son and a few negro servants, slaves of former days) in that same quiet spot with open doors to all. Yet no blazoned insignia were needed to attract attention to this

abode of peace, nor gilded monument necessary to perpetuate its memory.

Dr. Folsom lost his wife (daughter of the great and good Chickasaw, John Colbert) and daughter many years ago by the ruthless hand of man's common foe; but true to his early love, he had remained a widower, living alone with his unmarried son, the solace of his father's declining years. God be gracious to you and yours, my noble Henry! Though advanced in years, even as I, thou still art that cheery comrade and trusty friend as in days of yore; and though thy merry heart is mellowed by the fine sympathy born of care and thoughtfulness, yet thy nature is still beautified by that dash of spirit, like to the spell of enchantment the moonlight throws over the hills and forests of thy country and home. With what glowing fascination did the full orb'd moon, in that silent and sacred hour of thought, flood, with its dreamy light, those ancient oaks that adorned his home! The birds too knew their value and rejoiced in their beauty, and came into their wide embrace seemingly as children to the extended arms of a doting parent, making the morn and eve resonant with their joyous twitterings. That hour alone I can never forget; as twilight slowly gave place to night, so rich with her crown of stars and seemingly sceptered for dominion o'er a world hushed to quiet, while earth seemed to thoughtfully lay beneath my feet. Ah, the stars and full orb'd moon then seemed, more than ever before, as a seraph-choir thrilling all Nature with their minstrelsy, till she was moved to bliss ineffable, yea, as spirits that have passed through sin and death without a stain, and now wear crowns of fadeless glory above.

His domestic duties done, my old friend returned and aroused me from my reverie as he exclaimed: "Upon what dwelt your thoughts?" I pointed to the full orb'd moon that lighted up the eastern sky; then to the earth beneath and sky above blushing in wild and romantic beauty; then, to the giant oaks that stood around in silent majesty as they received a soft glow from the fleecy clouds which softly reflected upon them the gentle light of departing day and advancing night. He then said in a low tone of voice: "I too love them all."

Reader, 'twas amid such a scene, and at that lovely hour, when the sweet songs of nature seem to whisper of peace and joy, we sat, a group of three, on the moonlighted piazza in exchange of thoughts; and there lingered (loth to part) till the stars climbed to the zenith, and all around lay sleeping in the silence of a moonlit summer night. To me his conversation was fascinating—full of grace and originality;

brilliant I will not call it, for it was too mellow and restful to be thus characterized. But upon his face rested the mystic sign which constitutes the bond of union among all congenial souls, and I felt that the emotions of his heart were in strict unison with my own, and each responded in perfect harmony the one to the other. Ah! then and there,

We spoke of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;
And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And can never be one again.

He also spoke of our youth's bright and promising morn—"God's days," as he expressed it; the days of childhood's innocence—when life was new and hope was bright. Now, with folded hands and drooping head, he sat in silence long, as memories of other days around him rush; but each understood the other's sigh, for each had experienced life's vicissitudes—had long since bade adieu to scenes of early youth and happy days, which, by a strange and unknown law of association, stood out before us again as vividly as if but yesterday intervened; and felt as if left behind in the race of life, and sadly toiling on alone, while new proofs poured upon us where'er we turned. You may not understand the tie that then bound the red and the white. Nor can you. Firm in his attachments, the Indian never forgets a friend; let this suffice for thee to know, if thou hast never had an Indian friend.

Then he spoke of the silent stealing on of man's days and years, the unseen and unfelt progress of his life from youth to age; and which, as we look back upon that flowing water, now a dry channel overgrown with leaves, we see few marks along its course by which we can remember how it ran. Could I listen but with emotionable delight? Now he speaks of his people, of their vicissitudes and sorrows, their past history, their present condition, their future hopes and prospects; then he spoke of those heart memories that never die, and which the rough usages of the world can never destroy, nor time nor distance weaken, those memories of his early home east of the Mississippi, of boyhood's morn with its gay and hopeful dreams, sunny hours and illusive visions of bliss all gone, but which time nor change, sorrow nor age, can blot from the heart, but which, though on the verge of the grave, reproduce the freshness of emotion with which life began.

He talked too of art, literature and modern science, but in the quiet, unconscious way of one with whom knowledge flows as a full stream, and to whom knowledge and research (for he was a man of fine erudition and scientific attainments attained at school, and had also mingled freely during a long life with men of learning and culture) have taught that deep yet saddening truth—the limitation of human knowledge. He was indeed a pleasant companion; interesting and instructive in conversation, which was enriched by experience and and observation. Picturesque too was he; and though nearly three score and fifteen years had been his earthly pilgrimage, yet he walked with elastic steps, and his form still was finely expressive of sinewy energy, but bore the record of his years and their garnered cares; while his face held a full chronicle of bitter experience that had mingled with the sweet; for he too had tasted the cup of affliction in more than one form; he too had seen the happiness of life decay, and also felt that there is an unseen and mysterious power which operates upon man's destiny, controlling events over which he possesses no control.

But his regular, clear cut features and dark, piercing eyes still possessed a touch of melancholy in their depths, indicating his slightly mixed blood—the quick intelligence of the white man with the mingled sadness of the Red, a sadness impressed as a heritage by long years of oppression and wrong. I observed it also in the broken but still majestic warriors of his race, as I mingled among them—a buried yet still living resentment—a touch of defiance in the prevailing coldness of their mien, and a gleam of suspicion in the forced smile they still alike bestow on all strange white men, the authors of all their misfortunes and woes.

“ A hundred long years! what visions rise
Of dynasties risen and set,
Of powers that melted from earth away
When the wrong and the right clashed and met—
Alas! the old died hard to make way for the now.”

But ah! how soon does sorrow tread upon the heels of joy! A few short weeks after I had left him in perfect health, and turned to other duties forgetting him for the moment, believing him to be as we parted, a letter from a Choctaw friend informed me of his death. Then and there I felt I had lost a friend of a life time—a friend of unconquerable integrity, true and faithful in all things; one whose heart was warm; intelligence strong, and whose devotion to his convictions and his obligations immovable. Truly, to lose such a friend from among the living seems an irreparable misfortune, and I numbered him with the dead in

sorrow earnest and deep. What though, old friend of the past, I have no picture of thee—the work of art! 'Tis well; for no artist could paint thee; and surely it would mar my joy to look upon a blank, expressionless and fading toy, and call it by thy name; but there is a picture hung in the deathless halls of memory, framed in the rarest wood which time can never dim. But I will not chide the outbursts of sorrow, though it is not well to be betrayed by passion into wild forgetfulness of reason, since time's busy fingers are never at rest, and ere another summer comes and goes what changes may be wrought, who can tell? Ah! "The future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps, and behind it broods ever the mighty perhaps."

He lived beyond the allotted years of manhood's three score years and ten of the Psalmist, yet his busy brain and untiring hand wrought on, as if in the vigor of a changeless youth. Adieu, thou pattern of fidelity that never betrayed and constancy that never wearied.

I found a few others, here and there, in my travels over the country, that were familiar figures in my boyhood and manhood days, and of whom I now may say: One glance at their keen, black eyes and I still loved them; one look at the honest, good-humored, kind expression of their faces, and intuitively I yet loved them—those unchanged, old and dear comrades of the long ago; and again, as oft before, I listened with delight to their ancient legends as facts associated with their history in the days of yore, known but to themselves. How I again reveled in those tales of ancient days as their aged eyes brightened and sparkled at the most improbable passage of the narrative, but which I assumed not to doubt for fear of wounding their sensitive hearts; yet fascinating to me since truth and fancy were so intermingled that they rivaled the most extravagant fairy tale that ever imagination wove in the recess of a subtle brain; and who, when their heroes' stars had set, turned their faces away from their ancient domains and here in their present homes carved out their own fortunes and handed down their honored names to posterity; and though their legends again rehearsed as before in the days of the long past were only as a memory to me, yet I treasure them as beautiful and interesting eulogies pronounced upon their heroes of ages past. I well knew that, because of their chivalrous patriotism and high sense of honor, they ranked among the greatest of their race; and I gloried in the thought that their oft repeated legends and tales found in me not only a ready and an intensely sympathetic listener, but making me admire and love the red race more than ever, because of the all-

absorbing devotion that made them lose their own identity in that of their ancient great. Nearly all of those Indian friends of my youth and manhood days have gone down to the silent and cheerless habitation of the dead, yet their memory still survives in many a picture of the years that have been.

I will here present to the reader the memoirs of Nathaniel Folsom, the oldest of the three brothers who cast their lot in their morning of life among the Choctaws, and became the fathers of the Folsom House in the Choctaw Nation, as related by himself to the missionary, Rev. Cyrus Byington, June, 1823, and furnished me by his grand-daughter Czarena Folsom, now Mrs. Rabb.

"I was born in North Carolina, Rowan County, May 17th, 1756. My father was born in Massachusetts or Connecticut. My mother was born in New Jersey. My parents moved to Georgia, and there my father sent me to school about six months, during which time I learned to read and write. My mother taught me to read and spell at home. My father had a great desire to go to Mississippi to get money; they said money grew on bushes! We got off and came into the Choctaw Nation. The whole family came; we hired an Indian pilot who led us through the Nation to Pearl river, where we met three of our neighbors who were returning on account of sickness. This alarmed my father, who then determined to return to North Carolina. We came back into the Nation to Mr. Welch's, on Bok Tuklo (Two Creeks), the father of Mr. Nail. At this time I was about 19 years of age. At that place we parted. My father knocked me down. I arose and told him I would quit him, and did so by walking straight off before his face. I do not remember what I did, but I always thought I was not in fault. My parents then moved into the Chickasaw Nation. I entered into partnership with Mr. Welch, and could do many things for him. In the Chickasaw Nation my brother Israel ran away from my father and came to me. He died at the age of 18 near where Mr. Juzon now lives. He was a good young man. My parents moved again to Fort St. Stephens. My brother Ebenezer visited me several times; he also sent me word to come and move him up into the Nation. I did so. He lived with me two years. Still he wanted to go to Mississippi, and wished I would raise a guard and send him there. I did so. Brother Edmond and two sisters went with him, and there my father died, on Cole's creek, Mississippi. I really believe my mother was a pious woman. I traded a long time in the Nation, sometimes taking up three or four thousand dollars' worth of goods. I followed trading about thirty years. I lived principally at Bok Tuklo, fifteen

miles this side of Juzon's (i. e. north). There was a great town of about four hundred Indians. The French King lived there. (This great French King was, no doubt, Bienville, or some one of his officers). I learned the Choctaw language very slow. I was never perfect in the language. But after ten years I could do any business with the Choctaws. I bought a Bible of Robert Black about twelve years ago. This is the first Bible I ever owned. Before that I cared nothing about the Bible. I first heard a sermon by Mr. Bell at the Pigeon Roost about twelve years ago. I heard Lorenzo Dow pray once. About this time I began to have serious thoughts. Before this I had none. My mind was affected by what the missionaries said, who came from the North. Soon after my son Edmond died. One Sabbath I had a great conflict in me. I heard a sermon at the Pigeon Roost. My friends thought I felt bad because my son died. But it was something else. At that time there was a great change in me, which has remained ever since. This was in August, 1824. I joined the church at Mayhew, October, 1827, in my 72nd year. I have been the father of twenty-four children, fourteen of whom are living. . I have lived to see six of them join the church, and three others sit on the anxious seat." According to an entry in the church record of Mountain Fork church, Nathaniel Folsom died October 9th. 1833, in his 78th year.

Mr. Rufus Folsom, great grandson of Nathaniel Folsom, also kindly furnished me with a sketch of his great grandfather, which was nearly the same as the above—closing, however, with the following: "In September, 1830, the government of the United States made a treaty with the Choctaws for their lands east of the Mississippi river, and in October, 1832, our old great grand-father, afflicted with a palsy of the limbs for many years, started from the old Nation to come to this. He reached Mountain Fork, and there resided till the 9th of October, 1833, when he died, aged 77 years, four months, and twenty-seven days."

Signed,

RUFUS FOLSOM,

Folsom Station, Indian Territory.

Nathaniel Folsom married Aiahnichih Ohoyoh (A woman to prefer above all others.) She was a niece of Miko Puskush, (Infant Chief,) who was the father of Amosholihibih. She descended from a long and ancient line of chiefs, and belonged to the ancient Iksha Hattakiholihta, one of the of the two great families, the other being Tashapaokla (Part of a People); the laws of which forbid any person, male or female, to marry any one of the same Iksha. Though Mr. Nathaniel Folsom had acquired but a limited education, yet

he was a moral man, and the good example he set before the people of his adoption and with whom he had cast his lot, won their respect, confidence and love, which he fully reciprocated to the day of his death. According to the ancient custom of the Choctaws, he had two wives at the same time, Aiahnichih Ohoyoh and her sister, whose name has not been preserved. Colonel David Folsom and Rev. Israel Folsom were sons of Aiahnichih Ohoyoh; and Captain Robert Folsom and Isaac Folsom were sons of her sister; with all the four I was personally acquainted. Robert and Isaac lived near Hebron, and were prominent members in the church at that mission. I will here insert an extract from a letter now before me, written by Mr. Nathaniel Folsom to Rev. Cyrus Byington on the death of his daughter and Lewis Folsom, his grandson, dated March, 1830, which truly manifests the humble and pious heart of the father and grandfather. I copy it from the original with no alteration whatever.

Dear friend Mr. Byington: I desire to let you know my felings at this present time. I feel satisfied it is the Lord's will. God give her to me and he has taken her away and his will is right and good in all things that befalls us wicked mortals here upon earth. I bless God for it all things that befalls me it is the holy will of the blessed God it is rite an good. I hope her soul at rest with the blessed Savior of the world I believe she has gone to Him forever this turble thing of my grand son at Mayhew thar is no hope. O children take wareng by this I say turn O children and remember your Creator God on you all will die but wat wil becum of your little souls if you repent on earth you all ar lost ever I say my dear childun quit your bad ways an turn to Lord with all your heart an Christ wil reseve you for he loves little children if you obey his commandments my dear friend you no my felings about children that blessed Book the Bible is the gide to larn us all to fit us to the worldsto come the Lord bless you all."

N. FOLSOM.

The death of his grand son, Lewis Folsom, to which the good old man so pathetically alludes, was indeed a sad affair. I was acquainted with Lewis, his grand-son, whose father was Capt. Robert Folsom. Lewis and Joel Nail, his cousin and son of Henry Nail, were driving four horses attached to the end of the two levers of a mill, two horses at the end of each. The two boys got into a play in which they soon began to throw corn cobs at each other, while riding around on the levers and driving the horses. Unfortunately Lewis jumped upon the big cog wheel and was instantly killed.

I was personally acquainted with his father's entire fam-

ily. His youngest sister, Else, now Mrs. Perkins, is still living. His father, at the time of the sad occurrence, was in their present territory, being sent with others by their Nation, to look after the country preparatory to the exchange which was afterwards made with the United States Government in 1830.

From an old MS. left by Nathaniel Folsom in his own hand writing, I here insert the the following extracts obtained through the kindness of his grand-daughter Czarina Folsom, now Mrs. Rabb, living in Atoka.

"The Choctaws were more numerous than now. Thirty years ago it is probable there were nearly 30,000. Before I came here the smallpox killed two-thirds of the people. The measles also destroyed a great many. There was one town entirely destroyed by the measles.

"They had axes and hoes, but not a plough in the Nation. I gave twenty-two dollars for the first plough I had; twenty dollars for a bushel of salt; ten dollars for a common blanket. Goods were then brought from St. Augustine, Florida, on pack-horses. I gave once twenty dollars for a half bushel of salt in a time of war (the Revolution).

"The woman's dress was a petticoat that came just below the knees, and a head-gear; and in the winter a tight woolen jacket with bright buttons in front. They had an abundance of blankets by sewing the feathers of turkeys together. They had but few iron pots and kettles, the articles were dear.

"When anyone died a scaffold was made in the yard near the house, put high enough to be safe from the dogs. On the top of this the body was laid on its side; and then a blanket or bear skin was thrown over it; and there it remained until it perished. Then the bone-pickers came and picked the flesh off and put the bones in a box. The head was adorned and put away in a box, and then the boxes were put away in a bone-house—a house set apart to receive them, and placed at the edge of the town. At this time there was a large collection of people. The bone-pickers had some ceremonies, but I do not recollect them. Twice a year—fall and spring—the people assembled, and had a great gathering over the bones of the dead. The two families would meet. One day one family would cry; and on the next day the other would cry, and then the bones would be brought out in the boxes and buried. A little present was made to the bone-pickers.

"Ever since about the time of the Revolutionary war the Choctaws began to leave their towns and settle in the woods for the benefit of their stock. I was the first to settle on the

Natchez trace at Pigeon Roost, about twenty-five years since. Still, at the time of the exodus of the Choctaws, in 1832, they had many large and populous towns and villages in their Nation which I personally knew.

"Kings.—Some inherited the office; others were appointed by the French and English. Amosholihubih is the old family (i. e., the old family of kings or chiefs). David's old uncle was of the royal family.

"The Indians spoke in a different style from what they do now. The doctors are great deceivers. One came to me and said he could cure me of my lameness (palsy in the limbs.) I told him if he would cure me, I would give him a horse; if he did not cure me, I'd give him nothing. The doctor inquired where the lameness commenced! I told him, in the sole of my feet. He then examined them, got down, spit on them and sucked the place until a long time, as though he'd draw something out. After awhile he got up and then made a great effort to get something out of his mouth; at length he took out a small piece of deer skin, as appeared, and said he had drawn that out of my foot. I asked him where the hole was. He said: 'It never makes a hole.' I took the bit of leather and talked to him, and told him that doctors were the greatest liars in the world. You never pulled that out of my foot. You cut it off from some deer skin and put it in your mouth. Now stop telling such lies, or somebody will injure you. He looked very much ashamed and walked off. Before the doctors begin to doctor, they sing a long song, whisper a prayer, and then commence.

"At that time there were several white men among the Choctaws, all of whom married Choctaw wives, and thus became identified with that people. The descendants of nearly all of whom are still among the Choctaws to this day.

"Hardy Perry," continued Nathaniel Folsom, "brought the first neat cattle into the Nation."

The old gentleman evidently refers to the eastern part of the Nation, where he lived; since it was well known that, either about the same time or a short time before Perry's drove were first introduced into the eastern part of the Nation, and the waters of the Tombigbee river, Lewis and Michael LeFlore and Lewis Durant introduced a small herd into the western part of the Nation, and located it on the waters of the Yazoo river. But thus continues Mr. Folsom.

"He bought them of the French at Mobile, Twenty-five dollars for a cow and calf. This was soon after I came

into the country. Benj. James then bought one. I was the third man. From these the stocks of cattle have sprung. There was abundance of horses. There were many hogs in the Nation when I first came. I have seen nearly thirty dogs at an Indian house. They resembled the wolf.

"David Folsom went to a school on Elk river, Tennessee. Started off alone at sixteen years of age, at least 250 miles from home, and was there six months. That was the end of his schooling there. I employed another man a month to teach him figures. That was seven months education.

"About this time (he seemed to forget to mention dates) he was married to Rhoda Nail. He took her out of the Indian Territory to a magistrate and married her lawfully. She is his wife, and this is the first instance I know of, where an Indian was married according to our laws."

John Pitchlynn, the name of another white man who at an early day cast his lot among the Choctaws, not to be a curse but a true benefactor. He was contemporaneous with the three Folsoms, Nathaniel, Ebenezer and Edmond; the three Nails, Henry, Adam and Edwin; the two Le Flores Lewis and Mitchel, and Lewis Durant. John Pitchlynn, as the others, married a Choctaw girl and thus become a bona-fide citizen of the Choctaw Nation. He was commissioned by Washington, as United States Interpreter for the Choctaws in 1786, in which capacity he served them long and faithfully. Whether he ever attained to the position of chief of the Choctaws is not now known. He, however, secured and held to the day of his death not only the respect, esteem and confidence of the Choctaws as a moral and good citizen, but also that of the missionaries who regarded him as one among their best friends and assistants in their arduous labors for the moral and religious elevation of the people of his adoption. He married Sophia Folsom, the daughter and only child of Ebenezer Folsom. They had five sons, Peter P., James, Thomas, Silas and Jack, all of whom were men of fine talents and high position, reflecting credit on their ancient and honorable name, except Jack, who was led astray and finally killed.

How many strange little incidents oft happen to various persons the cause of which none can satisfactorily explain; many of which are similar to the following that Major John Pitchlynn once experienced in early life! He stated to the missionaries that he, in company with sixty Choctaw warriors, was once returning home from a trading expedition to Mobile—then a small town and trading point of the Choctaws. One night they all had lain down upon their blankets

side by side, and all soon fell asleep but himself, who, by a strange and unusual restlessness, was unable to sleep. For a long time he rolled this way and that upon his blanket, but all to no purpose; he could not sleep. Finally he arose, took up his blanket and laid down on the opposite side of the fire which had been made for the common benefit of the camp. Scarcely had he adjusted himself upon his new bed when a large tree suddenly fell to the ground and exactly across the bodies of his six sleeping comrades, killing every one of them, and leaving him a lone survivor of the camp. Major Pitchlynn often afterwards spoke of this incident as a manifestation of a special Providence; his unaccountable sleeplessness on that night, and his getting up and going to the other side of the fire to sleep, as a divine interposition in his special behalf. Peter was born January 30, 1806, in a little village called Shik-o-poh (The Plume), which was then in what is now Noxubee County. In early youth young Peter manifested a disposition for intellectual attainments; he attended the great councils of his Nation as an attentive hearer but silent spectator, and sought every opportunity to inform himself of all that was transpiring around him. As he grew up his desire to obtain an education increased, and he was finally sent to a school in Tennessee.

He returned home at a time his people were negotiating a treaty with the United States Government; when and where he made himself the object of much conversation, in the way of reproof by some, and commendation by others, in refusing to shake hands with Andrew Jackson, the negotiator of a treaty, which, in his youthful judgment, he regarded as an imposition (which Jackson himself well knew) upon his misled and deluded people and an insult to his Nation; this opinion was never changed to the hour of his death years after. After remaining at home awhile, he went to school at Columbia Academy, Tennessee; thence to the Nashville University, where he graduated; and afterwards became, as the sequel will show, a great and useful man to his Nation.

During his scholastic days at the Nashville University, General Jackson visited there officially as a trustee, and on seeing young Peter, at once recognized him as the Choctaw boy who had some years before refused to receive him as an acquaintance, or recognize in him a friend. Jackson, than whom few were better judges of human nature and moral worth, determined to win the friendship and confidence of the proud and manly young Choctaw, and succeeded finally in changing the old feeling of dislike to one of warm personal friendship, which sacred ties were never

broken. After he graduated he returned home and settled, as a farmer, upon the outskirts of a beautiful prairie to which his name was given, and down to the war of 1861 it still bore, and perhaps does yet, the name, "The Pitchlynn Prairie."

His remarkably manly form and bearing; his beautifully shaped head covered with long, black, shining hair and possessed with as black, piercing eyes as ever penetrated to the secret thoughts of the heart; his broad cheek-bones and brown complexion together with his natural and unaffected courteousness, affability and generous disposition, all served to constitute Peter P. Pitchlynn as stately and complete a gentleman of Nature's handy work as I ever beheld. He erected a comfortable house upon the spot selected for his home, and won the heart of the youngest daughter of Nathaniel Folsom, (Rhoda) to whom he was soon married according to the usages of the Whites, by the missionary, Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury.

In 1824 a law was passed by the council of the Nation organizing a corps of Light-Horse (a little company of cavalry), who were clothed with the authority and also made as their imperative duty to close all the dram-shops that were dealing in the miserable traffic in opposition to law and treaty stipulations. The command of this band was given to young Peter P. Pitchlynn, who united the bravery of Leonidas to the incorruptible virtues of Aristides, and in one year, from the time he undertook to erase the foul blotch (traffic in whiskey) from the face of his country, he had successfully accomplished it.

From his soon known abilities he was early elected a member of the National Council, an honor never before conferred upon one so young. Pitchlynn at once brought before the council the necessity of educating their children, and argued the great advantages that would accrue therefrom; and, that the students might more readily become accustomed to the usages of the whites, he suggested the propriety of establishing a school for Choctaw youths in some one of the states. It was decided, therefore, by the council in accordance with his proposition, and a Choctaw Academy was established near Georgetown, Kentucky, sustained by the funds of the Nation, and stood, until driven from their ancient domains, a proud monument of the Choctaw's advancing civilization under the fostering care of God's missionaries sent to them.

In the year 1828 he, with another Choctaw, two Chickasaw and two Muscogee warriors, constituted a delegation appointed and sent by, and at the expense of, the United States

Government, to go upon a peace-making expedition into the Osage country west of the Mississippi river, now the State of Kansas, as the Osages and Choctaws were and had been uncompromising enemies for years untold; and if peace could be established between them, it was believed that the Choctaws would the more readily consent to the exchange of lands, as was afterwards made. The little band of six, few but resolute and fearless, with Pitchlynn as their chief, went first to Memphis, then a little village; thence to St. Louis, where they received necessary supplies from the Indian superintendent; thence to Independence, consisting then of only a few log cabins, where they were received and hospitably entertained by a son of the renowned Daniel Boone. At Independence they were joined by an Indian agent; thence they started and made their first camp on a broad prairie near a Shawnee village. The Shawnees had never before seen a Choctaw, Chickasaw or Muscogee; nor had they ever seen a Shawnee, except in the persons of Tecumseh and his thirty warriors, in their memorable visit to their three nations in 1812, while each knew of the existence of the other. On the following morning Pitchlynn and his little band directed their footsteps toward the Shawnee village, with the decorations of the pipe of peace gaily fluttering to the prairie breeze above their heads—an emblem ever respected and honored by the North American Indians anywhere and everywhere. Upon seeing the peace-pipe extended, the Shawnees at once came out to meet them, and escorted them in much pomp and ceremony into their village, where a council was soon convened to learn the object of the strangers' visit; which soon being explained, pledges of friendship were exchanged and speeches made, and the strangers earnestly solicited to remain the next day to attend a grand feast that would be given to them in honor of their visit, which was duly accepted; and then the little band again took up its line of travel toward the territories of the Osages. For several days they traveled along on the famous Santa Fe trail, then turned in a southeast direction, traveling over beautiful prairies skirted here and there with timber.

One day, about the middle of the afternoon, a few deer were seen on a prairie a half a mile distant, and Pitchlynn left his company to continue their course, while he would try to procure some venison for their supper. He had approached nearly near enough to risk a shot, when he was discovered by the deer, who scampered off across the prairie. At that moment he discovered a small herd of buffalo, at one of which he tried to get a shot; but they, too, discov-

ered him and took to flight. He pursued them a mile or two, but finding he was getting too far away he stopped his pursuit and turned to overtake his companions by traveling at an angle that would enable him to overtake or strike their trail several miles south of where he had left them. But after riding a few miles he saw about half a mile before him a ridge of undulating prairie, on the opposite side of which he felt sure his little company must have passed. As the sun was now nearing the western horizon, and he knew not how far his companions were ahead of him, he started for the top of the ridge in a brisk gallop until he reached the base of the hill, then reined in his horse to a steady walk as he ascended the ridge, ever keeping in practice the safe motto, "Caution is the mother of safety." And well he did, for he was then in the country of Osages, who, not knowing his mission, would have made short work of him, had they have met him. As he drew nearer the top the slower he rode, and thus cautiously moved until he could see the valley beyond, and there he saw a company of Osage warriors but a short distance ahead. Some were riding slowly along intently looking on the ground, while others had dismounted and were leading their horses, now stooping with eager look and then pushing the grass this way and that, as if to find something lost. Pitchlynn at once comprehended the whole. They had found the trail of his companions and were using their woods-craft to read the signs indicated, and learn whether friends or foes had passed, and also their number.

Pitchlynn at once reined his horse backward until he was below the brow of the hill, then turned and rode slowly down until he had reached its base lest the sound of his horse's feet should betray him; then struck off at full gallop in a south direction and continued it until night called a halt. He then dismounted, roped his horse upon the grass, and lay down to reflect upon his day's ventures, until sleep embraced him in her arms and lulled him to unconsciousness. In the morning he arose and was soon again on his dubious way, making a wide circuit to avoid running again upon his unwelcome neighbors. Again night overtook him a lone wanderer in a pathless wilderness, without having made any discoveries as to the whereabouts of his companions, or his enemies, the Osages. Again he stretched himself upon the grass and found forgetfulness in sleep. Again he started and was rejoiced, after an hour's ride, to strike the trail of his friends whom he overtook in the evening of the same day. Not knowing what had become of him, or where to look for him in that endless wilderness, they had traveled slowly, hoping that he would yet come up; but

when the second night came without his return, despair had usurped the place of hope and they had given him up as forever lost to them.

The Osages, for unknown reasons, did not pursue them. If they had, there would have been a final separation as the Osages so outnumbered them, that not one of the little company would have been left to tell the tale of their complete destruction. The unexpected return of their chief gave new life to all, and they pursued their journey with renewed vigor. In a few days they came to a large Osage village situated on a high bluff on the Osage river, and camped near the same, where they remained several days safe under the Pipe of Peace, whose decorations of ribbons fluttered above their camps; the Osages refusing, however, to meet them in council, since but a short time previous a war party of Choctaws had invaded their country, and in a battle had slain several of their warriors. Still Pitchlynn proposed a treaty of peace and after much equivocation and delay the Osages consented to meet Pitchlynn and his little band in council; but nothing definite was done on the first day, though Pitchlynn told them that he and his party, the first Choctaws that had ever proposed peace to the Osages, had traveled over two thousand miles through the request of the United States government, to propose a treaty of perpetual peace and friendship to the Osages. To which an Osage chief made a haughty and defiant reply. The next day in council assembled, Pitchlynn also assumed an air more of haughty defiance than that of a suppliant for peace, and in his speech, in reply to the Osage Chief's speech made the day before, boldly said: "After what the Osage warrior said to us in his talk yesterday, we find it difficult to restrain our old animosity. You tell us that by your laws it is your duty to strike down all who are not Osage Indians. The Choctaws have no such laws. But we have a law which tells us that we must always strike down an Osage warrior whenever we meet him. I know not what war-paths you may have followed west of the Great river, but I know very well that the smoke of our council fires you have never seen, as we live on the other side of the Great River. Our soil has never been tracked by an Osage, only, when he was a prisoner. I will not, as you have done, boast of the many war-paths we have followed. I am in earnest and speak the truth, when I now tell you that our last war-path, since you will have it so, has brought us to the Osage country, and to this village. The Choctaw warriors now at home would be rejoiced to get a few hundred of your scalps, for it is thus that they get their reputation as warriors. I tell you this

to remind you that we also have some ancient laws as well as the Osages, and that the Choctaws know too how to fight. Stand by the laws of your fathers, and refuse the offer of peace that we have now extended to you, and bear the consequences that will follow.

"We are now a little band in your midst, but we do not fear to speak openly to you and tell you the truth. We expect to move soon from our ancient country east of the Great River to the sources of the Arkansas and Red rivers, which will bring us within two hundred miles of your country; and then you shall hear the defiant war-whoops of the Choctaws in good earnest and the crack of their death-dealing rifles from one end of your country to the other; nor will they cease to be heard until the last Osage warrior has fallen; your wives and children carried into captivity, and the name of the Osages blotted out. You may regard this as vain boasting, but our numbers so much exceed that of your own that I am justified, as you well know, in my assertion. You say you will not accept the white paper of the Great Father at Washington; therefore, we now tell you that we take back all we said yesterday about a treaty of peace. If we are to have peace between the Choctaws and Osages, the proposition must now come from the Osages. I have told you all I have to say, and shall speak no more."

This bold speech of Pitchlynn's had the desired effect, causing a great change to come suddenly over the spirit of the Osages' dreams; therefore, on the next day the council was again convened and the Osages, without further solicitations, negotiated for peace, which was soon declared, and followed by a universal shaking of hands and great demonstrations of friendship, intermixed with unassumed joy in the happy result. A grand feast was at once prepared, at which everything presented a joyous appearance, while peace-speeches furnished the greater part of the entertainment; the honor of delivering the closing speech was awarded to Pitchlynn, in which, with his usual eloquence, he portrayed before the eyes of the attentive Osages the benefit that would accrue to them as a Nation to lay aside their old manner of living and begin a new kind of life—that of adopting the customs of civilization. He spoke of his own people, the Choctaws, who had conformed to the customs of civilization, by encouraging white missionaries to come among them and teach them; by establishing schools for the education of their children, and by turning the attention of the men to the cultivation of the soil; and had given up war as a source of amusement, and hunting as their sole dependence for food, and how much benefit they had already derived in so

doing, and he would advise the Osages, as well as all Indians, to do the same; as it was the only means of preserving themselves from the grasping habits and power of the white men. If they would make an effort to elevate themselves in the scale of civilization, the American government would treat them with greater respect, and they thus would preserve their nativity.

At the close of the peace ceremonies and festivities a party of Osage warriors, with the Osage speaker of the Council, were appointed to escort, as token of peace and friendship between the Osages and Choctaws, Pitchlynn and his little company to the borders of the Osage territories, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. There the Osage escort bade their old enemies, but now newly-made friends, a formal adieu, and returned to their villages, while Pitchlynn and his five companions, after an absence of nearly six months, turned their faces homeward with light hearts, pursuing a southern direction down the Canadian river, and continuing along the Red river valley, and finally reached home in safety.

Peter P. Pitchlynn, while upon this adventurous journey, picked up a little Indian boy belonging to no particular tribe, whom he adopted and carried home with him, had him educated at the Choctaw academy in Kentucky; and that homeless boy of the western prairies became one of the most eloquent and faithful preachers that ever preached the "Glad tidings of great joy" among the Choctaw people.

Peter P. Pitchlynn first formed an acquaintance with the great American statesman, Henry Clay, in 1840, when travelling on a steamboat. While on board, he one day heard two apparently old farmers discussing the subject of agriculture, to whose conversation he was attracted, and soon became a silent but deeply interested listener for more than an hour; then going to his state-room he told his travelling companion what a treat he had enjoyed in the discussion between "two old farmers" upon the subject of farming, and added: "If that old farmer with an ugly face had only been educated for the law, he would have been one of the greatest men in this country." That "old farmer with an ugly face" was Henry Clay, who was delighted at the compliment paid to him by the appreciative Choctaw.

The noble Peter P. Pitchlynn was in Washington City at the time of the commencement of the civil war in 1861, attending to the national affairs of his people, but at once hastened home, hoping that they would escape the evils of the expected strife, and returned to his home to pursue the quiet life of a farmer among his own people. But the Choctaws,

as well as the Chickasaws, Cherokees, Creeks and Seminoles, from their position between the contending parties, were not permitted to occupy neutral grounds, but were forced into the fratricidal strife, some on the one side and some the other, but to the inconceivable injury of all.

Of Peter P. P tchlynn it can be said, he was teacher, philosopher and friend among the Choctaws, cherishing with great pride the history and romantic traditions of his people. As a private citizen, he was a good man; as an official and public servant, he was a pure man. As a high official in his country, he too was a pious man; nor thought the religion of Jesus Christ derogatory to the position of a public official, but taught to all the lesson of personal grace as produced in the heart, and won from those who knew him their esteem, reverence and praise. His daily walk, both in public and private capacity, was as bright as the sunshine and as beautiful too. It truly seemed as if nothing could disturb his serenity, so evenly was it spread over his life, and so much did it seem to be a part of it. He was one of those Christian men who carried the charm of an attraction with them everywhere. He possessed such sweetness of spirit, such gentleness of manner, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on one hand, and on the other, such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one could not help loving him, however conscience might compel conclusions on matters of mutual consequence unlike those he had reached. Often indeed, one was even more drawn to him when in opposition, because he was so true and just that his respect carried with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility. His character possessed a completeness and grandeur rarely found, and the virtues which distinguished him were many, both excellent and winning. His unswerving fidelity in religion, so remarkable in the Choctaws, and his eminent purity of life, ever shone out brightly in all the circumstances in which he was placed, whether in the private or public walks of life. And with all he was a spirited citizen of his country, who lived and labored, not for selfish gain and self-emolument, but for the good of his people, and always felt a lively interest and performed an active part in any and all things looking to the welfare of his country. The loss of such a man may well be mourned, and his example sacredly treasured and followed. In the light of a spiritual sun he passed from the scenes of earth, but his influence lives, and illustrates the new creative power that is possible to all.

The Cravat family of Choctaws are the descendants of John Cravat, a Frenchman, who came among the Choctaws at

an early day, and was adopted among them by marriage. He had two daughters by his Choctaw wife, Nancy and Rebecca, both of whom became the wives of Louis LeFlore. His Choctaw wife dying he married a Chickasaw woman, by whom he had four sons, Thomas, Jefferson, William and Charles, and one daughter, Elsie, who married a white man by the name of Daniel Harris, and who became the parents of Col. J. D. Harris, whose first wife was Catharine Nail, the fourth daughter of Joel H. Nail. The descendants of John Cravat are still among the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and known as prominent and useful citizens in the two nations.

The LeFlore family of Choctaws are the descendants of Major Louis LeFlore, and his brother, Michael LeFlore, Canadian Frenchmen, who, after the expulsion of the French from the territories of Mississippi by the English, first settled in Mobile, Ala., then a small trading post. After remaining there a few years, Louis moved to the now state of Mississippi and settled on Pearl river, in the county of Nashoba (Wolf). Thence he moved to the Yazoo Valley, where he lived until he died. As before stated, he married the two daughters of John Cravat, Nancy and Rebecca. By the former he had four sons in the following order of their names: Greenwood, William (who was drowned in Bok Iskitini), Benjamin and Basil; and five daughters, viz: Clarissa, Emilee—the names of the others not remembered. After the death of Nancy he married Rebecca, by whom he had two sons, viz: Forbis and Jackson. Clarissa married a white man by the name of Wilson, and living, at the time of the exodus of her people, in what is now known as Winston county, Mississippi, east of the town of Louisville. Wilson having died she married a man by the name of Alfred Leach and moved with him to the western part of Winston county, and settled on the banks of a creek called Lobucha (corrupted from Lah-buch-ih, to make warm.) She there died. Her children, by her first husband, moved with their people to the west. Emilee married A. H. Carpenter, a Frenchman of high family. He practiced law in Jackson, Mississippi, and rose to an eminence that caused him to be regarded as a lawyer having few equals and no superiors. Mr. Carpenter died in 1852, followed by his wife in 1860. They left two sons, Jerome and Surry. Jerome at the age of fifteen entered the Confederate army as a private, serving under General Robert E. Lee in Virginia. He was wounded July. 1862, at the battle of Malvern. After he had recovered he served as one of Gen. Joe Johnson's body guards, and acted in the capacity of dispatch bearer. Soon after the war he

went to Mexico and received a commission as Colonel in Maximillian's army.

At the defeat of Maximillian, the youthful Jerome was condemned to be executed with the unfortunate Prince; but was saved by the timely intervention of Secretary Seward. As an acknowledgment of Jerome's services and devotion to Maximillian, the Emperor, Francis Joseph, conferred the title of "Baron" upon him, and also offered him a position in the Austrian army, which he declined to accept. He returned to the United States, and was shortly afterwards killed in a duel with Amos Price, leaving a wife to mourn his untimely death. He had no children. The other three daughters married as follows: One married John Harkins, who became the grand-father of Colonel G. W. Harkins of the Chickasaw Nation; another married a man by the name of Traydu or Traydew; and the other married a man by the name of Harris.

The LeFlores have, ever since the introduction of the family, always held a prominent place in the annals of Choctaw history; and can justly boast a noble genealogy that extends far back into the twilight of history, when the Indians were truly and justly the Lords from the Great Lakes of the north to the Gulf of Mexico. Basil and Forbis were the only sons who followed the fortunes of their banished people to the west. William, as before stated, was accidentally drowned in Bok Iskitini; Benjamin lived and died at his old home on the banks of a stream where he kept a ferry, called Yockanookany, a corruption from Yakniokhina, (the land of streams).

Major Louis LeFlore was adopted by the Choctaws, and gradually rose to great distinction as a chief among that appreciative people, who quickly discerned true merit and knew how to esteem it. He with his brother Michael who came to Mississippi and also settled in the Yazoo Valley, and Lewis Durant, also a Frenchman, and the progenitor of the Durant family of Choctaws, first introduced cattle into the western part of the Choctaw Nation from Mobile, about the year 1770, the first animal of the bovine species ever seen by the Choctaws in that part of the Nation. They drove their little herd to the waters of Pearl river in now, Nashoba county, and placed them upon the range, then seemingly unlimited in its wide extended forests and impenetrable canebrakes. As a matter of course the cattle were a great curiosity to the Choctaws. The LeFlores and Durant told an amusing incident that took place a short time after their arrival at their ranch with the cattle. A little yearling had strayed from the herd. It so happened that three Choctaw

hunters soon after pitched their camp a few miles from the newly established cattle ranch being entirely ignorant of its near proximity, and also of the new animals just introduced into their hunting grounds. One day, as usual, the three hunters left their camps for a hunt, each taking his course yet keeping near each other. During the day one of them discovered the yearling slowly emerging from a little plat of cane; to him a wonderful beast. Unseen by the lonely calf, he stood, gazed, and wondered. Naught like that had ever been seen upon his hunting path before. What it was, whence it came and how, baffled the wildest flights of even conjecture. 'Twas not a deer, nor a panther, nor yellow wolf! Must he signal for his companions? It might flee, must he shoot? He might only wound and cause it to attack, and then what! But he raised his trusty rifle and brought it to bear upon the unsuspecting calf; at that moment he discovered that it was eating the grass similar to his native deer; at once his fears were allayed and he concluded not to kill but to capture the prodigy, and take it alive to his camp as a living wonder.

Setting his gun against a tree, he bolted for the calf; which hearing the approaching footsteps, raised its head, gazed a moment, and seeing the fast approaching and equally strange object, at once gave the signal for a test of speed by elevating its rear appendage to an angle of forty-five degrees, and the race began; the pursued, for the realities of life, and the pursuer for that of curiosity. Hither and thither, helter skelter; round and round; here at right angles, and there at acute; now in a circle, and then in a semi-circle; over logs and through bushes, the astonished calf, with head straight out, nostrils expanded, led his indefatigable and indefeasible pursuer. Finally the physical endurance of a Choctaw hunter proved superior to that of a city calf; for he now ran but a few feet behind his coveted prize. But alas for human hopes! With a desperate spring in which were centered all his hopes, he made a grab at the tail of the despairing calf which then drooped at twenty-two and a half; when, seemingly to comprehend his design, the calf gave it a vigorous twitch as it leaped a treacherous log that lay concealed in the grass over which he tumbled headlong to the ground. The lucky calf, comprehending the advantage offered, again raised its flag to forty-five, and with invigorated strength increased its speed, and was soon out of sight.

With hopes blighted, the unfortunate hunter crawled up to a sitting posture and commenced rubbing his bruised and painful knee, when he discovered that the whole top of the knee moved hither and thither at his slightest push, a thing

untaught in his book of anatomy, and at once concluded that his leg was fearfully shattered. He whooped to his comrades, who, happening to be near and hearing his call, hastened to his side. They also, upon close examination of the wounded limb, arrived at the same conclusion with the supposed injured man, when the two LeFlores and Durant, searching for the strayed yearling, rode up; and taking in the situation at a glance, after a few words of inquiry, they soon explained the anatomy of the human knee to the three hunters by showing them that the moving of the knee-cap was common to all, and did not denote a broken bone. Being thoroughly convinced of its truth, the fallen man arose to his feet, gave a brief account of his adventure, pointed the direction in which the strange beast had disappeared; and the three Choctaw deer hunters, and the three white calf hunters, soon found the wanderer and safely placed it again within the fold; then the three Choctaws returned to their forest camp to talk over the adventures of the day, as well as the knowledge gained regarding the new animal introduced, whose flesh was equal, if not superior, to that of their famous deer, and also of the addition to their knowledge in osteology.

Major Lewis Le Flore resided for many years on the waters of the Pearl River raising cattle, and early became a wealthy man; from his stock, which increased rapidly in their abundant range and genial climate, the surrounding Choctaws supplied themselves with cattle. He then moved to the Yazoo Valley where he spent the remainder of his days respected and loved. As colonel, he commanded a battalion of Choctaw warriors under Jackson at the taking of Pensacola in the Creek war of 1812.

Greenwood, after his father's death, succeeded him as one of the chiefs of the Choctaw Nation, which he retained until the exodus. He was a man of great energy, and to whom nature had given force of character; and had he also have had the advantages of high mental culture, he would have been a leader of men. He did not move west with his people, but remained at his old home in a little town called Greenwood, situated on a tributary of the Yazoo River, where he lived to an advanced age, died and was buried there. He was married twice. His wives were sisters, the daughters of John Dunley of Alabama. The old chief was highly respected by the whites, and was elected to the State Legislature as a member from Yazoo county; and afterwards was elected to the State Senate from Yazoo and Carroll counties.

William lived near the Yelobusha River (corrupted from Yaloba-aia-sha—where tadpoles abound). He, too, was a

respected and useful man. He was unfortunately drowned in Bok Iskitini (as before stated) in the pride and manhood of his life, regretted and mourned by all his numerous acquaintances and friends. His body was recovered and buried at his home.

Forbis and Basil were the only two sons who moved west with their people, both lived to an advanced age; the former died in 1883, the latter in 1886. Both were pious men and died in strong faith of a blissful immortality. Forbis, in relating his Christian experience, once said: "I was once a very wicked man. God gave me a long rope—a mighty long rope—but I cut it right short off." And his Christian life after he embraced the religion of the Son of God, proved that he did cut "right short off" from his wickedness. Forbis Le Flore was indeed a man of stern merits, and blended with his force of character were gentleness of spirit and entire conscientiousness, by which he obtained the confidence of his people; and while he merited all their esteem by his virtues, he also secured their affections by them.

Basil LeFlore was a man than whom a purer one is seldom found in this age of the world. Of him it can with truth be said: "He was an honest man." His long and useful life was devoted to the moral and intellectual improvement, the prosperity and happiness of his fellow man. He filled the highest public offices of his Nation with honor to himself and his country. He was truly a bright and ever shining light among the Choctaw people, of him they are justly proud, for they have the best of reasons to be. Kind words and pleasant smiles spread sunshine throughout his whole actions; his home was a model home, where all the virtues known to man seem to congregate and delight to dwell. I speak from personal knowledge. But his crowning virtue was his earnest piety, his simple, trusting faith. No one could detect inconsistency in Basil LeFlore. He carried his religion with him everywhere, which burned, with a steady beautiful light, making its influence felt far and wide. His Christian life was truly most exemplary, his morals the purest, and his principles the noblest, while unostentatious religion truly seemed a part and parcel of his being; never arrogant or obtrusive, but all pervading and firm as the Rock upon which his faith was founded. As a friend he was warm-hearted, steadfast and true as the magnet to the pole; as a public or private citizen his character was above reproach; and his many virtues will ever be emulated, his goodness of heart and head, and his numerous deeds of charity and love remembered with profound gratitude.

To see him was to admire him; to meet him was to re-

spect him; and to know him was to love and honor him. His public services were not less patriotic than his private virtues were conspicuous. The former are monuments to his wisdom and honest statesmanship, and will ever be viewed by his admiring people as stars in the firmament of their Nation. And his life illustrates the possibilities of a Choctaw citizen meriting and receiving the entire confidence, respect and love of his people, whom he had long and faithfully served in the capacity of a public servant; and the respect and admiration of all the whites who were personally acquainted with him. He died full of years (well spent) at the home of a friend, October, 1886, living a few miles from his own, whom he was visiting. His death was sudden and unexpected—falling dead from his chair while at the supper table. But his lamp was well trimmed and full of oil waiting for his Master's call. "Blessed is the death of the righteous." A Choctaw friend informed me of his death, by letter, in the following truthful and memorable words: "Gov. Basil LeFlore is dead. He is the last of the family. It is a national loss to the Choctaw and Chickasaw people. Our best old men are fast disappearing." Yes, the death of Basil LeFlore but thins still more the sadly thinned ranks of the few noble old Choctaw men, whose history, if it had been written, would be strangely beautiful and far more interesting and fascinating than the most thrilling fiction, since in it were hidden romantic truths of which the "pale-faces" never even dreamed, or will ever know.

Michael LeFlore, the brother and only relative of Major Lewis LeFlore among the Choctaws, the people of their adoption, had five sons, viz: Thomas, Michael, Joel, Ward and Johnson, and two daughters, Mary and Sophia. Thomas was chief in their present Nation for several years. When I last heard of his widow she was still living near Wheelock, Choctaw nation, and is said to be bordering on a hundred years of age. Young Michael served as major in the Confederate army through the civil war.

Louis Durant, a Canadian Frenchman, was the proprietor of the Durant family among the Choctaws, who came, as before stated, to the Choctaw Nation with the two brothers, Lewis and Michael LeFlore about the year 1770. He, as his friends and contemporaries, the two LeFlore brothers, also selected a wife among the Choctaw forest flowers, but whose name has been lost amid the vicissitudes through which her people have passed. They had three sons, Pierre, Charles and Lewis; and two daughters, Margaret and Syllan. The father and three sons served under

their renowned chief, Apushamatahah, as allies of the Americans in the Creek war of 1812.

Pierre had seven sons, viz: Fisher, George, Jefferson, Sylvester, Isham, Ellis and Joseph. Ellis and Sylvester served in the Confederate army during the civil war of 1861, the former in the rank of major. Alexander Durant, one of the Supreme Judges of the Choctaw Nation, (with whom I am personally acquainted) is a son of George Durant. Fisher Durant had three sons, Bissant, Dixon and Jesse. Dixon is a minister of the Gospel. He is a poor man in a pecuniary sense, but rich in a spiritual sense. He seems to live alone for the cause of his Divine Master and the salvation of his fellow men. Ah! if the world's Christians were all such Christians as Dixon Durant, the devil's kingdom on earth would soon be overturned, and that of the World's Redeemer permanently established thereon. God be with you, my Christian brother! Though poor in worldly goods, and unknown to earthly fame, yet of you, will it not be said in the day of final accounts, as of the poor widow who cast her mite into the treasury? Who then of man can justly estimate thy riches?

Margaret Durant married a man by the name of Eli Crowder; and Syllan, a William Taylor. The two husbands were with their father-in-law and their three brothers-in-law in the Creek war of 1812 as allies of the Americans.

Eli Crowder secured for himself, in the Creek war of 1812, the name Muscokubi (Muscogee or Creek-Killer), which he ever afterwards bore; being called by the Choctaws, Muscokubi, and by the whites, Creek-Killer. The following are the circumstances by which he gained the name:

At one time, during the campaign, a company of Choctaw warriors, of which he was a member, was encamped on the outskirts of the main body of General Jackson's army, then in the Muscogee or Creek Nation. Crowder, at that time, possessed a little pony which had served him faithfully in more than one trouble, and to which he was greatly attached through a sense of deep gratitude. He frequently would attach a little bell to the neck of the pony and turn him out at night upon the range to graze upon the luxuriant grass that covered the earth in rich profusion, and go early the next morning and drive him from his night wanderings back to camp. Frequently the pony would wander a mile or more from the camp during the night, and Crowder had been warned of the danger of his morning walk after the pony, since a scouting Muscogee might be attracted some night by the bell, and finding it upon the horse, naturally conclude that the owner would be out after him in the morn-

ing, and would lie in ambush for him, and, ten to one, would lift his scalp. But Crowder seemed to have no fears. One morning, however, in going after his pony, he heard the little bell at rather an unusual distance away, which aroused his suspicions a little that perhaps the pony had been driven there by a Muscogee scout in order to draw the anticipated owner as far into the solitudes of the forest and away from the Choctaw camp, whose location he perhaps well knew, that he might the safer shoot him; therefore, he kept a vigilant outlook. When he had approached within sight of his little truant quietly feeding some two or three hundred yards distant, whose tinkling bell, mingling its monotonous tones with the songs of the various forest birds, alone disturbed the profound silence of the scene. The peculiar circumstances of the immediate surroundings, however, began to awaken his suspicions the more that an enemy was lurking near, whose eyes, perhaps, already rested upon him. But bracing up his nerves he continued walking slowly towards the pony, but with eyes playing in all directions and ears attentive to the minutest sound. He had approached within two hundred yards of his pony when his watchful eye detected the quick movement, as he thought, of an object four or five feet above the base of a large tree a few rods to the left of the still quietly feeding pony, who seemed to be enjoying his breakfast upon the grass that lay in rich profusion under his feet, as well as the tinkling chimes of his bell that alone broke the profound silence of the vast solitude that lay around, unconscious of the bloody scene that was about to be enacted at his very side.

Crowder made no halt, nor altered his movements in any way, that might have a tendency to betray to his suspected enemy (if real) that he suspected his presence. But while he guarded with eagle eyes the suspected tree, he placed double duty upon his ears and also glanced everywhere around. He had walked but a few paces farther when he noticed a seemingly unnatural protuberance, scarcely visible, on one side of the now truly suspected tree. Yet he slowly proceeded on his way, but kept an eye askant upon the tree. As he steadily continued, he noticed the protuberance slowly, but surely, enlarging. Little by little it grew in size until the outlines of half the size of a man's head was discernible—then instantly disappeared. That told the tale. Crowder easily guessed the lurking and peeping nondescript that stood behind the tree, and also why the pony was so unusually distant from camps. In a twinkling he formed his resolution. It was to continue walking towards the pony until within sure range of his rifle, and then risk

the chance of securing the first shot. If he failed, then Margaret Crowder would be a widow. But the word fail was nowhere to be found in Muscokubi's vocabulary. Therefore, he proceeded on his way, nothing discomfited by the new acquaintance he was about to form, believing he had as long ranged rifle and was as accomplished an expert in the use of it as he who was peeping from behind the tree, and who, he felt sure, would indulge in another peep ere he risked a shot; but after that he resolved to be no longer peeped at, without indulging in a sly peep himself; so he slowly, but resolutely, marched on towards his concealed foe, but kept his eyes upon the place of his concealment. As he expected, again he saw the unnatural protuberance slowly forming on the side of the tree at the very spot where it had twice formed before; slowly, but steadily, inch by inch, it grew until it was in size as before, then as instantly disappeared. Muscokubi ran as nimbly and lightly as a cat towards the tree, which brought him in easy range, and stopped, raised his rifle and held it with unerring aim upon the very spot where the apparition had so oft appeared and disappeared. There he stood the very personification of a marble statue—motionless and silent.

Soon he saw the dark barrel of a rifle becoming slowly visible and becoming plainer and plainer to view as it extended out along the side of the tree and pointing toward him, then was motionless; then as before, the apparition slowly began to form; inch by inch it enlarged, but just as it reached its former size the sharp crack of Muscokubi's rifle, followed by a dull, heavy thud, united with the tinkling pony bell to break the forest silence. He then re-loaded his rifle and again slowly advanced to the (to him) so nearly fatal tree to learn the extent of his morning adventure, and there saw a Muscogee warrior stretched full length in death, as he had expected, with the right side of his head torn off—the effect of his death-dealing bullet. For a moment he gazed upon his fallen foe; then severed the scalp from the head, attached it to his belt, and with it and the rifle of the outwitted warrior as proofs of his adventure, returned to the camp slowly driving the truant pony before him, while the unceasing tinkling of the pony bell seemed as the exultants of both pony and master—the former in remembrance of his night's rich repast, and the latter of the securing of the scalp and rifle.

Eli Crowder, alias Muscokubi, lived, as would seem at the present day, to the extraordinary age of 102 years, 2 months and 11 days; but longevity among the Choctaws at that time, as well as among other southern tribes, was of

very common occurrence. His first wife was a white woman by whom he had two sons. From her he separated—cause unknown. He then married a Choctaw woman by whom he had nine sons and two daughters, who were born: Harris, Jackson, Phebe, James, Catherine, Solomon, David, Louis, Washington, Martin, and one who died in infancy.

His Choctaw wife dying, he married a Chickasaw woman, by whom he had nine sons; Francis Marion (known as Dick,) Eli, Van (known as Bob); the fourth died in infancy; then followed Thomas, William, Joshua, George and John. Louis Crowder, (or Louie, as he is called, and to whom I am indebted for all the above concerning the Crowder family,) the sixth son of Muscokubi by his Choctaw wife, is acknowledged throughout the Choctaw Nation as the best interpreter in it. He has been acting in the capacity of general interpreter for the Choctaws and Missionaries during the last forty-five years. He is a consistent member of the Old School Presbyterian Church (south). His grandfather, James Crowder was an ordained Methodist minister of the Gospel; and two of his uncles, Jephtha and Levi, were class leaders in the Methodist church. He has been greatly afflicted with rheumatism for many years, yet has borne his affliction with becoming Christian fortitude, ever wearing a smiling face and a cheerful countenance.

John Harkins, a white man, is the father of the Harkins family of Choctaws. His advent to the Choctaw nation was, as near as can be ascertained, about the year 1800 or soon afterwards. He was a man of high-toned principles, and contemporary with the Folsoms, Nails, Pitchlynns, LeFlores, Durants, Cravats, Crowders, and others of the long ago, who married among the Choctaws; all men, who, having cast their lot among that people made their interests their own, and sought, by every means in their power to elevate them in the scale of morality and virtue.

John Harkins married a daughter of Major Lewis LeFlore, by whom he had four sons—Willis, George, Richard and James. Willis married Salina Folsom, oldest daughter of Col. David Folsom. They had two sons, George W. and Crittendon, and one daughter, Salina.

Col. George W. Harkins was a graduate of Danville College, Kentucky. He was a man of acknowledged abilities; a lawyer by profession, and a fine jurist and wise counsellor. He for many years acted in the capacity of delegate to Washington in attending to the national affairs of the Chickasaw Nation, with which people, though a Choctaw by consanguinity, he cast his lot. He was a bold, vigorous and able defender of the rights of his people in the Congress of

the United States; and by energetic and fervent perseverance, with solid learning, he rose to eminence in the spheres of an active life, as well as in his profession. He died in August, 1891.

Salina, the only daughter, is a lady of fine literary attainments, and high cultivation of both mind and heart; and who, by an indefeasible resolution and indefatigable perseverance has placed herself high in the esteem and confidence of a wide circle of admiring friends. She has never married, but seems to prefer fighting the battles of life single handed than running the risk of finding a partner in the present seemingly rickety old ship of matrimony, who would prove a worthy ally in the campaign from time to eternity, amid its fluctuating hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows; though many a young swain has taken issue with her in regard to her convictions, and truly believes her decision is injudicious and without true wisdom for its foundation. But there being two sides to the mooted question, the future alone can and will decide whose arguments will prevail; though the flag of victory thus far triumphantly waves over the citadel which the still defiant young lady holds as a wise, judicious and brave commander. She graduated in one of the female colleges of Tennessee, after which she engaged, for a while, in teaching, but for several years was engaged as telegraph operator at Talbott Station, Tennessee. She at different intervals visits her relatives and friends in the Choctaw Nation, then returns to her duties in Tennessee. May prosperity and happiness attend her through life.

George, of the four sons of John Harkins, was one of the chiefs of the Choctaw Nation in 1852, in conjunction with Cornelius McCurtain and George Folsom.

But it would not be practicable, were it even possible, to give a sketch, though short, of the lives of all the Choctaws who became conspicuous by their virtues and noble deeds, both of unmixed and mixed blood, being wise in counsel, brave in the field of battle, judicious in peace, orators by nature, and who eloquently and courageously presented the wrongs and sustained the rights of their people.

It has been my good fortune, as well as pride and pleasure, to be personally acquainted from youth to old age with the majority of those Choctaws whose characteristics I have thus delineated; and with the ancient and present habits, manners and customs, of whose people I have made myself fully acquainted by the diligent study, the long and free association and close observation of over three score and ten years; and it has ever been, and will ever continue to be, my sunniest memories to know that I have ever stood as the

friend of the Red Man, as my parents before me who severed the ties of all that makes life most dear, leaving all behind, to go to the rescue of the Choctaw people in obedience to their Divine Master's injunction—"Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel"—and also that I have been blest with such noble friends as I have found, secured and still possess in them, true as the needle to the pole, and in whose friendship unalloyed I have always found, still find, and ever expect to find, equal joy and cheer, though a people unknown to earthly fame.

And though I freely and proudly acknowledge my prejudice in their favor, if love and friendship without alloy, based upon true merit, are worthy that title, yet I have endeavored to give a truthful sketch of those noble and as worthy men as ever blest a Nation, though much more might be said of their virtues; and with equal truth of hundreds of others of that noble people, both men and women, who have lived and died, and others who still live, but occupied a less public, yet none the less useful and glorious sphere in life, since they did their duty and thus filled it nobly.

It is the first time their names have been presented to the world; and I have ventured this just and true sketch for the consideration of those of my own race who have heretofore seemingly felt, and therefore evidently exercised but little interest in the North American Indians, beyond that found in reading the falsehoods and vituperations published against them in the sensational articles of the day by many of the newspaper men.

What more could be expected but that the Indian Race should be regarded, root and branch, as being incapable of possessing or exercising any of those virtues whose tendencies are to elevate and adorn the human race? To the refutation of this false charge, have I given to the world the characteristics of the Indian hoping that it might serve, to some extent at least to remove from the minds of those open to conviction, the gross errors under which they have been living in regard to that unfortunate but noble race, by their thoughtless credulity when giving heed to the defamations of those who scruple not to do anything by which they can add a penny to their selfish interests. Still I know the sketch given of those noble Choctaws may be, and will be cast aside by those over whom long established prejudice still sways her merciless sceptre, with the interrogatory, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth"? To which I respond: There did. A glorious light which exposed to view a world that lay in moral and intellectual darkness. What next? This much. What I have written, I have writ-

ten; and with a full knowledge of its truth, sustained by over three quarters of a century's personal acquaintance and experience with the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians, and confirmed by hundreds of others whose acquaintance and experience are greater than my own, and bidding defiance to successful contradiction.

But it will not trouble me, as far as my own individual interests are concerned, if the facts presented are rejected as the wild and absurd hallucinations of a disordered brain; but only in behalf of the down-trodden Indian I would that they might be otherwise accepted; as I am well aware that a brief period will place me beyond all anxiety in their behalf, and I shall leave them to the humanity, or inhumanity, of another generation; but in which, God grant, others, more able and worthy than myself, shall rise up as their true friends and successful protectors against any future generation whose humanity may not exceed that of the present. Old and worthy friends they are, long tried and ever true, therefore doubly dear in their misfortunes. I still delight to take them by the hand as of old and listen to their voices, harmonious in gentle tones of love and friendship unalloyed, reviving the memory of happy years long past, when in childhood's morn I listened with delight to their songs of praise to Israel's God; and though but few remain with whom I trod life's flowery paths, scattered here and there at their humble homes and around their peaceful firesides calm and silent; yet the names of those whose places in the old family circle are vacant now still live in tender recollection; and my sojourns among them have been to me like rambling amid pleasant scenes of the remembered past; and bringing long hidden beauties again to light by the fresh cementing of that friendship which has grown stronger with increasing years, and given to me the pleasant thought that there is, at least, one spot on earth, if no other, that I can visit as long as life endures; the assurance of an unfeigned welcome that is as spontaneous as it is sincere and beautiful, and which I venture to lay upon the shrine of our life-long friendship that has existed untarnished through the vicissitudes of nearly eighty years.

Dark indeed have been the clouds and shadows that have swept over those time-honored friends; but they nobly and bravely withstood the fiery test, and slowly and surely pressed forward and upward over innumerable difficulties, until those clouds and shadows were riven, and their names now stand forth in a bright and glorious sunshine; for, coincident with their early and high position among their people, a little star was seen to twinkle, which small though it was,

added its mite in dispelling the moral and intellectual darkness that so long had brooded o'er their Nation; and, from whatever point we view it, we find it has pierced the dark clouds and revealed the bright sky beyond; and with great and noble objects in view resting upon the firm foundation rock of Truth, and with the help of a just God above, they have been enabled to withstand the taunts and malice of a selfish and unmerciful world, and to-day their works do show forth in the peace and prosperity of their people; and to-day, if those good men, whose memories stand along down the years of the Choctaws' past history, were called up from their graves and asked, what was their proudest boast? they would respond with one united voice: "We stood on the side of truth and justice, and ever were the advocates of temperance and virtue."

But if, in your opinion, reader, I have committed errors of judgment in my sketch of those illustrious Choctaws, and in my emotional feelings of interest in behalf of them and their people, in excuse I plead but two things: The strength of affection for worthy men and their no less worthy people, and the weakness (if it be a weakness) of human nature. If these carry no weight with you, read no further. You are too good for me, and I am too human for you. We cannot be congenial nor abiding friends, so there let the matter forever rest.

Yet it is surpassingly strange that talent, worth and true merit should be so overlooked, and so little appreciated, because its possessor occupies an imaginary low position in the fabric of society; in other words, because he is an Indian. Alas! When will human nature recognize the great truth and be actuated by it in social intercourse, that some flowers may be repulsive at first sight, but when closely examined unfold a world of beauty, and so it is with man. But if in the face of all the immense array of incontrovertible testimony that has been and still can be adduced to sustain the present and long moral and intellectual standing of the Choctaws and their four sister tribes, the Chickasaws, Cherokees, Creeks and Seminoles, and many other tribes within the jurisdiction of these United States, there still remain those who cling to their unenviable ignorance and inconsistent prejudices. It can only be said of them, "They are joined to their idols, let them alone."

The government of the Choctaws is modeled after that of the state of Mississippi, and was adopted before they were exiled from their ancient domains to their present places of abode. The executive power is lodged in a governor. Each county in the Nation chooses a sheriff and

other officers by ballot. The legislative department consists of a general council, comprising a senate and house of representatives. The Nation is divided into three districts, from each of which four senators are sent. The members of the house of representatives are chosen by ballot from the various counties. The judiciary consists in a supreme court of three judges, one from each district. The names of three judicial districts are A-push-a-ma-ta-ha, A-puk-shen-ub-i, and A-mo-sho-la-ub-i, the names of three of their former and famous chiefs. The senior judge is the Chief Justice. This court has only appellate jurisdiction. A prosecuting attorney is elected in each district, whose duty it is to represent the Nation in all civil and criminal cases. The national capital is Tush-ka Hum-ma, (red warrior) where a National Council and Supreme Court are annually held, convening on the first Monday in October of each year.

In the First District, the court holds its session during the entire session of their courts; and my informer remarked: "It is beautiful to see how harmoniously and Christian-like they engage in these religious exercises and devotions." Noble people and true servants of the Most High!

I was informed by the Choctaws, when visiting Tushka Humma in October, 1884, during the session of their council, that during the session of their District Courts as well as that of the national council, which are invariably opened by prayer, they have preaching every night in the week; and that many of the district judges, attorneys and jurymen, are ministers of the Gospel of all denominations, preaching alternately at night.

THE CHICKASAWS.

Conquest or Progress! It is the same, since it is with blood that the book of humanity is written. The pages here devoted to the narrative of the Chickasaw Indians is not an exception; their's, too, is stained with the seemingly inevitable sanguinary horrors, but nowhere is the trace inexplicable. To some it may seem useless and even wrong to recall these pages of history so distant in the past, which began in wrong, continued in wrong and will end, so far as human observation can judge, in wrong, and then ask nothing better than to be forgotten. Alas, experience has shown that to change the mode of life of a primitive race is to condemn it to death; since always regarded as an inferior race by their conquerors, they have been swept away without justice or mercy—a people who had existed in an unbroken line of descent from prehistoric ages unknown.

East of the Mississippi River was also the Chickasaws' hereditary domain, handed down through a long line of ancestry during ages unknown, and who, like the Choctaws, were first made known to the Eastern world by Hernando de Soto who invaded their country in the month of November, 1540; but beyond which, except through the tradition of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, as before related, the faintest glimmerings of vague tradition has afforded scarcely a ray of light to penetrate the darkness which envelops their history with its mantle of silence; yet has also opened a wide field to those dreamy speculations of which the imagination is so fond, and in which it so delights to indulge. Ah, would not their ancient history, if known, present as many subjects of interest as any other race of primitive man, our own not excepted? Would there not be much found in that period of their early existence which precedes their known history, which, when placed in contrast to their seemingly unhappy, cruel destiny, appeals to the heart of the Christian? Who, so incapable of reflection, could sit under the shades of the gigantic trees of centuries growth that bedecked their ancient possessions, standing so densely together that their wide extended branches, interlocked high above, shutting

out the rays of the sun which only reached the ground here and there, while the earth beneath was covered with grass from twelve to fifteen inches high, interspersed with a great variety of wild flowers, many of which were of exquisite beauty and emitting the sweetest perfume, with no bushes to mar the beauty and grandeur of the fascinating scene; or on the top of those ancient mounds, the sepulchers of man erected by his own hand—the Nunih Waiyahs of the long ago—and not feel his whole soul glow with hallowed emotions?

Let your thoughts again revert to the scene presented in the Bay of Santo Spiritu, Florida, May 31st, 1540. Three vessels, it is recorded, of strange and curious shape to the native beholders, bearing the banner of haughty Spain, moored close to their shores, and one thousand men of infantry and three hundred cavalry landed in proud array, with Hernando De Soto, their leader, the former companion of Pizarro, in his conquest of Peru and butchery of its helpless inhabitants. View again the heroism of those ancient Choctaws in the patriotic defense of their city, Moma-Binah. Look again upon those noble Choctaw women—mothers, wives, sisters and daughters—fighting side by side with fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, mid blood and carnage, and perishing in the flames of their burning homes rather than yield to the human fiends that had invaded their country. Take also a retrospective view of those foreign marauders afterwards quartered for the winter in Chikasahha, November, 1540, the most ancient city of the Chickasaws, the bravest of the brave among the North American Indians, whose king (the Chickasaw rulers were anciently called kings instead of chiefs) had received De Soto and his followers (though uninvited) with the greatest kindness, and extended to them the hospitality of his town and people; but who, preparatory to the renewal of his wild and Quixotic journey in the following spring, manifested his gratitude to the generous Chickasaw king for his kindness and hospitality, by haughtily demanding two hundred of his warriors to accompany him in his dubious adventures as burden bearers and servants of the camp. To which insolent, insulting and outrageous demand the Chickasaw king scorned to submit, and evaded a direct answer to De Soto by requesting a few days in which to lay the matter before his people in council assembled, but during which interval nobly prepared for a bold resistance; and, ere the insolent invaders were aware, gave his reply to De Soto's insulting demand in the defiant war-whoop; then setting fire to their town in which the perfidious Spaniards were sleeping, the

brave and justly indignant Chickasaws, with a noble patriotism, unsurpassed even in the civilized world, rushed upon their unprincipled and ungrateful invaders and intruders.

But as the Choctaws, in defense of Moma Binah a few months before, were defeated, so too were the Chickasaws; for what could avail the feeble bow and arrow wielded by an unprotected body against powder and lead, lance and broad sword wielded by a steel-clad body? Yet they bravely fought until hundreds of their noble warriors were slain and longer fighting was vain; not without, however, making it a deadly fought victory to the Spaniards; besides teaching them, as had the Choctaws a few weeks before, that, though termed savages, yet they were patriots and heroes unsurpassed even by exotic barbarians of boasted Castillian blood with bodies incased in steel; since, unprotected and with feeble bows and arrows, the young Chickasaw king and his warriors heroically attacked the insolent intruders and marauders and justly punished their base ingratitude by burning their ancient Capitol, Chikasahha—the Moscow of the Chickasaws—in which De Soto had unceremoniously quartered his cruel soldiers for the near approaching winter, and killed many of his men and horses, destroying the greater part of his baggage, throwing his entire army into confusion; and though the Chickasaws were finally defeated by superior arms, yet De Soto was glad to bid them an eternal adieu without any further demonstration of their prowess. Thus, as the Choctaws were initiated into a knowledge of the characteristics of the White Race, so too were the Chickasaws. And from that day to the present, the former bright sun of their freedom, contentment and happiness, alike with their entire race upon the North American continent, has been steadily and constantly waning. And though over 400 years have elapsed since their entire country was sleeping in its cradled wilderness of grand forests and prairies, unknown in its solitude and beauty to the Eastern world, yet they were here, but in their primitive state of nature, as they were then regarded and so termed; and, being also pronounced by their new discoverers to be of different origin from all others of the human race, they were denounced as “unreclaimable savages” from that day to this; yet were a noble branch of the human race, possessing more of the virtues that adorn humanity, and fewer of vices that degrade, than any other race of unlettered people recorded upon the pages of history, ancient or modern. To-day as a race of people, though overpowered (not conquered), impoverished, calumniated, abused, they fearlessly challenge these United States to show purer and cleaner skirts, in point of virtue

and morality as set forth in the Bible (our professed guide) and point to the God of the Bible as the judge by whose decision they will abide. Who will take up that glove thrown at our feet as an acceptance of the challenge?

Three centuries after, the Russians burned their capitol, Moscow, over the head of their invader, Napoleon Bonaparte; thus forcing him to retreat at the loss of his army; which act of patriotism was heralded over the world by the pens of historians as meriting immortal fame; while the patriotism of the true Native Americans, though equally meritorious, remains unwritten and unsung. But such is the consistency of fallen and depraved humanity everywhere, and such too is its boasted justice.

No history records the Chickasaws' past prior to their acquaintance with the White Race. Like their entire race, it is hidden amid the mysteries of the unknown. But from the legends handed down through the long and bewildering tracts of time by their "wise old men," those Chroniclers of the North American Indians' long ago, as related to the missionaries seventy-five years in the past, the voice of the Chickasaw's traditions are in harmony with the dubious lights afforded by the Magi of the ancient Choctaws; differing, however, in a few nonessential particulars. Their tradition in regard to ancestry, migration, etc, are the same as the Choctaws, being one tribe and people until the mutual division made by their two chiefs Chikisah and Chahtah many years after their arrival and location east of the Mississippi river.

In the year 1819 the Synod of South Carolina resolved to establish a mission among the Southern Indians east of the Mississippi river. The Cherokees, Muscogeese, Seminoles, Choctaws and Chickasaws then occupied Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. Rev. David Humphries offered to take charge of the intended mission. He was directed to visit the Indians, obtain their consent and select a suitable location. Rev. T. C. Stewart, then a young licentiate, offered himself as a companion to Mr. Humphries. They first visited the Muscogeese (Creeks), who, in a council of the Nation, declined their proposition. They then traveled through Alabama into Mississippi, and proposed to establish a mission among the Chickasaws. They found them on the eve of holding a council of the Nation to elect a king. In that council, held in 1820, permission was granted the missionaries to establish missions in their Nation, and a charter was signed by the newly-chosen king. The two missionaries then returned to South Carolina. During the return Mr. Humphries concluded that he was not called to

preach to the untaught North American Indians. But the Rev. T. C. Stewart, during the same journey, firmly resolved to undertake the self-denying work, and offered to take charge of the contemplated mission. The Synod gladly accepted, and he at once commenced making preparations to enter upon the life of a missionary to the Chickasaws. In January, 1821, he reached the place chosen for a station, and named it Monroe Station, in honor of James Monroe, the then president of the United States. Mr. Stewart was the only missionary. Two men, however, accompanied him with their families—one named Vernon, a mechanic, the other named Pickens, a farmer. Houses were erected, a farm opened, a school established, and preaching through an interpreter.

Rev. T. C. Stewart was born in the year 1793, and died in Tupelo, Mississippi, October 9th, 1882.

In early youth I was personally acquainted with that great philanthropist, sincere and self sacrificing Christian, T. C. Stewart; and in recalling the reminiscences of those years of the long ago, I can but regard them as treasures from the memory of those who were indeed what they professed to be, honest and sincere friends of the entire North American Indian Race, as well as all mankind the world over. Yet those memories are freighted with sadness; when reflecting that all those hallowed relics have passed a way leaving the poor Indians, for whom they so long and faithfully labored, to struggle among wolves (many in sheeps' clothing) with few such shepherds to counsel and lead them as those old missionary heroes of eighty years ago; while those years with their vicissitudes have silvered the heads of the only two remaining children now living, of those messengers of peace and bearers of the glad tidings of great joy to the descendants of two traditional brother-chiefs Chahtah and Chikahah; the one a daughter living in Belpry, Ohio; the other a son living in Greenville, Texas. Both were born among the Choctaws at the Missionary Station Mayhew; but now, under the weight of years beyond those allotted to man's earthly pilgrimage, totter upon the banks of the mystic river; and though the scenes and the landmarks of the early labors of their fathers and mothers, hallowed by their foot-prints as the devoted friends of the Red Man, have long been blotted out, as far as concerns the White Race; yet they still live in the hearts of the present civilized and Christian people, the Chickasaws and Choctaws, whom they have handed down to the present as living, moving monuments of the great and abiding truth that the North American Indians everywhere are as susceptible

of as high civilization and Christianity as any race of people that ever lived upon earth.

The little colony soon became a centre of Gospel light and civilizing influences to the whole Nation. Other missionaries came at different times to aid the one man, who began the good work: Rev. Hugh Wilson, in 1821, from North Carolina; Rev. W. C. Blair, from Ohio, in 1822; James Holmes, of Pennsylvania, in 1824. The first two named, after the removal of the Indians, went to Texas, where their bodies now sleep. Mr. Holmes was licensed to preach after he came to the mission as teacher. He became a doctor of divinity and taught a classical school of high reputation at Covington, Tennessee, for many years, and died at an advanced age. But it is unnecessary to enter into a detail of the fruits of this mission. It will suffice to say that many Indian youths who have become prominent in their tribe as legislators, preachers of the Gospel and influential citizens, received their education, in part or in full, at Monroe. The foundation of a Christian civilization, to which the Chickasaws have years ago reached and still firmly maintain, may be safely said, was laid in the mission of which the noble T. C. Stewart was founder.

About the year 1822 Rev. Haynes opened a school in the Chickasaw Nation, near the southern line of the Cherokee Nation, under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, for the benefit of which George Colbert established a boarding house. This school and the one established at Monroe by Rev. T. C. Stewart, January 1821, soon became flourishing institutions of learning. In the course of years a son of Rev. Haynes married a Chickasaw girl who formerly had been a pupil at his father's school. He (the son) labored among both the Chickasaws and the Choctaws as a missionary until they emigrated west. He lived with his Chickasaw wife nearly forty years, when she died. He then (1884) went west to live with his daughter, Mrs. Eads, who lives in Lone Oak, Denton county, Texas. At that time he was 88 years of age, still in his mental vigor and attending to his ministerial duties.

In 1821 the Methodist church sent out Rev. Alex Deavers as a missionary to the Chickasaws, who remained among them until they moved west. He had two sons, one of whom married a Chickasaw girl and the other a Choctaw.

De Soto and his band gave to the Choctaws at Moma Binah and the Chickasaws at Chikasahha their first lesson in the white man's *modus operandi* to civilize and Christianize North American Indians; so has the same lesson been continued to be given to that unfortunate people by his white

successors from that day to this, all over this continent, but which to them, was as the tones of an alarm-bell at midnight. And one hundred and twenty-three years have passed since our forefathers declared all men of every nationality to be free and equal on the soil of the North American continent then under their jurisdiction, except the Africans whom they held in slavery, and the Native Americans against whom they decreed absolute extermination because they could not also enslave them; to prove which, they at once began to hold out flattering inducements to the so-called oppressed people of all climes under the sun, to come to free America and assist them to oppress and kill off the Native Americans and in partnership take their lands and country, as this was more in accordance with their lust of wealth and speedy self-aggrandizement than the imagined slow process of educating, civilizing and Christianizing them, a work too condescending, too humiliating; and to demonstrate that it has been a grand and glorious success, we now point with vaunting pride and haughty satisfaction to our broad and far extended landed possessions as indisputable evidence of our just claims to the resolution passed by our pilgrim ancestors, "We are the children of the Lord"; and to the little remnant of hapless, helpless and hopeless Indians who calmly wait their turn to be wiped out as tribes and nationalities, that they also, as all their race before, may give place to our glorious institutions of civilization.

Justly have the ancient Chickasaws been regarded as the bravest and most skillful warriors among all the North American Indians; and it has been affirmed that they never were conquered, though fighting oft under adverse circumstances; and also, had they maintained the fight with De Soto but a few hours longer, they would have defeated him and utterly destroyed his army, leaving not a single one to tell of his overthrow and complete extermination. The surrounding tribes recognized and acknowledged them as justly the lords and masters of the vast territory they claimed extending from the Yalobaaiaasha (Tadpole Habitation—corrupted to Yalobusha), Mississippi, north to the Ohio River, and from the Mississippi to the Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River; and oft the Indian hunters from the prairies of Illinois and the lakes of the North, in pursuing the deer and buffalo in the then wide extended and magnificent forests south of the Ohio River, trespassed upon those of the Chickasaws and fierce and bloody battles ensued. As it is the Choctaws' boast—"they never in war shed an American's blood"—so it is the Chickasaws' boast—"they never in war shed a white man's blood of English descent."

Neither the Choctaws nor Chickasaws ever engaged in war against the American people, but always stood as their faithful allies. It has been published that, after the destruction of Fort Mims by the Creeks, in 1812, "the Chickasaw towns began to paint and sing their war songs; and the Choctaws had snuffed the scent of blood and were panting for war, and ready to draw the scalping knife against the Americans." This was founded alone on rumor promulgated for sensational purposes, so much delighted in by our people, especially if it regards the Indians. True, had the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Cherokees united with the Muscogees and Seminoles in 1812, depopulation of all the white settlements within their territories would have been the inevitable result. The Chickasaws and Choctaws, though distinct nations, yet speaking nearly the same language, were generally animated by the same views and motives; had nearly the same customs and habits; were governed by the same principles, and followed by the same fortunes. Alike, they were doomed to experience the same ingratitude from the American people, which caused thousands of them to descend in poverty and sorrow to untimely graves, leaving it for posterity to do justice to their memory, while the remaining few and feeble stand waiting for us to exert our clemency in helping them to prosperity and happiness, or display our power in the destruction of their nationality and sending them forth as sheep without a shepherd among ravenous wolves, already howling upon their heels.

But let us go back, reader, a few centuries and review the progress of the early European settlers of this continent and their dealings with each other and also their *modus operandi* to dispossess the Native Americans and secure, each for their own nationality, the entire continent, as they intruded upon the Indians, tribe after tribe, until they reached the Chickasaws.

Twenty years after Columbus made his great discovery Juan Ponce de Leon, ex-governor of Porto Rico, sailed from that island in March, 1512, and landed off the coast of the now State of Florida, which he gave that name, from the profusion of wild flowers, seen on all sides, and its having been first seen on Easter Sunday, which was called by the Spaniards, Pascua Florida—"The Country of Flowers." In May, 1539, Ferdinand de Soto, Governor of Cuba, landed at Tampa Bay.

For many years, by the so-called right of discovery Spain claimed the entire country, bounded by the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north, all of which being then known by the name of Florida. About twenty years

after DeSoto made his discovery of the Mississippi river, a few Roman Catholic missionaries made an attempt to establish settlements at St. Augustine and its vicinity; and shortly afterwards a colony of French Calvinists was established on the St. Mary's river near the coast, but was destroyed in 1565 by an expedition from Spain, under Pedro Melendez de Aviles, cowardly murdering upwards of nine hundred French men, women and children, and suspending many of the slain to branches of trees, with the inscription—"Not as Frenchmen but as heretics." This diabolical butchery being accomplished, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town by nearly half a century of any in the United States. Four years after, Dominic de Gourges, to avenge the butchery of his countrymen on the St. Mary's river, fitted out an expedition at his own expense and attacking the Spanish colonists on the St. Mary's river, he ravaged the settlements with fire and sword, burning their houses, demolishing their forts, and slaying the inhabitants. This being accomplished, he, in turn, suspended some of the dead bodies from the trees, with the inscription, "Not as Spaniards, but as murderers," and then returned to France with his fleet. With the exception of a few years, Spain held Florida until 1819, when, greatly diminished from its original boundaries, it was ceded to the United States, and became a state in 1845,

In 1535 James Cartier, a French explorer, sailed with an expedition up the St. Lawrence and took formal possession of the country in the name of his king, calling it New France. In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec, which soon became a nucleus for the settlement of Canada. This was the same year in which the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, was established; and twelve years before the Puritans landed upon the rocks of Plymouth.

In order to strengthen the power of the French, Champlain resolved to establish missions among the Indians. At that period of time "the far west" had never been trodden by the foot of the European. In 1616 Le Caron, a French Franciscan, visited the Iroquois and Wyandotts, and thence to the tributaries of Lake Huron; and in 1634 the Jesuits established the first mission in that then distant and visionary region of country. A century had passed, however, from the discovery of the Mississippi River, before the first Canadian envoys met the Indians inhabiting the unknown regions of the northwest, in council assembled at the falls of the St. Marys, a little below the outlet of Lake Superior. But not till the year 1669 did any of the adventurous trappers and fur-traders spend the winter along the shores of

that great lake; nor until 1660 that Rene Mesnard established the first missionary station upon its cold, rocky and inhospitable coast, and who, soon after, was lost in the bleak wilderness and was heard of no more. Father Claude Allouez, five years after, built the first permanent habitation of Europeans among the Indians of the northwest; and in 1668 a mission was established by Dablon and Marquette at the falls of St. Mary's. In 1671 the French took formal possession of the northwest and Marquette established another missionary station in that country at Point St. Ignace, north of Mackinac, which was the first European settlement in Michigan.

Owing to the hostility of the Iroquois (whose territories lay along the Lakes Erie and Ontario), caused by Champlain inconsiderately joining with a few other Frenchmen, a war party of Hurons against the Iroquis, and a battle ensuing in which the latter were defeated, the missionaries were forced to travel far north by the Ottawa and French rivers of Canada, in journeying west, to avoid their threatened vengeance.

At that period the French had not advanced beyond Fox river, in Wisconsin; but in May, 1673, Marquette, with a few companions, started from Mackinac in canoes; paddled up Green bay; thence into Fox river; thence transporting their little canoes across the country to the Wisconsin river, and launching them upon that stream they reached the Mississippi, and upon its turbid waters floated down several hundred miles, then returned in the ensuing autumn. The discovery of the great Mississippi was a source of much joy to the French, who, in that age of newly discovered wonders, believed that a direct route to the South Sea, and thence to China, would be found through some of its western tributaries. The indefatigable M. La Salle first explored the mighty stream to its termination in the Gulf, in 1682, and took formal possession of the country, through which it flowed, in the name of the king of France, in honor of whom he called it Louisiana. Three years later he also took possession of Texas, establishing a colony on the Colorado. Being assassinated by one of his men, the colony was, shortly after, dispersed.

Lemoine D'Iberville, a French officer, renewed the explorations of LaSalle in 1697. He entered the Mississippi river with two vessels in March 1698; and also erected forts on the bay of Boloxi, and at Mobile, both of which were afterwards abandoned for the Island of Dauphine, which for many years was the headquarters of the colony. He also built Fort Balise, at the mouth of the river, and selected

the site of Fort Rosalie, afterwards destroyed by the Natchez Indians. Still, after the death of D'Iberville, in 1706, Louisiana was but little more than a wilderness, since a futile search for gold and the obtaining of furs, engaged the thoughts of the colonists, to the neglect of more substantial pursuits, and valuable time wasted in journeyings of discovery, and in obtaining furs and skins among distant tribes.

Kaskaskia and Cahokia, the oldest towns in the valley of the Mississippi, were founded near the year 1680. The former becoming the capitol of the Illinois country, and where, in 1721, a Jesuit college and monastery were established.

In 1700 peace was established between the two hostile tribes, the Iroquois and Ottawas, and the French, which gave the latter the desired opportunities for colonizing the western portion of Canada. Whereupon De la Motte Cadillac, with a hundred men and a Jesuit missionary, laid, in June, 1701, the foundation of Detroit, Michigan. At this period the French claimed the entire, vast and extensive region south of the Great Lakes under the name of Canada, or New France. As a matter of course, this aroused the jealousy of the English to the highest pitch and the Legislature of New York published a Bill for hanging any and all Papish priests who should voluntarily make his appearance in the province.

When the war broke out between England and France in 1711, the friendship and confidence of the western Indians had been so completely gained by the French through the mild and conciliatory course adopted by them and their missionaries, that all the most powerful tribes became their allies; when the former attempted to restrict the claims of the latter to the country south of the Great Lakes, their effort proved abortive; and though the Fox tribe, as allies of the English, made an attack upon Detroit in 1713, they were sorely defeated and driven back by the French and their numerous Indian allies. But the treaty of Utrecht having been concluded that year, the war closed.

By the year 1720 the French had established a lucrative trade in furs, skins and agricultural products between their Louisiana and Illinois colonies, and settlement had been extended on the Mississippi river to points below on the junction of the Illinois. But for the more effectual confinement of their hated rival, the English, to the Atlantic coast, the French adopted the plan of erecting a line of military posts extending from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; and as one of the important links of this chain they erected

Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi river, near Kaskaskia, where, in close proximity, stood the towns Cahokia and Prairie de Rocher.

The early settlers upon the Great Lakes of the north, were chiefly French emigrants from Picardy and Normandy, in France. They settled in and around the forts that had been erected for the extension of the dominion of France, promulgating the Catholic religion among the Indians, and securing the fur trade of the various tribes that visited the forts, bringing their furs to barter with the pale-faces for their new and strange commodities. The most attractive features of those forts, according to the early writers, were the fort garrisoned with a few soldiers, the chapel and its functionaries, the Jesuit priests, and the Indian wigwams, interspersed here and there, all surrounded with little patches of cultivated land, comprising a commandant and a heterogeneous company of soldiers, priests, merchants, traders, hunters, trappers, half-breeds and the genuine Indians—the most respectable and meritorious of the outfit—all of whom, the pure Indian excepted, were attached to a system of machinery in religion and in trade peculiar to themselves alone. Next to the commandant in prominence stood the merchants, who were regarded as the masters of the situation when at their post of trade. They were said to be shrewd, careful and frugal, with but little enterprise and less virtue, and employed their time in procuring skins and furs from the Indians in exchange for their goods and commodities. They kept on the best terms of friendship with the Indians and displayed their regard for virtue and morality in the large number of half-breed children they fostered, but whose mothers they called wives, though only truly so regarded by the Indians themselves; who grew up to speak the language of their parents—a mixture of French and Indian—and learning just enough of their religion to care for neither. The progress of the Indians, morally and intellectually, were things unthought of by the French west of the Alleghany mountains, or by the English east.

The design of the French was to enrich themselves by the fur trade; therefore they had little motive to attend to anything else; but were remarkable for their skill in ingratiating themselves into the confidence of the warlike tribes around them, and for their easy amalgamation in manners, customs and blood; while that of the English was to enrich themselves in seizing the Indians' land.

At this period (1720) of their history the Ohio river seems to have been but little known to the French, as it ap-

peared to be but an insignificant stream as exhibited on their early maps. Early in the year 1720 their energetic missionaries had explored to the head waters of the Allegheny river; and in the following year the French trader and agent, Jancairie, established a trading post among the Senecas, at Lewistown, and five years afterward Fort Niagara was erected contiguous to the falls. In 1735, according to some writers, Post St. Vincent was built on the Wabash; and about the same time the military post of Presque Isle was erected, on the site of Erie, Penn., and thence a line of posts extended on the Allegheny to Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio to the Wabash.

A map published in London in 1775 has the following list of French posts as then existing in the West. Two on French Creek, near Erie, Pennsylvania; Duquesne, where Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, now stands; Miamis, on the Maumee River, near where Toledo is now situated; Sandusky, on Sandusky Bay; St. Joseph's, on St. Joseph's River, Michigan; Ponchartrain, where Detroit, Michigan, now stands; Michilimackinac; one on Fox River, Green Bay; Creve-cour, on the Illinois River; Rockport, or Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois River; Vincennes; Cahokia; Kaskaskia, and one at each of the mouths of the Wabash, Ohio and Missouri. Others besides, it is said, were also built at that period, but not named. Just below Portsmouth, on the Ohio, ruins have been found which, no doubt, were those of an ancient French port, as they had a port there, it is said, during Braddock's war.

The Ohio company, principally composed of wealthy Virginians, sent Christopher Gist, in 1748, to explore the country, secure the friendship of the Indians (always ready and willing to cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of the Whites who sought their friendship upon the platform of truth and justice) and learn concerning the movements of the French. He reached the Ohio River over land, thence went down that river to its junction with the Great Miami, thence up the Great Miami to the villages of the Miamis, nearly fifty miles north of the present Dayton. In the following year the company located a trading post near that point, on Laramies Creek, the first place of English settlement in the Western country; but the French, ever on the alert, soon broke it up.

In 1749 the French began a more regular exploration of the Ohio river, and also formed alliances of peace and friendship with the Indians in Western New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, while the English, who extended their claims west to the Pacific ocean, though their actual possessions

were circumscribed within the comparatively narrow strip east of the Alleghany mountains were becoming more irritated at the rapidly increasing power of the French in the west. Not contented in exerting every means to excite the Indians to hostilities against them, thus using, alike with the French, the misguided Indians as the cat's paw to draw out the chestnuts from the hot embers, they as a stimulus to private enterprise, gave to the "Ohio Company" six hundred thousand acres of excellent land, without so much as even saying, "By your leave" to the just and legal owners, the Indians. And when they nobly fought against such high-handed business, they were decreed as meriting speedy annihilation.

By the year 1751 the settlements in the Illinois country consisted of Cahokia, five miles south of the present city, of St. Louis; St. Philips, forty-five miles lower down the river; St. Genevieve, still lower; Fort Chartres. Kaskaskia and Prairie de Rocher, still below, and on the eastern side of the Mississippi river. Kaskaskia being the largest of the last three named, containing at one time upwards of three thousand persons.

The English, ever wakeful to their interests upon the North American continent, viewed with apprehension the rapidly growing power of the French; especially as they regarded themselves as possessing an equal claim by the right of discovery through the Cabots, and of extending their settlements even to the Pacific ocean; while the French, on the other hand, maintained their claim to the valley of the Mississippi upon the right of having first explored and colonized it; therefore insisted that the English should confine themselves to the country east of the Alleghany mountains. But in their conflicting pretensions, no regard for the prior rights of the Indians which, in the sight of justice, equally barred the claims of both, was manifested by either. And it is said an Indian chief remarked, with reference to the two disputants, "The French claim all the country to the west, and the English all to the east and west; where, then, is the country of the Indians?" Truly a question that never has been answered, nor will it ever be.

Measures were now adopted by both French and English for the approaching conflict that seemed would inevitably ensue. On the 9th of July, 1755, General Braddock's army was destroyed, which gave the French a complete ascendancy on the Ohio river and its tributaries, and for a few years, checked the operations of the English, west of the Alleghany mountains. In July, 1758, General Forbes, with an army of seven thousand men, started for the west from

Carlisle, Pennsylvania. A detachment under Major Grant, consisting of Highland Scotch, were defeated on the 13th of September, near Fort Duquesne. Soon after, the French were in turn defeated by the advanced guard under Colonel Boquet. In November, the French army at Fort Duquesne, finding its inability to cope with the superior force advancing under General Forbes, abandoned Fort Duquesne and descended the river to New Orleans leaving the fortress to be occupied by Forbes, who thoroughly repaired it, but changed its name to Fort Pitt, in honor of England's Prime Minister.

For the first time the English were now in possession of the upper Ohio; while success had also attended them in the North. In 1759 Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Fort Niagara and Quebec fell into their hands and, in the following year, Montreal also, and with it all of Canada. A few days after the fall of Montreal Major Rogers was sent with forces to take possession of the French posts along the southern shore of Lake Erie and also at Detroit.

In 1663 the treaty of Paris concluded, by which France yielded to England, Canada and New France which embraced all the territory east of the Mississippi River from the source to the Bayou Iberville. The remainder of her North American possessions, embracing Louisiana west of the Mississippi River and the Island of New Orleans, she soon after secretly ceded to Spain, and thus terminated the dominion of France upon this continent, and with it alike vanished her vast schemes for power and self-aggrandizement as mists before the morning sun.

Immediately after the peace of 1763 all the French forts in the west as far as Green bay were garrisoned with English troops; and the Indians now began to realize, but too late, what they had long apprehended—the selfish designs of both French and English threatening destruction, if not utter annihilation, to their entire race. These apprehensions brought upon the theatre of Indian warfare, at that period of time, the most remarkable Indian in the annals of history, Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas and the principal sachem of the Algonquin Confederacy. He was not only distinguished for his noble and manly form, commanding address and proud demeanor, but also for his lofty courage, winning manners and a pointed and vigorous eloquence, which won the respect and confidence of all Indians, and made him a marked example of that grandeur and sublimity of character so often found among his so greatly miscomprehended race. Pontiac had closely watched the slowly advancing power of the English, and their haughty and de-

fiant encroachments upon the territories of his own people and his entire race.

When he was informed of the approach of Major Rogers with a company of English soldiers into his country, the indignation of the forest hero was roused to its highest pitch; and at once he sent a messenger to Rogers, who met him on the 7th of November, 1763, with a request to halt until Pontiac, the chief of the Nation, should arrive, then on his way. As soon as Pontiac came up he boldly demanded of Rogers his business and why he had come with his soldiers into the Ottawa country unsolicited? To which Rogers replied; He had no evil designs against his people, nor any of his race; his only object in coming was to remove the French from the country who pretended a mutual friendship and trade between his people and the English. The next morning, after smoking by turns the pipe of peace, Pontiac told Rogers that he would protect him and his party from the attack of his warriors who were already collected at the mouth of Detroit River to stop his further progress. Major Rogers having arrived unmolested at Detroit, he at once entered into friendly negotiations with many of the neighboring tribes; after which he left Captain Campbell in charge of the fort and departed on the 21st of December for Pittsburg.

The Indians, throughout the whole of the country formerly occupied by the French, regarded the arrogant English as intruders, and were indignant at the incomprehensible exchange without a voice in the matter; and the smile that might have been observed playing around the mouth of Pontiac when he first met Rogers and his soldiers on the shores of Lake Erie, but concealed the deep cherished hatred he entertained for the English, even as the rays of the setting sun, bedazzle the thundercloud in the far distant east; as he had only made professions of friendship as a matter of national policy, that he might gain time to mature his plans for the defense of his people and race against the destruction that seemed approaching. Truly, the far-sighted statemanship evinced in his plans far effecting the expulsion of the English, their assumed friends but deadly foes, and thereby the preservation also of his people and race, proved his possession of an extraordinary courage, and an energy of the highest order. His plan was a sudden and contemporaneous attack upon all the English ports everywhere in the Indian territories west of the Alleghany mountains—at St. Joseph, Green Bay, Ouateon, Detroit, Michilimackinac, Maumee, Sandusky, Niagara, Presque Isle, LeBoeuf, Venango and Pittsburg; the last four mentioned being in Western Pennsylvania. Could the attack

be simultaneous, and every English fort upon a line of many hundreds of miles be destroyed upon the same day, no one would be able to give assistance to the other; while, at the same time, the failure of one attacking party would have no deleterious effect upon the other. Thus the war might begin and end in the same day, and the Indians would again be free and in the possessions and enjoyment of the land of their ancestors.

Pontiac first laid his plans before his own people, the Ottawas, who at once embraced his propositions and gladly entered into his plans. He then called for a great council of all the tribes to be held at a designated point on the Aux Ecarces river. They responded to the call of the mighty Ottawa, whose name was known far and wide; and it was an assemblage vast of unvarnished, unpanoplied men consulting upon plans for mutual protection against a fearful foe threatening their destruction. Then and there was heard the untaught eloquence of nature's orator, the great Pontiac, who in strains of wild eloquence appealed to his hearers' fears and hopes, their patriotism, their love of freedom and hatred of the English, their oppressors and destroyers; then to their superstitions, by relating a dream in which he told them the Great Spirit (whom all Indians held in great reverence unsurpassed by any nation of people on earth) had revealed to a Delaware prophet the path his red children should pursue; and concluded in a wild tone of voice: "Why, why, said the Great Spirit, angrily to the Delaware prophet, why do you permit those dogs in red clothes to come into your country and rob you of the land and homes I have given you? Drive them back whence they came. If you need assistance, I will help you."

That was enough. The dawn of the morn of their liberation seemed gloriously appearing in the East. With Pontiac at their head—a host within himself—and the Great Spirit's promised assistance, failure in the great undertaking was impossible. The foot prints of the foreign intruder and oppressor were soon to be seen no more upon their soil, and again they were to be free. A plan of action was adopted at once and far and wide, even to the borders of North Carolina, the tribes laid aside their former feuds, became friends and joined the league in common and united effort to rid their common country of its foreign enemies whom they had ignorantly embraced as friends but to find them foes.

Silently and unobserved gathered the clouds of the approaching tempest, while the quiet or fancied security rested upon all. The traders, as usual, traveled from village to village; the idle soldiers dozed away the day in dreamy

thoughtlessness and all was calm life; yet unseen, journeyed bands of Red Men through the deep solitudes of the forests, until every English fort was hemmed in by mingled warriors. The day came, and first the traders everywhere were slain. Then every English fort west of the Alleghany mountains was at once destroyed through the pre-conceived and pre-arranged plans of the master mind of Pontiac, except four, Detroit, Bedford, Ligonier and Pitt.

Detroit was the most important situation to be taken, since, if captured, it would enable the Indians to unite their hitherto separate lines of operation, above and below; therefore, Pontiac, in person, undertook its capture with his own Ottawa warriors. The garrison numbered one hundred and thirty, with forty or fifty traders in the village.

On the 8th of May, 1760, Pontiac, with about three hundred warriors, appeared before the gates of the fort, and solicited an interview with the commanding officer, Major Gladwyn; but, alas, for the hopes of Pontiac! A few days before an Indian woman had betrayed the secret to Major Gladwyn, and Pontiac found all on their guard and prepared for an attack. Yet he delayed not, but made a bold attack upon the fort, and adopted every means his ingenuity could suggest to destroy it; but after a siege of several weeks he withdrew, having learned of the approach of re-enforcements for the fort. Thus Detroit was saved by the treachery of one of his own race, and Pontiac's hopes utterly thwarted; and also, as if by miracle, the three above mentioned forts escaped destruction. The noble, sagacious and patriotic Pontiac afterwards fell by the hand of a traitor and assassin, and with his death perished the last hope of the western Indians, who were soon conquered and humiliated. Ill fated race! Who but must sympathize with you in your misfortunes.

Treaties of peace were then concluded with the different and disconsolate tribes at Niagara, by Sir William Johnson; at Detroit by General Bradstreet; in Ohio by Colonel Boquet; and at the German Flats on the Mohawk river, with the Six Nations and their allies. By these treaties, extensive tracts of lands, as usual, were taken from the Indians, as a recompense of reward for daring to fight for freedom, homes and their native land.

The power of the Indians being destroyed, and themselves utterly humiliated, the whites began to cross the Alleghany mountains. Military land-warrants of incredible numbers had been issued, and a frenzied mania for western lands seemingly absorbed every other desire in the hearts of the people of that period; and which has not abated from

that day to this, but rather increased, as was practically illustrated in the Oklahoma craze that added so much "glory" to these United States, but to the pecuniary loss of the defrauded Creeks. Those treaties of 1768, with the north-western and western Indians, and the two made about the same time with the Cherokees at Hard Labor and Lochaber, afforded a pretext under which the white settlements advanced upon the rights of the Indians. It was now falsely claimed that the Indian title was extinguished east and south of the Ohio river, to an indefinite extent, and the spirit of emigration and speculation rushed headlong over reason, justice and truth in all things pertaining to the rights of the Indians.

The war in 1774 with the Indians, known as "Dunmore's War," had its origin exclusively from the cold-blooded and diabolical murders committed upon inoffensive Indians by the Virginians in the region of the upper Ohio. Among those murdered by Cresap and Greathouse at Captina and Yellow Creek, near Wheeling, was the entire family of the noble, generous, but unfortunate Logan. He was, and always had been, the firm friend of the Whites, and the advocate of peace; but upon this barbarous outrage he justly rushed to war to obtain revenge—his only mode. The Shawnees were also among the murdered, whose tribe, as soon as it was known, rushed upon the war-path with emotions of anger and revenge that knew no limits, and directed their vengeance mainly against the Virginians. The Colonial Legislature of Virginia, then in session, at once adopted measures for the emergency. What measures? Conciliatory, by immediately causing the white murderers to be arrested and handed over to the outraged Indians to be dealt with as they saw proper, and thus manifesting to them that we practiced what we so loudly professed—justice to all—and by so doing, saving the lives of hundreds of innocent persons, white and red? No. But measures justifying the white cut-throats in their crimes by preparing to successfully resist the Indians in their righteous appeals for justice even from the bloody hands of war. The Indians only did what we or any other people would have done under similar circumstances. But that "Colonial Legislature" had smelt Indian blood, and four hundred volunteers responded to its call for more blood, who, under one Angus McDonald, rushed into the Indian country on the Muskingum River, in June, 1774, and burned the towns of the Wappatomica Indians, killing many of the inhabitants, nor lost a man. But what was the effect of this "conciliatory" measure of that "Colonial Legislature?" It was what it expected and, no

doubt, greatly desired. It only served to further exasperate the outraged Indians and to excite them to fearless action in defense of their lives and God-inherited rights. What next? Was this act of vandalism—burning the towns of the Wappatomicas and killing the inhabitants—a recompense of reward sufficient to Cresap and Greathouse to induce them to again wash their hands in the blood of innocent and unoffending Indians, when desiring to gratify their murderous whims?

In the following September, Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, raised a force of three thousand men to make a raid on the Shawnee towns on the Scioto river. This force was collected in two divisions. The first to rendezvous at Wheeling, under Dunmore; the other to cross the Ohio at the mouth of the Kanawha, under Colonel Andrew Lewis. Having arrived there, they encamped. The next morning two soldiers went up the river about two miles in quest of game, and unexpectedly came upon a body of Shawnee warriors, who killed one of them, and the other made good his escape to camp with the intelligence. The army was soon on the march in two lines, and when they had proceeded scarcely a half a mile they were met and bravely charged by the Shawnee warriors, upon which both lines gave way and were retreating, when they were rallied by Colonel Field, and the battle soon became general and sustained with obstinate bravery by both sides. The Shawnees judiciously formed in a line across a point from the Ohio river to the Kanawha (the battle being at the junction of the two streams) to prevent being flanked. In this order of battle they maintained the fight with unabated resolution and bravery from early in the day until nearly sunset, heroically resisting successive charges made upon their line by the whites.

The Shawnees were under the command of the distinguished and consummate chief, Cornstalk. His plan of alternate retreat and attack was masterly conceived, and caused the chief loss of the whites. Whenever the warriors manifested signs of wavering, his voice was heard above the din of the battle, exclaiming in his native tongue, "Be strong! be strong!" At one time it is said, a warrior near him manifested fear and a reluctance to charge, and Cornstalk, dreading his pernicious example, struck him dead with his tomahawk. As the evening of the day drew on, and the Shawnees still maintained their position against the most vigorous attacks, and apprehending the consequences that might arise if the battle was not decided before night, Colonel Andrew Lewis, sent three companies, who secretly

marched up under the banks of the Kanawha river beyond the upper end of the Shawnee line, and thus gaining their rear made an attack. The Shawnees unexpectedly finding themselves surrounded on both sides, and believing their rear attack was made by reinforcements, soon gave way, and crossing the Ohio river retreated to their villages on the Scioto. But the victory was dearly bought, the brave Shawnees having killed and wounded two hundred and fifteen of the whites, while their loss was never ascertained.

In the meantime Dunmore had descended the Ohio river from Wheeling to the mouth of the Hocking. Thence he marched toward the Shawnee towns on the Scioto. After the battle, Colonel Lewis hastened on with his forces to the same point, "maddened"—as it has been recorded—"by the loss of so many brave men, and anxious to avenge their fate by the annihilation of the Shawnee villages."

But before reaching the Scioto, the Shawnees, seeing the folly of attempting to oppose the forces approaching, sent an embassy to Dunmore, requesting peace. He accepted their proposition. A conference was ordered that peace might be ratified. Dunmore then sent orders to Lewis to discontinue his march. He refused to obey orders, nor was it until Dunmore went in person to his camp, then on Congo creek, just south of the Shawnee villages, before he could be induced to give up his murderous designs against the Indians, because they had dared to avenge the murder of their people by the hands of Cresap and Greathouse.

Dunmore remained at his camp, within four miles of the Shawnee towns, where the council was soon convened with the Shawnee chiefs to negotiate peace. The deliberations were opened by Cornstalk, who, in a short, concise and energetic speech, delivered with great natural dignity, and in a tone so powerful as to be heard all over the camp. But brevity, energy and dignity, so commendable, were noted characteristics of the North American Indian orator. In his speech, Cornstalk rehearsed the former power of his race; the number of their tribes; the magnitude of their landed possessions and the happiness of the people; then compared their past to their present feeble condition; to their forlorn and diminished numbers; to their diminutive landed possessions; to their hunting grounds and game destroyed—those gifts of the Great Spirit to his red children—and to the impoverished and humiliating condition of the people. Then he spoke of a former treaty made at Fort Stanwix, and the great cessions of territory made by them to the pale-faces. Then he pointed to the lawless encroachments

of the pale-faces upon their lands everywhere, in open and defiant violation of all treaty stipulations; to the forbearance of his race for years, under reiterated wrongs, indignities and insults heaped upon them everywhere by the frontier white people. He said his people, as well as all others of his race, knew and deeply felt their weakness, and their inability to successfully contend in hostilities with the whites, and they asked only for justice; that the war just closed was not sought by his people, for it was commenced by the whites without any provocation on the part of his people or race; that under the same circumstances the pale-faces would have done as they had done; that if they had failed to resent the unprovoked, cruel and treacherous murders of their relatives and friends at Captina and Yellow Creek, they would have deserved the contempt of all nations of people; that the war was the work of the whites and not of the Indians, for they wanted peace.

The treaty was concluded, but not before Dunmore, as a manifestation of his confidence in the integrity of the Indians, judged from the fallacy of his own heart, had secured four Indian warriors, as hostages to be taken by him to Virginia, and right in the face of the irrefragable truths just rehearsed in his hearing by the noble and patriotic Cornstalk; proving conclusively, also, that though he knew the whites were wholly in the wrong, yet, like all evil doers, he would shift the blame from his own shoulders to that of the Indians, by making it appear that the Indians could not be trusted; therefore, it was necessary to coerce them by hostages.

The stipulations of the treaty under consideration made the Ohio River the boundary between the Indians and the white people; the Indians agreeing not to pass beyond the east side of the river, and the Whites agreeing not to pass beyond the west side. Thus was that beautiful river, acknowledged for the first time by the Indians, as the boundary between the territory of the White Race and the hunting grounds of the Red.

Great anger was manifested by the officers and soldiers against Dunmore, it is narrated by the chroniclers of that war, for making peace and the treaty with the Indians, and their indignation knew no bounds in their disappointment at losing so good an opportunity of indulging their natural and now urgent propensities for a copious draught of Indian blood. Cresap, Greathouse and their crew had enjoyed a hearty drink awakening also their momentary sleeping thirst; and now, after marching so far only to have the tantalizing cup dashed from their expectant lips as they were in

the very act of enjoying a few sips—could poor humanity endure any greater disappointment and live? Therefore, long and loud were the curses heaped upon Dunmore for his unusual act of humanity towards the Indians—inexplicable, except on the supposition, it was said, that Dunmore had received orders from the Royal Government to make peace with the Indians as quick as possible, and on such terms as might secure their alliance in favor of the English against the colonies in the expected war that was anticipated with them; for, as Pericles, so did King George—"Behold war advancing, with wide and rapid strides from the Peloponnesus," in North America. And thus was displayed the character of that leniency and exhibition of mercy as was displayed on that occasion by Dunmore to the Indians—self interest momentarily checked the thirst for Indian blood.

But the noble chief, Logan, who mourned the ruthless murder of his entire family by the hands of the white villains, though winked at by the authorities of that law that lay powerless in their hands, as far as regarded the poor and unfortunate Indians, nobly and justifiably refused to be seen as a suppliant among his brother chiefs, whose anxiety and love for their living families had overcome their natural and manly pride, and had alone induced them to assume the humiliating attitude of suppliants when outraged beyond human endurance; yet, in a private interview with General Gibson, who had been sent as an envoy to the Shawnees, he, though with a broken heart, yet with a calm and manly dignity and in a calm, low and solemn tone of voice, narrated the pathetic story of his unsurpassed wrongs and injuries in the following well known but little heeded words; as they have long since been pronounced as being above the ability of the Indian; therefore, are the work of the white man, who writhes in agony at the mere mention of allowing the Indian any credit for anything that is commendable or meritorious. Thus spake the noble but broken-hearted Indian chief:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat; If ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing."

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his cabin an advocate for peace. Nay such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cool blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and chil-

dren. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have satisfied my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one?"

Such was the language of a broken-hearted hero. And it is but one of a thousand of the utterances of mingled pride, courage, sorrow and despair of the North American Indians. For three hundred years down the line of time to the present, have their wrongs, in pathetic woe, been expressed and heard, moving to sympathizing tears, the angels of heaven, but awakening no responsive chord in the hearts of the the white men lost, utterly lost, to all else, except the Indians' few remaining acres of land; and who for the securing of which, have made proper arrangements with the devil for future and permanent residences, according to human ideas of justice, with him in the regions below, as a just recompense of their reward for services rendered during their stay in his dominions on earth.

The last years of the old chief were spent in wandering about from village to village and from tribe to tribe, a forlorn, dejected, solitary and lonely old man—a melancholy, yet truthful, exhibition of the horrible falsity of the white man's professed anxiety for the good of the Indian—who had finally yielded to the crushing weight of despair by the loss of his family and relatives at the hands of white murderers, and the decay of his tribe and race. He also, as did his family, perished by the hands of an assassin, near Detroit, Michigan. He was sitting before his camp-fire with his blanket over his head, his elbows resting upon his knees and his head upon his hands, wrapt in seemingly deep, sad and mournful reflection o'er the scenes and experiences of the eventful past, when an unexpected tomahawk was buried in his brains, wielded by the hand of an Indian. But who does not believe, who knows the sacredness and veneration with which the aged were held by all North American Indians, and the eternal disgrace that ensued to him who killed or even injured an aged person, that when the fulfillment of the declaration of Holy Writ—"And the books were opened," at the great and last assizes in which man shall be interested—that there and then will be found recorded, "Logan fell by the hands of a white assassin." The plea in favor of the white assassin's innocence is feeble. Be as it may, so perished the aged and grand Indian Chief, Logan.

Of the renowned Shawnee chief, Cornstalk, it may also be truthfully affirmed that he was a man of true nobility of soul, a wise statesman in the councils of his Nation, and a brave and skillful chief in war. After the battle near the junction of the Ohio river and the Kanawha, he returned to the Pickaway villages and called a council of his people and other contiguous tribes to consult what should be done. When assembled he upbraided them for their want of foresight and their injudicious measures adopted in not permitting him to make solicitations of peace to the whites, as he desired, on the evening before the battle. "What," exclaimed he, in his usual loud tone of voice and with great vehemence, "do you now propose to do? The big knives (referring to the swords of the officers) are coming on us and we will all be killed, and our wives and children led away into captivity, or scattered as autumn leaves before the wintry winds. Now we must fight in earnest, or we will be destroyed." No reply being made, he continued: "Then let us kill all our women and children and resolve to fight until the last warrior has fallen." But still no reply being made, he struck his tomahawk with a mighty blow into a tree standing near, and exclaimed: "But I will go and make peace." To this there was given a universal approval, and runners were at once sent to Dunmore to solicit peace. The result has been given.

But as the immortal Logan, whose name with others of his race, has elevated the characters of the native Americans throughout the intelligent world, and whose touching eloquence can never be forgotten so long as eloquence is admired by man, fell by the hand of the stealthy assassin, so too was the noble Cornstalk murdered, in the summer of 1777, by some execrable white villains of the Cresap, Greathouse and Whetzel order, at Point Pleasant, near where the battle had been fought three years before. He had crossed the river to communicate the designs of the English and their allied Indians, as it was afterwards learned. When he saw his murderers approaching, his little son, Elnipsico, trembled. His father, upon seeing which, said to him: "Be not afraid. The Great Spirit has sent us here to die together." As the white men drew near he rose up and, with his little Elnipsico, advanced to meet them, when instantly a half dozen bullets pierced their bodies. So fell the great warrior and pure patriot, Cornstalk, whose name was bestowed upon him by his Nation, as their great strength and support.

Three years later, in the summer of 1780, we find eight hundred men, under Colonel Brodhead, in rendezvous at Wheeling, where six years before Dunmore had collected

his forces whom he led in person to exterminate the Shawnees and destroy their villages, because they grumbled about Cresap and Greathouse butchering a dozen or more of their people regardless of age or sex. Colonel Brodhead, with his eight hundred, are to march against the Indian villages on the Muskingum river, Ohio. They marched, plundered and burnt a few villages, and captured a number of Indians among whom were sixteen warriors, who were led out and, in cool blood, tomahawked and scalped. On the next morning, a noble looking chief, under a promise of protection from Brodhead, came into camp; and while talking with Brodhead in regard to peace, Whetzel secretly stole up behind him, and with one blow of his tomahawk cleft his skull in twain. They now had to retreat; but before so doing, they massacred all the remaining prisoners, except a few women and children; then, when arrived safely at home, enjoyed a higher degree of complacency in imagined self-importance in having taken a few villages of Indian wigwams and butchering helpless prisoners, than did Cyrus in taking Babylon, or Titus, Jerusalem.

In the early part of the year 1763 two Moravian missionaries, Post and Heckewelder, established a mission among the Tuscarawa Indians, and in a few years they had three flourishing missionary stations, viz: Shoenbrun, Gnadenbrutten and Salem, which were about five miles apart and fifty miles west of the present town of Steubenville, Ohio. During our Revolutionary War their position being midway between the hostile Indians (allies of the British) on the Sandusky River, and our frontier settlements, and therefore on the direct route of the war parties of both the British Indian allies and the frontier settlers, they were occasionally forced to give food and shelter to both, which aroused the jealousy of both the Indian allies of the English and the American frontiersmen, although they preserved the strictest neutrality.

In February 1772, the American settlers (nothing more could be expected) assumed to believe that the Moravian, or Christian Indians; as they were called, harbored the hostile Indians; therefore they pronounced them enemies, and at once doomed them to destruction. Accordingly on the following march, ninety volunteers, under the leadership of one David Williamson, started for Gnadenbrutten where they arrived on the morning of the 8th, and at once surrounded and entered the station; but found the most of the Indians in a field gathering corn. They told them they had come in peace and friendship, and with a proposition to move them from their unpleasant and dangerous position between the two hostile races to Fort Pitt for their better

protection. The unsuspecting Indians, delighted at the suggestion of their removal to a safer place, gave up their few arms used for hunting alone, all the kind they had, and commenced preparing breakfast for their guests and also for themselves. The still unsuspecting Indians at once sent a runner to Salem to inform the brethren there of the new arrangement. After eating breakfast, both Indians and whites returned from the field to Gnadenbrutten; and, on reaching it, a number of the whites started on their horses for the Salem station, but met the Salem Indians already on their way, through the advice of the messenger, to join their brethren at Gnadenbrutten. In the meantime, the whites, who had remained at Gnadenbrutten, had secured the Indians whom they had already decoyed into their power, by binding them and confining them in two separate houses under a strong guard. As soon as the party from Salem came up (their arms having been previously secured without awakening any suspicion of hostile intention), they were also placed in fetters and confined in the two prison-houses with their brethren, the men in one, and the women and children in the other. The number thus seized and imprisoned, including men women and children, were ninety-six: What next?

A mock council was then convened to decide what disposition should be made of their victims. Upon this horrid tragedy the late Dr. Doddridge, in his published notes on Indian wars, says: "Colonel Williamson put the question, 'Whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or put to death?' requesting those who were in favor of saving their lives to step out and form a second rank. Only eighteen out of the whole number stepped forth as advocates of mercy. In these the feelings of humanity were not extinct. In a majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested. They resolved to murder (for no other word can express the act) the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization, two of whom graduated from New Jersey after the death of their spiritual father, the Rev. David Brainard. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander and begged his protection. Her supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth, in the sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of the devoted people were already ascending the throne of the most high! The

sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer found an echo in the surrounding woods, but no responsive feeling in the bosom of their executioners. With gun and spear, tomahawk and scalping-knife the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses until not a sigh or moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within. All, save two—two Indian boys—escaped, as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man toward their unfortunate race.

"Of the number thus butchered by those backwoodsmen of Ohio between fifty and sixty were women and children—some of them little babes. No resistance was made; one only attempted to escape. The Whites finished the tragedy by setting fire to the town, including the slaughter-houses with the bodies in them, all of which were consumed. A detachment was also sent to the upper town, Shoenbrunn, but the people having received information of what was transpiring below, had deserted it."

Reader, what think you now of the justice in still calling the Indian an irreclaimable savage, when our motto in dealing with the North American Indians from the alpha to the omega has been—"Massacre and burn" until barbarity could go no further?

I agree that in every instance pointed out, that I have examined, the Indians imbibed their treachery from motives of self-preservation against their skilled teachers in the art of treachery and hypocrisy—to many of whom such arts are intuitive. The Indian is a diplomatist—as much so as the white man—and his habits are formed from those of the Whites with whom he had to deal and from whom he had to defend himself. I have never known, in my personal experience of seventy-five years, a single instance where kindness failed to go straight home to the Indian's heart, or was not fully reciprocated.

In 1780 Colonel George Clark erected Fort Jefferson on the Mississippi River, in the territories of the Chickasaws, a few miles below the mouth of the Ohio, and on his return from Fort Jefferson he organized a company of one thousand men, in July, made a secret and rapid raid into the Miami country, plundered and burned the Pequa villages on Mud River and also the Chillicothe villages on the Little Miami, murdering all the unfortunate Indians that fell into their hands with fiendish delight—and returned in triumph without loss.

In the year following, 1781, the Chickasaws, justly indignant at the erection of Fort Jefferson upon their soil, besieged it under the command of the great Colbert. As us-

ual everywhere for every act of injustice heaped upon the Indians, the Whites have been sustained; therefore, General Clark hastened from Kaskaskia with re-inforcements, upon the arrival of which the Chickasaws drew off a little distance. Soon after, however, Clark dismantled the fort, returned to his own, and the Chickasaws quietly returned to their homes.

In the year 1799, when the remnant of the Moravians were recalled by the United States, in the plenitude of their mercy which required just twenty-seven years to mature, an old Indian, in company with a young white man by the name of Carr, visited the desolate and melancholy scene, and an excavation was pointed out by the old man, which had formerly been a cellar, and in which were still some mouldering bones of the victims, though 27 years had passed since their tragic death, while the tears trickled down the wrinkled face of that aged child of the Tuscarawas.

At the time of the diabolical massacre, but little more than one-third of the Moravian Indians were at their villages on the Tuscarawas, the others having been induced by the hostile Indians to move and settle at Sandusky in their vicinity. Soon after the return of Williamson's men what may be called a second Moravian campaign was projected, the object being first to complete the destruction of the Christian Indians, at their new establishment on the Sandusky river, murder the Wyandott Indians on the same river, then plunder and burn their villages. Having had a taste of blood warm from the veins of Christian Indians, men, women and children, like the tiger man-eater of the Bengal jungles, it proved more palatable to their taste since there was no impediment to obstruct a full display of their manhood and heroic bravery in butchering and drinking the blood of the Christian Indians, who stood as helpless before them as a little girl of ten years in the spring of the Bengal man-eater, they now determined not to spare the lives of any Indians who might fall into their clutches, whether friend or foe, old or young, male or female, all from the decrepit in years to the babe in its swaddling clothes. Such was the *modus operandi* adopted by the professed civilized and Christian race to gather the Native Americans into the folds of the religion of the world's Great Redeemer, and practiced from that day to this plainly shown in the butchery of the western Indians by the two modern Caligulas, Sherman and Sheridan and their subordinates, by Mr. Manypenny in his "Our Indian Wards."

On the 20th of May, 1792, four hundred and eighty human monsters, impiously called men, collected from the

country of the upper Ohio at a point, then known as the "Old Mingo Towns," to carry out their diabolical schemes, and there raised one of their number, William Crawford, to the position of their commander.

Notwithstanding the secrecy of their murderous schemes, the Indian scouts—the best the world ever produced—learned the place of their rendezvous in the Mingo bottom, where they ascertained their number and destination. Every encampment after their departure was visited by those Indian vigilants, whose skill in obtaining facts from signs alone seemed superhuman. Every scrap of paper and chip that was found in the place of encampment with marks made upon them were picked up and carried at once to the Moravian Indians, who had fled from Shoenbrunn at the time of the slaughter of their brethren and settled at Sandusky; who, having been taught to read and write by their spiritual guides—the white missionaries—read the writings upon the scraps of paper and chips: "No quarter to any Indian—man, woman or child."

The march of the whites was directly through the Moravian villages, the scenes of their former butchery. On the 6th of June they reached the Moravian villages, on a branch of the Sandusky river; but, instead of finding innocent and helpless Indians to murder and plunder, they found only vestiges of desolation. A few huts scattered here and there, alone remained to tell of their blighted hopes and bitter chagrin, in being thwarted in their grand designs of besieging, taking and destroying an imagined North American Nineveh, Babylon and Jerusalem, and thus have their names and heroic achievements engraved upon the rolls of fame with a Cyaxares, a Cyrus and a Titus. Alas! for human hopes! The scraps of paper and the chips injudiciously left at their encampments had warned their intended victims, who had fled; and with them set the sun, whose rays were to light up the pages of their imagined glory through all future generations with such brilliancy that one, though a fool, might run and read, nor err therein. Could American ambition aspire to anything greater! It seems not from the history of the past. For our foolish boasting over the sacking of a few Indian villages and butchering the sleeping inhabitants, the accomplishment of which always eliciting the soul animating and flattering ejaculation: "Too much praise cannot be awarded the officers and soldiers for their bravery and heroism displayed in the fearful conflict." While our great generals enjoy in dreamy frenzy their fancied flight to their roost upon the pinnacle of earthly fame, there to revel in imagined glory, and feel themselves,

as Cyrus, encompassing the walls of Ancient Babylon and gazing with admiring and contemplative mind upon its lofty battlements, as they listen to the noisy shouts of the rabble below, and the call of the sensational newspapers, "Sheridan to the front! To arms! To arms! The Greek! The Greek!" When rumor whispers on a cloudy day, "An Indian failed to answer at roll call on such a reservation."

But what of Crawford and his band of murderers? Maddened at their disappointment in not obtaining a few gallons of Indian blood to cool their raging thirst, they resolved to proceed one day longer on their hunt; and then if no Indian villages with their unsuspecting inhabitants were found, to retreat. But on the next day, about 2 o'clock, they found the object of their search, but not a helpless village of Christian Indians in thoughtless security, but a well organized body of fearless Indian warriors ready to face their ruffian invaders in open battle. At once the conflict was opened, and continued with unabated vigor until dark, each party lying upon their arms during the night to prevent surprise. The next morning at a deliberation of officers, Williamson, the leader at the massacre of the Gnadenbrutton and Salem Indians, proposed to go with one hundred and fifty volunteers to upper Sandusky, which proposition was promptly rejected upon the grounds that their divided forces would be attacked in detail and destroyed. The day, therefore, was spent in burying the dead and making preparations for a night retreat; since, to fight wide awake Indians was not in their vocabulary of warfare in seeking military fame. But the Indians, suspecting their intentions, and desiring to give them a full and quenching draught of Indian blood, renewed the attack about sunset with renewed vigor and fearless resolutions from all sides except that toward Sandusky. The white marauders unable to withstand the urgent desires "to live, that they might fight on some other day," which then seemed to overbalance the desires to fight at night live and wide awake Indians, began a retreat with their thirst for Indian blood somewhat abated, since the price of it had gone up to such an unexpected and extravagant degree that prudence forbade further indulgence until they should return home and recuperate their now weakened desires. But many, with the heroism displayed at Gnadenbrutton, believing the wide awake Indians would follow the main body, broke off into small detached parties and hurried in different directions toward their THEN much desired homes. All these the wide awake Indians pursued in equal detachments, overtook and sent them to their long homes, where they might quench their thirst with something

stronger and more enduring than the blood of Christian Indians.

Soon after the retreat had gotten under full headway, Crawford, having missed his son and several other relatives, halted and vainly searched the line as it passed along for the objects of his solicitation, and waited too long in anxious expectation of learning something concerning them, for in attempting to overtake his retreating army, he with one Dr. Knight and a few others, after the third day's ride was captured by the victorious Indians. They were all taken to an encampment in the vicinity, and next morning their captors, under the command of the Delaware chief, Pipe, started with them for a Wyandott village, but slew all except Crawford and Knight before reaching it. When at the village, Crawford recognized among the Indians the renowned Shawnee chief, Wingenund, with whom he had long been acquainted and between whom a mutual friendship existed. Crawford at once made an appeal to Wingenund to intercede in his behalf. But to his solicitations Wingenund calmly replied: "I am not unmindful of our former friendship; and cheerfully would I now assist you in your misfortune, were you in any other place but this, and were you still what I once thought you to be." To which the despairing Crawford replied: "I have been engaged only in honorable warfare." Then what must be dishonorable warfare? But to which reply, Wingenund, with a significant look, responded: "I might possibly have been able to save you had you not joined Williamson in murdering the Moravian Indians without discrimination of age or sex knowing they were innocent of all wrong." "Had I been with him I would not have permitted the cruel act," replied the wretched Crawford. "That may be all true," replied the chief; but Williamson went a second time and killed more of the Christian Indians." "But I went out and did all I could to stop him," said Crawford. "That may also be true, but you cannot make the Indians believe it; for, when you were marching here, you turned aside with your soldiers and went to the Moravian villages, but found them deserted. Our scouts were watching you and saw you do this. Had you been looking for warriors, you would not have gone there, for you knew the Christian Indians are foolish and will not fight. I shall take no pleasure in your death, though you have forfeited your life. Had we also captured Williamson, we might spare your life; but as we have failed in that, you must take his place. I am unable to save you."

Crawford still implored him to interfere in his behalf,

but the chief assured him that it would be of no avail, and at once turned away and left the hapless and now hopeless captive to his fearful fate, which was witnessed by Knight, who had also been condemned to a similar fate, but fortunately made his escape shortly after the execution of Crawford. All the prisoners captured in this marauding campaign were slain, in retaliation for the butchery of the Delawares, then known as the Moravian Christians. Crawford's son was executed at a Shawnee town.

The account given by Knight of the execution of Crawford need not be repeated here. All should denounce, with a united voice, executions by fire, no matter how great the crime of the culprit. But let God, and not guilty man, be the judge between the white executioners of the ninety-six Christian Indians, guilty of no offense; therefore, the dupes of the vilest treachery, and the Indian executioners of their white prisoners of war, invaders of their country bearing the banner with the inscription: "No quarter to any Indian of any age or sex," and carrying death, destruction and devastation every where in their route. Though a howl of indignation rent the air at the announcement of Crawford's fearful death by Knight, but not a whimper at the brutal execution of the ninety-six Moravian Indians. Such is the justice the White Race has awarded the Red from the alpha to the omega of their dealings with that unfortunate people.

But two years previous to the invasion of Crawford and his four hundred and eighty merciless vandals, thirteen hundred men—if men they may be called—made a raid from Cincinnati, under the command of General Harmer, against the Indian villages on the Maumee river. When within a short distance, Colonel Hardin was sent forward with six hundred and fifty men to reconnoitre, who found the villages deserted. On the next day when the main body came up the work of pillage, destruction and desolation was commenced. The villages, some containing upwards of three hundred houses, were plundered and burned, their fruit trees cut down, and over twenty thousand bushels of corn destroyed. Such was the work of those who really believed themselves to be civilized, and the accepted followers of Jesus Christ. Should the devil be discouraged!

But while this vandalism was going on, Hardin was again sent forward, but with only one hundred and fifty men, to follow up a little trail, hoping it would lead to other villages which might also add to their beastly propensities a little more joy. But they had not proceeded many miles, cogitating the emotions of heroic pride that must swell their breasts to a danger of bursting, when, returned to their

homes, they should be encircled with wife and children, each asking innumerable questions—"Papa, did you kill an Indian? Papa, why didn't you bring me a little pap-poo-sy to play with? Papa, wasn't you fraid?" This was a poser. But the wife came to the rescue—"No, my son. Papa wasn't fraid"; and the momentary cloud passed off, and papa's features assumed again their wonted appearance of heroism. But the pleasant reverie of future narrations of bloody strife mid scenes of carnage in burning, deserted villages, cutting down fruit trees and destroying corn, was cut short by the reality in the shrill and defiant war-whoop seconded by the united report of a volley of rifles in the hands of a band of outraged, insulted and maddened Indian warriors under the noted chief, Little Turtle, and twenty-six of the white marauders kissed their mother earth, while the remaining one hundred and fifty-four bade Little Turtle and his band of patriots a hasty adieu without even returning their morning salutation by the discharging of a single gun.

As soon as the fugitives returned to the main body and gave the information that live and wide awake Indians were at hand, it was suddenly ascertained that pressing business at home required their attention, and a retreat at once began. On the next morning, however, Colonel Hardin and Major Willis returned, with a force of 340 militia and 60 regulars, to the burnt villages, hoping to find that the old men, women and children had returned to view the scene which portrayed the destruction of their homes and their earthly all, and thus would be afforded an opportunity of adding to the glory of their precious barbarism, the butchery of their contemplated victims without danger to themselves, and thus add another wreath of unfading glory to the chapter of their already attained heroism, and also one to be placed upon the angelic brow of their Government, as an imperishable trophy of its success in disseminating her so-called glorious principles—"Liberty and equal rights to all mankind"—and humane efforts to civilize and christainize the native Americans. As they approached the melancholy scene of smoking ruins, a few forlorn hopes were seen running from the opposite end of that place of desolation, and who were at once pursued, as the Indians desired, by the 340 militia. When the chase had drawn them to a proper distance, the live Little Turtle and his wide awake band of warriors charged the regulars and, ere the militia could return, sent the last one of them, with Major Willis, to where Indian lands excite covetousness no more. The heroic militia returned near the close of the fight, fired a few random shots as they hur-

riedly passed, and then, with renewed activity and increased animation, sought the main body, leaving the dead and wounded regulars in the hands of the victorious chief and his warriors.

The ferocious vandalism displayed by the white intruders and devastaters of their homes and country, aroused the Indians to that degree of manly and vigorous efforts of self-protection that they would have broken up the settlements of the white intruders had it not been for the total destruction of their provisions and homes just at the opening of winter.

In May, 1791, a force of 750 men from Kentucky, under Charles Scott, crossed the Ohio river and plundered and burned several Indian villages on the Wabash river, murdering thirty of the inhabitants, capturing fifty-eight, and returned home in three weeks without loss, all of which was regarded only as a little freak of fun—a little pleasant recreation for the jolly boys.

The following August, a company of 550 similar “jolly boys,” under one James Wilkerson, left Fort Washington to complete the work of destruction upon the Indians on the Wabash river, which Scott and his gang had so successfully begun. Wilkerson also was successful in burning many towns, cutting down all their fields of corn, killing several and capturing thirty-four.

But while these plunderers were committing their depredations upon the Wabash and its tributaries, the war department of the United States was engaged in organizing an army of three thousand men, by directions of congress, to invade the territories of the northwestern Indians, to be placed under the command of Governor St. Clair. This force encamped on the night of the 3d of November, 1791, on a tributary of the Wabash river. On the following morning, a little before sunrise, the bold and patriotic Indians made a vigorous attack upon the advanced guard, who were encamped about a quarter of a mile in front of the main body, which was encamped in two lines, with a space of a hundred yards or more between. The guard at once gave way, and in a wild frenzy of fright rushed headlong over the camp-fires and camps of the first line, closely pursued by the outraged Indians, who, however, were momentarily checked by the fire of the first line. At once they made a terrific charge upon that line, and almost simultaneously upon the second line also, and the battle became general at once. In a short time the heroic Indians had penetrated into the camps, and though charge after charge was made upon them, yet each was met with the bravest resistance.

Finally a desperate charge was made by the whites to regain the road from which they had been cut off. This was successful, and then began the retreat which soon terminated in a reckless flight, which began about 9 in the morning and continued to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles from the field of battle, reaching the Fort about sunset.

The Indian warriors—heroes every one of them—were commanded by those consummate chiefs and warriors, Red Jacket, Little Turtle and Bukongahelas, and numbered about two thousand. The government lost 900 killed and wounded, among whom were forty-nine commissioned officers. Red Jacket, Little Turtle and Bukongahelas had only about 60 killed; wounded unknown.

Thus the Indians were depredated upon by the various campaigns of marauding parties from every where, killing, destroying and laying waste their homes and country, which aroused their patriotism to that pitch of enthusiasm that caused them to fight with a desperation unsurpassed in the annals of man.

In April, 1792, General Anthony Wayne was appointed by the general government to take command of the Northwestern Army.

On the 5th of the following November a hundred men from Kentucky, under Adair as captain, made a raid across the Ohio River into the Indians' country, but the indefatigable Little Turtle and his band of heroes met him and, in a severe fight, defeated him, with heavy loss, and drove him back to his own.

In the spring of 1793, during the arrangements that were being made for Wayne's campaign, Congress sent commissioners to the Northwest Indians to negotiate a treaty on the basis of the treaty made at Fort Harmer in 1789. This treaty-making with the Northwest Indians was not a step with the view of civilizing the Indians and bringing them under the benign influences of Christianity, nor was the organization of Wayne's army for the purpose of protecting them from the raids of the marauding companies of white marauders, robbers and thieves, who invaded their country whenever they desired; but for the accomplishment of a scheme for robbing the helpless Indians of their country and homes.

The commissioners called a council of the Indians to be held at the mouth of the Muskingum river. Now, it is a known fact, that the Congress of the United States never did assemble any tribe or tribes of Indians upon the North American continent from 1776 to the present time, for the humane purpose of consulting with them upon measures

relating to their civilization and Christianity. Never. But to rob and swindle them out of their country was the only motive for a council, and I challenge successful contradiction. About twenty Indians, from about the same number of tribes, responded to the commissioners' call, and assembled at the designated place. They justly denied the validity of the treaty made in 1789, at Fort Harmer, as it had only been made by representatives of six of the tribes, who had no power or right to cede the territories of the other tribes, and Congress knew it, as well as the Indians. But that infamous game of secretly making a sham purchase of lands from a tribe or two, and then extend the claim over every tribe whose lands were coveted, and then back the diabolical proceedings by seizing it *VI ET ARMIS*, then burning their homes, cutting down their orchards, destroying their every means of support, and murdering them in cold blood, all, without distinction of age or sex, because they dared to raise a hand in self-defense, has been our plan, and only plan, of dealing with the North American Indians from first to last.

The deputation of Indians mentioned above justly insisted on the treaty of Fort Stanwix, made in 1767, which established the Ohio River as the boundary; and boldly affirmed that the Whites must conform to that treaty, as they had made no other with them; and move from their territories west of the Ohio River, if they desired peace with the Indians. But the commissioners still pointed to the two treaties of 1784 and 1789, in which they affirmed the United States had bought large bodies of land which they had determined to hold. How clearly this old precedent, handed down from that day to this, was illustrated in the securing of the Oklahoma Territory, and also that from the Sioux, in which fraud, falsehood, hypocrisy and rascality are the only characteristics that are visible in the whole?

But the commissioners, finding the Indians immovable and strenuously appealing to the treaty of 1768, and knowing that they had truth, justice and honor on their side, and judging that noble race of the long ago, who then were free, pure and even unstained by the vices of the White Race, whose very breath seemed pollution to them by the fallacy of their own polluted hearts, offered pecuniary inducements to them to confirm the treaty, then endeavoring to be made with them, the vast tracts of land in the Ohio country which were claimed by the treaty of Fort Harmer in 1789, made with six little tribes alone. If that treaty was just and valid, what necessity was there in calling a council of those Indians to make another treaty in regard to those identical lands?

And why did Congress instruct those commissioners, if cajolery and threats would not avail, to resort to their last argument—bribery.

But those ancient Indian patriots could not be bribed. It would have been as easy for those commissioners to have turned the sun from its course as those twenty native American chiefs of a century ago from the paths of honor. Nor would they agree to any other boundary line than the Ohio River, proposed by the Whites, accepted by the Indians and established by both in the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1768. The council adjourned and the bull dogs of war were untied and turned loose upon the Indians. Why? Because they refused to sell their country. That's all. Congress knew they would not give up their country by the bogus treaty of 1789; and it knew that it had no more just claims to those vast tracts of land than it did to the throne of Queen Victoria. But the United States had the power, but not the honor, therefore Ahab took the land.

Wayne at once took up the line of march for the Indian territories in Ohio. On his march, he built a fort where Greenville, Ohio, is now situated. In October 1793, the seemingly indomitable Little Turtle and his warriors made an attack upon Lieutenant Lowry, who, with ninety men, was conveying supplies for the army, and killed Lowry and fourteen of his men, and captured ninety horses.

Wayne remained at the newly erected fort until the spring of 1794 making every preparation for a successful exterminating campaign against the Indians, who were concentrating their strength upon the Maumee river, and also making every preparation that their meager means would admit to repel their plundering invaders. On the 27th of July, Wayne, with an army of 4000 men, started upon his depredatory and exterminating work upon the Indians. August 4th, found him on the St. Mary's river, 47 miles from the fort. There he erected another fort and named it Fort Adams, garrisoning it with one hundred men. He again resumed his march, and, on the 8th of August encamped 103 miles from his first fort. On the morning of the 20th he came to the encampment of the Indians on the bank of the Maumee river, and the battle opened, which resulted in the defeat of the Indians, though they fought with heroic bravery, and, says Wayne in his report of the battle "exposed their persons in an unusual degree, and seemed determined to conquer or perish." Wayne remained three days after the battle, burning their houses, destroying their cornfields and everything that

could be destroyed, above and below for fifty miles on each side of the Maumee river.

This barbarous destruction of their villages and vast corn fields that spread for fifty and sixty miles along the banks of the Maumee and Auglaize rivers, reduced the Indians to such privations and sufferings, that they were forced to sue for peace; and on the 3rd of August, 1795, Wayne concluded a treaty of peace with the northwest tribes, in which the Indians were forced to make concessions of large tracts of land, as usual in all such cases, for fighting for liberty and their native land.

But here, as in the middle watches of the night, I will close this cursory review of the fearful sufferings and cruel destruction of that portion of the human family, who were seldom equalled and never surpassed in the annals of the world for patient endurance and patriotic heroism when battling for their homes and native land against the iron heel of tyranny, and who formerly possessed and inhabited the northern and western part of this continent as a free and happy people; then fell into the hands of France, and subsequently into those of England, to be finally handed over to the United States as old and useless goods and chattels. And though I have but exhibited the mere skeleton of their wrongs and woes inflicted by the hands of white civilization and professed Christianity, yet I will return to my subject, the Chickasaws, from which I have so long and far wandered; not to repose in hope of a fairer morn in tracing the line of their history, since there can be no hope expected in this age abounding, as all heretofore have, more with vice than with virtue.

While the English east of the Alleghany mountains were adopting active, but secret measures, to stop the progress of French colonization on the banks of the Mississippi river, their traders were meeting the French traders every where among the southern Indians, and their mutual animosity and competition causing frequent quarrels, oft terminating in collisions, in which the unfortunate Indians always became involved on the one or the other side. But the French, at an early day had excited the animosity of the Chickasaws by failing to protect a band of their warriors who had solicited an escort from Mobile to their homes through the Choctaw Nation, with whom they were then at war; but in passing through the Choctaw Nation, though under a French escort, they were slain to a man by the Choctaws. The Chickasaws, believing it was done through the connivance of the French, never forgave them; and in all the quarrels between the French and English traders they took sides with the latter,

and finally became the firm and undeviating friends and allies of the English, and the most bitter enemies of the French, giving them more trouble than all the other southern tribes, and whom they regarded as the most dreaded enemies among all the Indians in the Mississippi valley.

Their territory lay exactly between the French settlements in Louisiana and Illinois and thus made all intercourse extremely dangerous. The high point upon which Memphis, Tennessee, is located, then known as the Chickasaw Bluffs, was a favorite spot selected by the shrewd and wily Chickasaw warriors from which to make their attacks upon the French boats ascending and descending the river. Bienville, then governor and commander of the French colonies in the Mississippi valley, adopted every possible method to retaliate upon that brave Nation, and too often succeeded in arraigning the Choctaws, his allies, against the Chickasaws—much to his great joy and satisfaction, but greatly to the injury of the two injudicious and misguided tribes. In 1719 he succeeded in influencing the Choctaws to declare war against them, and in which they, by the assistance of Bienville in the way of arms and ammunition, defeated the Chickasaws in several hard contested battles, and so weakened them that they for awhile ceased their attacks upon the French, though retaining, to the fullest extent, their hatred and animosity toward them. Bienville, in one of his letters regarding this fratricidal war he had so effectually brought about between those two kindred and warlike Nations, exultingly said: "The Choctaws, whom I have set in motion against the Chickasaws, have destroyed entirely three villages of this ferocious Nation, which disturbed our commerce on the river. They have raised about four hundred scalps, and made one hundred prisoners. Considering this state of things, it is a most important advantage which we have obtained, the more so, that it has not cost one drop of French blood, through the care I took of opposing those barbarians to one another. Their self-destruction operated in this manner is the sole efficacious means of insuring tranquility to the colony."

It now seems almost incredible that such a crazed infatuation should possess the Choctaws as to so utterly blind them from comprehending the dark designs of Bienville when arraigning them against their own race, and especially against their kindred Chickasaw brethren.

In July 1720, the English traders among the Chickasaws involved them in turn in a war with the French, by influencing them to kill Serigney, a French officer, whom Bienville had sent among them to in-

duce them to withdraw from the English and give their trade to the French. Thus did the English and French use the inconsiderate and misguided Native Americans to advance their own interests, and sacrifice them upon the altar of their avarice in settling their disputes and quarrels. Unfortunate race! Too credulous that perfidy could not dwell in the hearts of such professed white friends!

In 1731, after the destruction of the Natchez as a Nation, a few of whom had fled to the brave and generous Chickasaws for protection, Governor Perier, who had been appointed commander of the colony in the place of Bienville, then deposed and recalled to France, sent orders to the Chickasaws to drive the Natchez fugitives out of their territories, if they did not wish to secure his animosity; to this insolent command, they heroically replied: "We neither respect you as a friend, nor fear you as an enemy. We have extended the hand of friendship and safety to the unfortunate Natchez, and how to protect them." This heroic but defiant message caused the conceited little French governor to foam with rage; and he at once resolved upon immediate war upon "those insolent savages"—but a Nation of heroes, and, as an introductory to his designs, adopted measures without delay to again array the Choctaws in hostilities against them, but evidently not without just apprehensions of success; for in a letter written at this time to his government by Beauchamp, the commander at Mobile, he said: "The Choctaws are not friendly disposed towards us, which is greatly to be regretted; for should this tribe declare against us, we should be compelled to abandon the colony. The Natchez war principally endangered the traders on the Mississippi river, but a Chickasaw war would cause apprehension throughout the whole colony. They have already sent three emissaries to seek the alliance of the Illinois Indians against us, who, however fell into our hands, and Governor Perier intends ordering them burnt."

Such rough measures and cruel punishment inflicted upon the Indians, without any just cause whatsoever, from that day to this, by those who professed and taught the humane and pacific principles of Christianity, drove them to justly abhor the white race, and to justly retaliate upon them sixty fold, if justice can be found in retaliation anywhere.

But Perier was disappointed in carrying out his warlike designs against the Chickasaws; and thus avenging the imagined insult offered to the governor of an obscure little

French Colony somewhere in the wilds of America; for in 1733, Bienville after an absence of eight years, was reinstated as governor in the place of Perier. It was at this time the king of France fully determined to firmly establish his supreme authority throughout the entire valley of the Mississippi, then called Louisiana. But that little, yet seemingly indomitable, Chickasaw Nation, stood in the path, as did the Iroquois years before at the Great Lakes of the North; and though the French openly derided the Chickasaws, yet they secretly dreaded them, and not without just cause. It was they, who had influenced and encouraged the Natchez to attack and destroy the French at Fort Rosalie, November 28th, 1729, which however, ultimately resulted in the overthrow and annihilation of the unfortunate Natchez themselves. It was they who had successfully debarred all communication between the French colonies at Kaskaskia and New Orleans, by sustaining their independence, thus weakening the French upon the continent by a division of their possessions; while the English traders from Virginia and the Carolinas—the uncompromising rivals and inveterate enemies of the French in securing a foot-hold by which to establish their permanency upon the territories of the southern Indians—were welcomed by the Chickasaws in all their towns and villages and throughout their entire territory. Therefore to speedily secure and successfully retain the eastern valley of the Mississippi for the French, it was necessary to first overthrow the Chickasaws; and, either by utter annihilation or reducing them to abject subjection, destroy the power of that defiant and seemingly unconquerable people. “They must be wiped out” was the fiat of the French, and thus were they made an object for extermination by as formidable combination of enemies as ever sought the destruction of a single Nation; yet, over that seemingly irresistible combination, as will be fully shown, they successfully and gloriously triumphed, after a long and fearful struggle of eighteen consecutive years, alone and unaided except by a few Natchez refugees.

After Bienville was reinstated, he at once resolved to put into execution the hostile measures of Perier against the Chickasaws, and spent the whole year (1734) in futile attempts to induce the Choctaws to make war upon that still resolute and defiant people; but at this juncture of affairs, a Choctaw chief by the name of Shulush Humma (shoes red) appeared upon the stage amid those vacillating scenes of strife and carnage, who proved to be as shrewd a diplomatist as he was a brave and consummate warrior; and well understood how to shuffle his cards to the best advantage, as

he oscillated between the assumed humble solicitations of the English and the French for the favor of his coveted alliance, with a skill that would have done credit to, and elicited the admiration and praise of the greatest statesmen of civilized Nations. But the French proved unsuccessful; for Bienville induced Shulush Humma to undertake a war expedition with a thousand warriors against the Chickasaws, with whom Bienville also sent Lesuer, a French officer, with thirty soldiers. But the ever vigilant Chickasaws had learned of the whole proceedings, and at once sent a delegation under a white flag to meet them and buy them off with English goods of which they had a large amount; in this they happily succeeded, and the war party returned home, without attempting any further demonstrations of hostilities, except Shulush Humma, who, for no other apparent reason than that of shame to return to Bienville without having made some demonstration, attacked a little Chickasaw village with a few of his warriors as he was on his way home; but was at once repulsed with a loss of four of the attacking party.

Bienville could scarcely restrain his feelings of bitter disappointment at the unexpected turn of affairs; and though greatly disconcerted, he appeared indifferent so far as to renew the former treaties of alliance with the Choctaws, as he well knew the salvation of the French colony depended wholly upon the friendship and the aid of that then powerful tribe of skillful and fearless warriors. But during the interval of those protracted negotiations, the Choctaws, through some unknown cause, became divided into two parties, or factions, one in favor of the English, the other of the French, both of whom had been making, for many years, the most indefatigable efforts to secure to their respective and exclusive interests that, then, justly dreaded Nation of Indian warriors.

But the ever watchful Chickasaws, aided alone by the avenging Natchez refugees, were not idle during the slow and dubious negotiations of the French with the Choctaws to secure and retain their alliance, but boldly attacked the French whenever and wherever an opportunity presented itself; and especially the Natchez, enraged with a burning sense of their long series of wrongs, outrages and misfortunes at the hands of the French, sought everywhere to avenge their nation's destruction, and deeply felt:

“What though the fields be lost
All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.”

But the Choctaws evidently cherished a desire for peace for having captured three Frenchmen, an officer named DuCader, a sergeant, and a private soldier, they requested DuCader to write to Bienville and inform him that they desired peace; and as a manifestation of their sincerity, they made the soldier the bearer of the letter to Bienville, requesting him to also confirm the statements set forth therein. The soldier arrived safely in New Orleans, and delivered the letter to Bienville, informing him also of the desires of the Chickasaws. But Bienville at once wrote back to DuCader, that he would not make peace with the Chickasaws; nor would he sacrifice the interests of the French Nation to the safety of two men; therefore he and the sergeant must make the best of their misfortune by escaping, otherwise suffer the consequences. DuCader and the sergeant, under the disguise of securing peace, did eventually outwit the Chickasaws and made their escape, returning safely to New Orleans.

It was now plainly evident that Bienville had determined not to accept any terms of peace with the Chickasaws, but had fully resolved to prosecute the war of extermination which he had inaugurated against them, until that brave little Nation of patriotic heroes was totally and forever blotted out. A resolution afterwards adopted by the English, the successors of the French, against all Indians; and when they, in turn, handed over the sceptre of power on the North American continent, Canada excepted, to the United States, they also bequeathed to them, as a sacred legacy, the injunction, "Extermination of the North American Indians"; and how faithfully they have persisted to the accomplishment of that desired object, with unwavering diligence and unflinching resolution, unsurpassed in the annals of the world, the feeble little remnant of that once free and happy people still left sufficiently testify.

Bienville immediately wrote to the French Minister of Marine earnestly asking for four additional companies of troops to be added to his forces, then amounting to only two hundred men; and with which he did not feel justified in risking the "glory and honor of the French arms" in a battle with the Chickasaws, "who could call into the field four hundred and fifty warriors." His appeal was acknowledged by the arrival, soon after, of more troops; and Bienville, without further delay, commenced his preparations for an exterminating expedition against the still resolute and defiant Chickasaws, with an avowed determination to wipe them out as a Nation and take possession of their territory. Elated with the flattering prospect of the complete success

of his plans, he organized two armies, one in Mobile, then in the Choctaw Nation; the other in Illinois; the former to be commanded by himself, the latter by D'Artaguette, then governor of the Illinois District. The two were to form a junction by the 31st of March, 1736, in the Chickasaw Territory at the village, where, 196 years before, DeSoto had wintered, and had received a just rebuke to his folly in regarding that people to be a race of "savage cowards." Bienville had instructed D'Artaguette to meet him with all the French troops he could possibly collect, and also with as many warriors of his Indian allies as he could get. This invasion, with the avowed purpose of exterminating the Chickasaws was planned and undertaken by the direction of the French government, "whose solicitude was anxiously turned to it with high anticipations of a successful result."

But, as precursive of failure, Bienville was unable to leave Mobile with his army until the 4th of April; and slowly ascending the devious windings of the Tombigbee river, the troops reached Fort Tombigbee on the 23rd, which had been built 250 miles above Mobile on the western bank of the river by a party sent forward for that purpose. At this fort Bienville secured the aid of 600 Choctaw warriors (his old friends and allies) by presents and promised rewards for each and every Chickasaw scalp, which increased his force to twelve hundred men. Thus prepared to wreak his long cherished vengeance, Bienville again began his tedious way up the windings of that crooked stream to a point then called "Tunmuntucche (Where the bow was strung)"—corruption of the Choctaw word Tumuhushi, signifying village—and afterwards known as Cotton Gin Port, twenty-one miles southeast of the famous great village of the Chickasaws then called Chikasahba, but afterwards the "Chickasaw Old Fields," which he reached on the 22nd of May, and there landing his army, he threw up a temporary, fortification, in which he placed his artillery, and sent out Choctaw scouts to obtain information of D'Artaguette. On the 25th of May, with sanguine expectations of soon "honoring the French arms" by successfully defeating and exterminating that little Nation of heroic patriots, Bienville, leaving a strong guard to protect his boats, took up his line of march toward Chikasahba, and arrived within three miles of it the same day, and there encamped for the night, during which the Choctaw scouts returned, but without having ascertained anything concerning D'Artaguette. Bienville at once despairing of all hopes of D'Artaguette's co-operation, resolved to risk an attack alone, being numerically as three to one of the Chickasaws; therefore, before daylight on the morning

of the 26th, he stealthily marched upon what he expected to find a village of unsuspecting and sleeping inhabitants; a plan so judiciously adopted and successfully executed by the modern Sherman and Sheridan style of "military heroes" whose military fame rested alone upon their skill in pouncing upon sleeping Indians and butchering them regardless of age or sex.

But Bienville's disappointment in not finding D'Artaquette in waiting was only surpassed by finding the ever vigilant Chickasaw warriors, who had kept themselves well posted in all his imagined secret movements, calmly waiting for him, fully prepared and ready to extend to him the hearty, lively and entertaining reception due him as the representative of the "honor of the French arms" (upon whose escutcheon they read "Extermination, root and branch, to all Chickasaws") from behind the strong fortifications with which they had encircled their ancient and honored city over which the British flag also waved in flaunting defiance, while here and there within the fortifications were seen a few prodigal sons of Old England, as they, like spectres, flitted with hurried steps from side to side.

The Chickasaws had protected their favorite city with five forts, each well provided with loop-holes; also a larger one constructed of logs placed upright and firmly in the ground in near and convenient proximity to the five smaller parts, and in addition to this they had strongly fortified houses. During the first day Bienville made two unsuccessful efforts to storm this Chickasaw log and dirt citadel, but was quickly driven back, with great loss; for upon both charges the innumerable loop-holes that studded the fortifications seemed a zone of fire and a hail-storm of leaden bullets swept the ranks of the besiegers. For three successive days did the French attempt to scale the log and dirt walls of that little fort, but to meet with defeat, for the Chickasaw warriors met them at every point and heroically disputed every inch of ground. Thus for three days in seemingly "doubtful scale the battle hung"; each charge meeting with repulse, and forcing the assailants back beyond the reach of the rifles whose messengers of death were directed by the keen eyes and steady nerves of as brave and resolute patriots as ever defended home and native land from the usurping footsteps of tyranny and oppression. It is stated, the French soldiers had provided themselves with wooden breast-plates as a protection from the Chickasaw arrows, which it was believed would be the only weapon with which they would have to contend. No wonder their astonishment was great, when, instead of a shower of ar-

rows to rebound from their breast-plates, a hailstorm of leaden bullets greeted them, against which their wooden shields were as gossamer.

But the six hundred Choctaw warriors regarding the French as nothing short of idiots to thus charge upon and shoot at logs instead of a visible enemy, remained at a commendable distance during the three days fight, calmly contemplating and discussing the apparent folly and seeming indiscretion of the French; and easily discerning the inevitable result of such a mode of proceeding, they at once bade the French and Chickasaws an informal adieu, and sought their distant homes by devious ways and means known to themselves alone. The morning of the 29th of May, 1735, found Bienville badly whipped and in inglorious retreat with his army for his boats, vigorously pursued by the victorious and exulting Chickasaws, who followed closely upon the heels of the retreating and disorganized soldiers, pouring into their unpadded backs volley after volley of leaden messengers of death; and thus terminated Bienville's exterminating invasion of the Chickasaw country, a disastrous defeat with the loss of many men killed, wounded and captured.

On May 30th, Bienville, throwing his few pieces of light artillery into the river, hastily embarked with his army, and greatly humiliated and despondent in regard to the "honor of the French arms" entrusted to his care, paddled down the river, leaving the brave Chickasaws in quiet possession of their homes and country, and, on the last of June, landed his crest-fallen troops on the banks of the Bayou St. John. Thus was Bienville justly chastised, under a just providence, by the indomitable Chickasaws with a force less than one-half of their assailants fully confident of success yet detestable in the avowed use of their anticipated victory. Truly, if ever gallant defense of country and homes merited the admiration and applause of mankind, those ancient Chickasaws did.

The cannon thrown into the river were found in its bed near Cotton Gin Port, during a low stage of the water, by the early settlers of the state of Mississippi, and were believed by the uninformed and credulous, to have belonged to DeSoto, and thus marked the spot where he crossed the Tombigbee river in his memorable raid through the Chickasaw territories in 1740 and 1741.

But what of D'Artaguet and his invading army from the Illinois district? Alas! Bienville learned the sad intelligence after he returned to New Orleans that D'Artaguet had arrived in the Chickasaw territory according to the time

designated, hence many days in the advance of him, and when he had advanced close to Chikasabha he also, as Bienville afterwards did, sent out Indian scouts to obtain tidings of him, who soon returned without gaining any information. But the next day a courier brought a letter to D'Artaguette informing him that Bienville would not be able to reach Chikasabha before the first of May, and also instructed him to govern his movements in accordance thereto, upon which D'Artaguette immediately called a council of his officers and Indian chiefs who at once, and unanimously, advised an immediate attack; to which D'Artaguette yielded, and forthwith marched on with his army numbering 130 French soldiers and 350 Indian warriors, and made a bold and fierce attack upon Chikasabha. But equal was their astonishment, with that of Bienville afterwards, when 500 Chickasaw warriors and 30 Englishmen suddenly made a furious charge upon them from behind a hill, near the mouth of a creek called Nita Bok (Bear Creek) and with such fearless impetuosity accompanied with the terrible Chickasaw hoyopatassuha (war-whoop) that the Indian allies fled promiscuously in wild dismay, though the French soldiers stood their ground and bravely fought until forty-five of their number were killed, then began a slow and orderly retreat, which was soon discovered by the Chickasaws who, with an exultant war-whoop, made a fearless charge upon them which at once destroyed all order among the soldiers and caused them to fly panic-stricken, terminating in a complete and disastrous rout. Shouting their wild and exulting war-cry, the victorious Chickasaws pursued the frantic fugitives, killing fifty and wounding many others. At this juncture the hand of Providence seemed to be stretched out in behalf of the French fugitives; for a furious storm suddenly arose and raged with such terrific fury that further pursuit was stopped, or scarcely one would have survived to narrate the story of their utter destruction. The victory of the Chickasaws was complete, and the booty secured in the camp outfit of the French was highly prized, especially the guns and ammunition which amounted to 450 pounds of powder and 12,000 bullets, which they soon after brought into requisition in defeating Bienville. Also a large amount of provisions were taken and many horses captured. But D'Artaguette was not as fortunate as Bienville. He and Vincennes, the second in command, and a Jesuit priest were taken prisoners and all were burned at the stake according to the North American Indian mode of revenge, and also in strict accordance with the example set before them in 1731 by Governor Perier, who had burned the three Chickasaw war-

rriors sent by their Nation to seek the alliance of the Illinois Indians, but unfortunately fell into his hands while on their mission. If the seeking of aid from others merited death at the stake, how much more does seeking the destruction of an entire Nation merit a similar fate. The Chickasaws, but executed the old primitive law—"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—in perfect harmony with their white foes when killing Indians.

A youth sixteen years of age, it is stated, led the survivors of that unfortunate battle safely back from their disastrous defeat to their homes in Illinois; and thus terminated the expedition of D'Artaguet to assist Bienville in the utter extermination of the Chickasaws. Many prisoners were also taken by the Chickasaws in the defeat and retreat of Bienville to his boats, all of whom perished at the stake. During the fearful tragedy, a Jesuit Priest, also a prisoner, proposed to his fellow prisoners, as they waited their inevitable doom, that they all march together into the fire and thus exhibit to the Choctaws how Frenchmen could die; to which all consented, provided he would lead the way. Then commending their souls to God, they together chanted the miserere as the signal for starting, and all calmly and resolutely marched up and threw themselves into the flames and perished together. The Chickasaws were so astonished at this unexpected movement that they looked on the scene in silence and made no opposition whatever; and such was the finale of Bienville's hopes to destroy the peace-seeking Chickasaws root and branch. Had he been taken prisoner by the Chickasaws and suffered death at the stake, instead of his soldiers, even mercy might have exclaimed: "He merited his fate." But such personages, who will sacrifice the lives of thousands of their own people to gratify a revengeful spirit in seeking the destruction of the objects of their hate, are always endowed with that character of bravery and great presence of mind that enables them to bring "self" safely out of all danger, no matter how great, sufficient evidence of the advantage possessed over the common soldier in having a military education which so plainly inculcates the art of keeping before in all retreats from a pursuing enemy.

Years afterward, the old Chickasaws oft rehearsed to the missionaries the traditional account of their two great victories over the French, and proudly displayed to their view, as trophies, many relics of the two battles which commemorated the defeat of D'Artaguet and Bienville.

There is a little incident connected with the battle in which D'Artaguet and his army were destroyed that mer-

its a place in memory, while bordering on the romantic, yet tinged with melancholy and sadness. In the pursuit of the fugitives of D'Artaguettes routed and fleeing army a young Chickasaw warrior named Hlikukhlo hosh (the humming bird) captured a little French girl 5 years of age, named Nancy. The chivalric young warrior spared the child, and, captivated by her wonderful beauty, there and then resolved, in the coming future, to make the pale-face maiden his wife. In accordance therewith The Humming Bird watched over his little captive protegee and prospective wife from innocent childhood to beautiful womanhood with zealous care, having her trained and educated in strict accordance with the most approved Chickasaw style of etiquette, while he ever manifested to her a proper reserve, attended with the greatest respect and devotion as she grew to womanhood. In the course of years his unwearied and undeviating devotion was reciprocated by French Nancy, as she was called, which being discovered by her attentive guardian and faithful lover, he at a proper time solicited the hand of his fair protegee in marriage, and was accepted. In due time the nuptial ceremony was performed in accordance to Chickasaw custom and usages, while the flowers and birds of the forest contributed their incense and music, and the Chickasaw maidens envied the bliss and good fortune of the strange but beautiful flower that had budded and bloomed as an exotic among them. French Nancy raised a family and lived to a great age. Rev. T. C. Stuart, the missionary, stated he saw her and made her acquaintance in 1821, at which time she was 91 years of age, according to the year she was captured (1735) by Hlikukhlo, at the age she was said to be at the time of her captivity. She remembered some of the circumstances of her capture and seemed to delight in narrating them. She still retained her European features, said Rev. T. C. Stuart, but in every other respect was Chickasaw. She was respected, honored and loved by the entire Chickasaw Nation, and regarded as a living monument of their victory over their inveterate enemies, the French. She died and was buried at Monroe, the old missionary station.

Through the instigation of The French the war was continued between the seemingly infatuated and blinded Choctaws and Chickasaws during the entire year 1737, yet without any perceptibly advantageous results to either. A long and bitter experience seemed wholly inadequate to teach them the selfish designs of the French. No one can believe the friendship of the French for the Choctaws was unassumed. They were unmerciful tyrants by whatever standard one may choose to measure them, and without a redeem-

ing quality as far as their dealings with the North American Indians go to prove; and their desire for the good of that race of people utterly out of the question; and with equal truth may the same be affirmed of the entire White Race, whose universal opinion was just wise enough to measure the Red Race by the standard found in their own souls; therefore the North American Indians were called savages, and have been so denominated to this day, and are now made the foundation of innumerable and ridiculous myths. But Bienville, still chafing like an enraged bear, under the mortification of his defeat by the brave and patriotic Chickasaws, which but increased his desire and determination to destroy them and blot out their very name, devoted the year 1739 to preparation for another exterminating invasion into the country of that seemingly indomitable people; and, as an introductory step to the more successful accomplishment and full realization of his designs, he sent an embassy, in March 1739, to the Choctaws to conciliate their good will and obtain their aid. And strange as it may appear, Bienville secured thirty-two villages out of forty-two to the interests of the French, while, through the instigation and influence of Shulush Humma, the remaining ten decided in favor of the English.

And now, for the first time in their history, the Choctaws were divided into two parties. Shulush Humma, elated with his success in securing to himself even ten villages, made a clandestine visit, with about a hundred of his warriors, to the English settlements in now the State of Georgia, but for what purpose, it was never satisfactorily ascertained. By some, it was thought, he desired to adopt measures of mutual action between the English and his party against the French; by others, that he was influenced alone by the hope of reward. Be it as it may, he, through the influence of some unknown cause, suddenly changed his course of action, and, returning home, at once declared himself in favor of the French; soon after which he, to establish his sincerity, burned three English warehouses and then started, without delay, with a band of his warriors, on a war expedition, against the Chickasaws.

Bienville was greatly pleased at the turn Shulush Humma had taken, as with the assistance of the entire Choctaw Nation, his long cherished hopes of exterminating the Chickasaws would now be fully realized. But to make his second attack upon them a sure and complete success without the possibility of failure, he adopted every measure possible that might strengthen his plans; therefore called into requisition all the available troops he could command not

only in Illinois and Canada, but even obtained troops from France; and still to be more sure, he chose a different route from that by the way of the Tombigbee river, to again invade the country of that little Nation of heroes for the avowed purpose of their extermination. He now determined to ascend the Mississippi river to a point on its banks, to be previously ascertained, nearest to Chikasahha, from which he had been so uncivilly and expeditiously induced to leave a few years before; this point was found to be near the mouth of a little creek called Margot, a few miles below the present city of Memphis, Tennessee, and about 120 miles from Chikasahha, the object of his unrelenting and diabolical vengeance, but whose sun of ancient glory still lingered on the western horizon, as if loth to set, and still displayed an effulgence of patriotism, which few nations could surpass, not even boasting France, of which Bienville was a subject.

The forces to be drawn from Illinois and Canada were to assemble on a river then St. John in now the state of Arkansas, with their headquarters on the bluff then called Chickasaw Bluff, on which is now located Memphis, Tennessee. By the last of June, 1739, 1200 French soldiers and 2400 Indian warriors (allies of the French) had congregated, and the doom of the Chickasaw patriots seemed inevitably sealed. But the hand of Providence was again stretched out for their protection; for inexplicable causes delayed the French army at the place of rendezvous during the whole summer; in the intervening time, many soldiers, especially those from France and Canada, fell victims to the diseases peculiar to that malarial climate; in addition to this, their supply of provisions failed, as fully half, which had been forwarded from Fort St. Francis failed to reach their place of destination; and also 250 horses and 50 beeves, sent from Natchitoches, were lost enroute; nor was the marching route to Chikasahha fully established until nearly two months of exploration had been spent, by which time (January 1740) their provisions were exhausted.

But Bienville, still smarting and fretting under the recollection of his severe chastisement, and burning with a spirit of revenge that the utter extermination of the Chickasaws could only quench, obstinately refused to accede to any measures that tended to giving up the expedition, until coerced by a council of war convened in February, which declared a retreat absolutely indispensable. Immediately the main body of the army began its retreat down the Mississippi river, March, 1740. But Celeron, the commander of the Canadian troops, with 100 Canadian soldiers and 500 In-

Indian warriors, determined, upon his own responsibility, to go on to Chikasahha, and at once took up his line of march accordingly. But the Chickasaws, ever on the alert, and fully aware of the great army organized to invade their country with the avowed purpose to exterminate their Nation without regard to age or sex, and also of the approach of Celeron, whom they believed (fortunately for him) was but the van of the French army, sent an embassy to him to treat on measures of peace. Celeron at once accepted their proposition, and told them to report to Bienville, whom they soon overtook on his retreat to New Orleans. The Chickasaws evidently did not comprehend the true state of affairs at that time, for, had they truly known the demoralized state of the French, the peace embassy, instead of following after Bienville, would have hastened home, and at once prepared to receive Celeron, whom they could easily have defeated, as they had D'Artaguet and afterwards Bienville.

But Bienville gladly (yet unmanifested) accepted the propositions of peace, yet stated to them that the terms agreed upon would not include the Choctaws in the stipulations, and, therefore, they would still continue the war against them, and he would also continue to pay to the Choctaws the promised reward for every Chickasaw scalp taken by them until they should satisfactorily remunerate them for the many injuries (creatures of Bienville's own begetting) they had done them. Celeron at once returned to Fort Assumption, on the bluffs, which he destroyed and then started with his soldiers for their distant Canadian homes; while Bienville, with his troops, sought his southern post at New Orleans, there to hide his deep mortification under the cloak of false pretences. And thus his second exterminating campaign against the Chickasaw patriots also evaporated in smoke—the mountain labored—and brought forth a diminutive mouse. And that brave little handful of heroes whom Bienville once declared "so formidable as to threaten the existence of the colony," and afterwards represented them "as being the source of not much uneasiness to the colony," nobly held their own, and still maintained their independence in spite of Bienville and his efforts to execute his threats.

Peace was then proclaimed to have been established between the Chickasaw Nation and the Kingdom of France; but it was a peace that left the Chickasaws the undaunted and unconquered lords of their own country, while to the jurisdiction of France, over the vast expanse of Indian territory which she claimed it left but an empty name.

To the honor and praise of the Chickasaw people, it may truly be said: They fought single handed and alone for

eighteen years against the French and their numerous Indian allies, kept them out of their country and maintained their independence to the last. Truly, history no where upon its pages, ancient or modern, records a nobler or braver little nation of people than the Chickasaws of North America. They defeated D'Artaguet and Bienville in 1736; Marquis of Vaudreuil in 1752, and Regio in 1753; and in 1771 sustained their authority over an extensive country, embracing the territory from middle Mississippi north to the mouth of the Ohio river, and from the Tombigbee river west to the Yazoo.

The French regarded the treaty of peace which Bienville had made with the Chickasaws as of no weight or importance, and totally failing of the desired intent, since the Choctaws still maintained that they had not as yet (1741) received any compensation for the injuries (more imaginary than real) inflicted upon them by the Chickasaws, which being supported by the French as a justifiable pretext to keep up hostilities between the Choctaws and Chickasaws, so much desired by Bienville, who had not forgotten the chastisement inflicted upon him by the latter for his temerity in entering their country uninvited; the Choctaws still imperatively demanded the coveted remuneration. Consequently these two nations were still at war, greatly to the joy and satisfaction of the wily French, who, with all their boasted friendship for the Choctaws, secretly rejoiced equally at the weakening and destruction of the one or the other of those two war-like nations, as the sequel will prove, while an incomprehensible infatuation seemed to effectually close their eyes, especially the Choctaws, against seeing the dark designs and artful hypocrisy of the French in regard to both nations.

But in their fratricidal conflicts the Choctaws, being fully supplied with guns and ammunition by the French, often got the advantage of the Chickasaws; and who, at various times, seemed to be threatened with the fate of the Natchez—utter destruction and extinction—as their numbers were fast being thinned and their strength ebbing away. At this crisis of affairs the different little bands of Natchez, who had found a temporary asylum among the noble and generous Chickasaws from their inveterate enemies, the French, and who had bravely assisted them in defense of their country, now, having learned that their presence but entailed additional trouble upon their generous and noble protectors, withdrew from them and sought safety among the Cherokees, who openly extended to them the hand of pitying charity.

Yet thousands of the White Race still regard the Red Race as being wholly void of humanity, generosity; in short, of every principle that distinguishes man from the brute. How great the opportunity for compassion to exercise its virtues upon such incomprehensible ignorance, which, with all the visible light that proclaims the absurdity of such erroneous views still clings to them with the tenacity of death, yet claiming to be civilized and informed upon the current events of this progressive age! What though dame Fortune has not been so generous in the bestowal of her favors upon the Red Race as upon the White! since Nature has been equally as generous in her endowments of noble virtues to the Red as to the White; yea, more so, in withholding from the former the many dark vices with which she has endowed the latter; while bestowing upon her Red children those noble virtues which have called forth as great sacrifices, induced as arduous labors, excited as ardent hopes, awakened as high joys and produced as noble patriotism in the breast of the Red Race as ever was experienced or manifested in that of the White; nor have the grossest superstitions, the wild and absurd fancies that have presented themselves before mankind and received their homage, been found to any greater extent among the North American Indians than the European world, with all its boasted literary, scientific and religious attainments, while all the Christian virtues, moral stamina and social graces are found in the educated and Christian Indians as are found in the educated and Christian Whites.

With the Chickasaws and Choctaws there was no truce with a liar or slanderer. Their detestation of the one and abhorrence for the other were deep and abiding. The same may be said of all North American Indians, if the statements of the early explorers and missionaries may be relied on. They were never aggressive or oppressive in disposition, or abusive of anyone. They were firm of purpose, and of deep moral convictions, as understood by the light of nature. They were temperate in all their habits, and warmly sympathetic in their natures, shedding a brightness everywhere, while their charitable dispositions were manifest to all. To their friends they were lovable in the full sense of the word, and no one who was brought into close contact with them could fail to love and admire them; and the nature of the warfare so long waged upon them is wholly responsible to the miserable and unreasonable misconception of their true characters, and the result of the personal rancor of the whites whose desire for their lands caused the uninformed to regard all Indians as incarnate

devils, without a redeeming trait; therefore, the Indian has been and is to-day, the target against whom the scum of humanity have opened their batteries of abuse, slander and falsehood, while no weapon that money or influence can command has been left unused in their desperate efforts to discredit that innocent and helpless yet noble and unfortunate race with all mankind.

I am fully aware that this statement will not pass unchallenged by the thousands whose knowledge of Indian characteristics rest alone upon hearsay; nevertheless it is true and defies successful refutation. Such may deny it, but the truth remains all the same. I speak from the personal experience and knowledge of a long life sustained and confirmed by the testimony of all the old missionaries who have labored among the Indians during the last two centuries, and whose advantages for ascertaining the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in regard to all that pertains to the North American Indians, surpassed all others in the world, and whose veracity none will question who have any knowledge of those self-sacrificing men of God.

Contemplate the noble sentiment expressed by that little remnant of Natchez Indians, whose nation had been blotted out a short time before by the French, in retiring from the Chickasaw Nation, when they learned that their presence but entailed upon their noble and generous benefactors the deeper animosity of their mutual enemies, the French, whose heart so hard, so lost to every principle of humanity as not to sympathize with those forlorn Natchez Indians, whose deep gloom and despondency must have shrouded their souls in darkest night, as they contemplated their helpless and hopeless condition and looked out upon the dark cloud of desolation that hung o'er their future, beyond which not a ray of light gave promise of a returning morn bringing peace and joy to them.

But whence the cause of all this human woe? Its fountain head may be traced to the insatiable avarice of the white man, which has swallowed up all the finer sensibilities of his heart and left him a wild demon roaming over the earth, with destruction and woe closely following upon his heels. Verily, he who would deliberately add a single pang to the vast and fearful catalogue of sorrow already endured by that forlorn race of people still lingering within the jurisdiction of these United States is worse than a brute, and his cavilings about the Indians proceed alone from profound ignorance and equal depravity of heart. Therefore, "let him not quit his belief that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, although

the ancient and honorable of earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

The closing of the year 1742 still found the inconsiderate, deluded and misguided Chickasaws and Choctaws engaged in devastating war, as the Choctaws, with an incomprehensible infatuation and blindness, had now declared, through the influence of the French, that they would continue the war until the Chickasaws were driven from their ancient domains or entirely exterminated; and the first clause, at least, of their fratricidal threat seemed about to be verified, for many of the Chickasaws were then seeking an asylum among the English in the Carolinas, the Choctaws little dreaming they, in turn, were soon to be as deeply humiliated by the French, into whose hands they were so injudiciously, blindly and foolishly playing, when trying to reduce and humiliate their brethren and kinsmen, the Chickasaws.

About two miles south of West Point, Mississippi, there are, or were many years ago, two mounds standing in a line of north and south, about 140 yards from each other. The tradition of both the old-time Chickasaws and Choctaws state that, in the years of the long past, a great battle was fought near where the two mounds now stand, between a company of Chickasaw and Choctaw warriors. The battle proved to be a drawn one, and both parties agreed to bury their dead without molestation, the one by the other. A large hole was excavated by each party in which they placed their respective dead, and filled up the grave, and then erected the mounds over their dead and buried warriors. The Chickasaws' dead occupied the northern and the Choctaws' the southern. This battle, no doubt, was one among the many they fought in their fearful conflicts with each other in behalf of the English and French; and today stand, in silence and solitude unknown, as living monuments of those fratricidal wars that so weakened both nations, to the secret joy of both the English and the French.

At this juncture of affairs, May 10th 1743, the marquis of Vaudreuil arrived at New Orleans, and assumed command of the colonies, Bienville having been again deposed. As soon as the Chickasaws learned that Bienville had been superceded by a new governor, they sent four of their chiefs, at the close of the year 1743, to sue for peace; but Vaudreuil informed them he would enter into no treaty with them, unless they would drive all English traders from their territories; and not even then would he treat with them unless in concert with the Choctaws. Thus again were the Chickasaws baffled in their efforts to make peace. The

four chiefs then requested time to lay his terms of peace before their people.

Early in the following year, the Chickasaws again sent an embassy to Vaudreuil and informed him they would accept his first proposition, if he would supply them with goods and ammunition as the English had done, but still Vaudreuil would take no action in the matter without first obtaining the sanction of the Choctaws. Great indeed was his surprise in learning that the Chickasaws and Choctaws were at that very time endeavoring to establish peace between themselves, without his knowledge. Such a thing the French from the first had labored to prevent; therefore Vaudreuil determined at once to defeat the object, if possible, of all such negotiations between the two long hostile Nations, and immediately went to work for the accomplishment of that end; first, by postponing the making of a treaty himself with the Chickasaws; second, by using every means, right or wrong, to again revive the animosity so long existing between the two Nations, and to again put into renewed action their former hostilities, then temporarily slumbering.

Alas! he succeeded but too well in his nefarious designs against the interests and welfare of those two kindred tribes, who seemed deaf to the demands of their own national safety, prosperity and happiness, in not learning from sad experience long before that both the English and French desired nothing more of them than to see them waste away their national strength against each other. But, unfortunately for them, they seemed under the complete control of those two great foreign rivals, who, with jealousy, were contending everywhere for the possession of the Indians' territories from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, therefore, continually led the inconsiderate, deceived and unfortunate North American Indians everywhere into suicidal hostilities against each other which tended so rapidly to their destruction and final extermination. But to the eternal condemnation before the tribunal of a just God, of both the English and French, they made every effort in this civil discord, not to conciliate, but to inflame the passions and strengthen the animosities of the Chickasaws and Choctaws by the most unjust and diabolical means that the corrupt heart of man could conceive.

But down to the year 1746, the undaunted and seemingly invincible Chickasaws were still maintaining their ground against fearful odds; while the Choctaws, now becoming weary with their long protracted wars against them, and also relenting in their continued hostility towards them,

many of them became their friends and even allies; among the most prominent of whom stood the renowned Shulush Humma, who by his daring deeds had become a terror to the Chickasaws, and also Alabaman Mingo (a corruption of Ullabanoh Miko, the only child of a chief), who had long been considered as a firm friend of the French; still, the French retained many friends among the Choctaws, who were now called "the French party"; and those who were disposed to be lenient to the Chickasaws and had extended to them the hand of peace and friendship were called "the English party."

But now the judgments of God seemed about to be visited upon the Choctaws for their inconsiderate hostility towards, and cruel wars against, the Chickasaws, through the instigations alone of the covetous French, by sending upon them an infatuation more fatal to themselves than were their hostilities to the Chickasaws, which seemed for the time being must, and would, terminate in nothing less than their own destruction, for early in the year 1748 the animosity of the two parties arose to that degree that a civil war, fierce and bloody, was the actual result, to the infinite delight of both the French and English, who with great complacency, looked on and secretly exulted in the self-destruction of the foolish Choctaws, who seemed to have lost their reason. Each party formed themselves into small bands and made hostile excursions, the one against the other. Also, the English faction made excursions against the French, and the French faction against the English. A band of the English party made an attack upon a German settlement under the jurisdiction of the French, killed a German, wounded his wife and took captive their daughter. And the leader of the band was in turn killed by his own brother, who was also a leader of one of the bands of the French party; also a brother of Shulush Humma, who had been sent on an embassy to the Carolinas with a small party to solicit aid from the English settlements, was attacked by a company of the French party and had eight warriors slain. On July 14th a French party rushed upon a village of an English party and slew thirteen, among whom were two noted chiefs, upon which the English party, maddened with the desire of retaliation, rushed upon a village of the French party, and there a fierce and desperate hand-to-hand fight with tomahawk and knife ensued, in which both sides lost grievously, but resulting in the defeat of the English party with a loss of eighty killed and an equal number wounded, whom they carried off in their retreat, but many of whom afterwards died. Many such fratricidal battles followed in quick succession, the

English party always sustaining the greater loss. Such an insane warfare and foolish destruction of life, sapping the very foundation of their national existence, finally put the Choctaws to thinking, which soon brought them to their senses. Both parties mutually began to see that they were cutting each others' throats for the sole benefit and the entire satisfaction and gratification of their worst enemies, the English and French pale-faces.

At once a council of the old and wise men of the Nation was convened to deliberate upon the unhappy state of affairs and to devise measures to bring about a cessation of hostilities and restore peace and friendship among their people. After a few days of calm and solemn deliberation, the chief cause of the unfortunate state of affairs was traced to Shulush Humma, and the immediate verdict of the council was death to him; and in accordance thereto, that noted chief and consummate warrior was slain by a deputation, appointed for that purpose, while returning one day to his home with a company loaded with English goods. It was hoped that the death of Shulush Humma would be effective in restoring peace and harmony to the Nation, and it would have been had not the English, still desiring to weaken as much as possible their old enemies, the Choctaws, determined that peace should not be made between the two contending factions if it was possible to prevent it; therefore they clandestinely secured the appointment of a brother of Shulush Humma to the chieftaincy of that renowned chief's party, and thus thwarted the good designs of the council and protracted the war, during which the English were diligent in extending their own selfish interests to the serious injury of their unfortunate dupes, the contending Choctaws, who continued the devastating strife until 1750, when it terminated with the advantage on the part of the French faction, at which time only two of the thirty-two villages still adhered to the interests of the English; who, having lost 130 of their warriors in a terrible battle that shortly afterwards ensued, now sought peace of the French, who granted it with this humiliating proviso: "That the punishment of death should be inflicted on any and every Choctaw who should kill a Frenchman, be he chief or common warrior; and if any one or more Choctaws should attempt to rescue the guilty party, or parties, from the punishment of this sentence, then the entire Choctaw Nation should unite, assist and inflict death also on all those who attempted to rescue the guilty party, or parties; and also that death should be inflicted upon any Choctaw who should lead an Englishman into his village; nor in such a case, should retaliation for his death be sought by

any one of his Nation; and also they should put to death the Englishman thus introduced; and also the Choctaws should continue hostilities against the Chickasaws so long as they existed as a Nation."

The humiliating terms were accepted and peace among the Choctaws once more assumed her pacific sway, but too late; learning what miserable dupes they had been made by the wiles of the perfidious French and English; and only to realize to what a humiliating extremity they had reduced themselves by destroying each other and those of their own race—the Chickasaws and Natchez—to secure the friendship of the pale-faces, who never felt an emotion of that noble principle for them or any of their race.

Alas! what Christian heart but weeps over the misfortunes of the North American Indians, and sympathizes with them in their mistakes in the selection of friends, since they were totally ignorant of the duplicity and incapable of comprehending the avarice of the white men's hearts, and thereby unfortunately judged them from the stand-point of their own honest and truthful hearts which had never felt the gnawings of avarice, nor knew deceit when dealing with supposed friends.

The Chickasaws, now also reduced to the verge of destruction by their long struggle with the combined forces of the French and the inconsiderate Choctaws, once more sued for peace with the French; but to their solicitation, Vaudreuil coolly replied, "That he would consider the matter." But the truth is, he did not want to treat with the Chickasaws upon any terms of peace whatever; for he still hoped to be able to execute his former resolution, imbibed from Bienville, against them, nothing more nor less than absolute extermination. Therefore in a letter written shortly after to his government, he stated: "With regard to the Chickasaws, we must postpone all action, and patiently wait until, we can organize and make another expedition against them"; and assigns his reasons for acting with such vindictive cruelty and base injustice against that peace soliciting and peace desiring Nation of noble patriots, that, "By the failure of the expeditions undertaken against them between the years 1735 and 1740, the Indians have arrived at the conclusion that we cannot conquer or destroy them; and until we erase from their minds the impression of our inability to subdue them, by giving full retaliation for our unsuccessful operations against them, the honor of our arms will remain tarnished."

But after two years of consideration on the solicitation of the Chickasaws for peace, Vaudreuil, instead of giving

them a reply pro or con, spent the intervening time in the organization of another war expedition against them, lest "the honor of our arms remain tarnished;" and, in 1752, he started with 700 French soldiers and a large body of Indian warriors to exterminate that brave and heroic nation of people, fully believing that it had fallen to his good fortune "to erase from their minds the impression of our inability to subdue them." But alas, for his anticipated good fortune! His expedition proved as complete a failure as the previous three, for the Chickasaw heroes, at Chikasa-ha, where they had repulsed D'Artaguet and Bienville seventeen years before, also, whipped Vaudreuil, and he, too, sought safety and found it in an inglorious retreat, without erasing from the minds of those indomitable Chickasaw warriors "the impression of our inability to subdue them;" and also postponed "giving full retaliation for our unsuccessful operations against them," lest "the honor of our arms will remain tarnished," to some more propitious time in the future, as Bienville had done, but which never came. Yet he was blest with the consoling reflection that he had done something, at least, in the way of "giving full retaliation for our unsuccessful operations against them;" since he could state in his report that he had been enabled, though in full retreat, "to burn a few deserted Chickasaw villages, destroy a few fields of corn, and kill a few cattle of the enemy"—neither Bienville nor D'Artaguet could say as much—and "the honor of our arms will" not now "remain tarnished." For the sake of humanity it is to be hoped so.

In 1753 Vaudreuil was appointed Governor of Canada, and Kerleree took the place of Vaudreuil as Governor of the Louisiana Colony; and shortly after, in a letter to his Government, August 20, 1753, he said: "I am satisfied with the Choctaws. I believe them true to their plighted word, and it is necessary that we should be the same to them. They are a people who reflect and reason more logically than it is generally supposed." More truthful words could not have been uttered in regard to the North American Indians; yet a truth, which the White Race have ever been reluctant to admit.

After the appointment of Vaudreuil as Governor of Canada the French made no more "exterminating expeditions" against the Chickasaws. But Kerleree, shortly after he had taken the place of Vaudreuil, had an interview with several chiefs of the Arkansas tribes at New Orleans and whose good will he won by his affected generosity and seemingly great friendship and hospitality manifested towards them; nor was he unmindful of the "failure of the expedi-

tions undertaken against the Chickasaws"; therefore, "lest "the honor of our arms remain tarnished," he embraced the opportunity offered to induce the chiefs of the Arkansas tribes to make war upon the Chickasaws whom they had been taught by bitter experience to fear, therefore still hated; for that indefatigable Nation still presented the same bold and defiant front to the French, though greatly reduced in numbers and strength. Kerleree also made strenuous efforts to induce those chiefs to make war upon the Cherokees, who had entailed the hatred and animosity of the French, because they had extended the hand of pity and protection, in connection with the Chickasaws, to the homeless and forlorn little band of Natchez, who had escaped the wholesale slaughter of their people by the hands of their common and unrelenting enemy, the French.

That the Choctaws were once a numerous and powerful people, even at the beginning of their hostilities with the French; and that their warriors were among the most sagacious and fearless men that ever went into battle, no stronger evidence is necessary than the fact, they stood alone and maintained their independence against the combined forces of the Canadian, Illinois and Louisiana colonies, together with the soldiers sent from France and their numerous Northern Indian allies, also the Choctaws, then the most dreaded nation of warriors, except the Chickasaws, among the North American Indians, from 1716 down the march of time France ceded her North American possessions to England in 1763; defeating four French armies, well organized and equipped, and their Indian allies, sent against them, each of which, in numbers and munitions of war, was superior to them as the ratio of three to one, and driving them from their territories; and though Roman states, in his "Barnard Roman's Florida, page 571." "In 1771, this once powerful and warlike tribe could not number over three hundred warriors," yet the combined forces of their White and Red enemies failed to conquer them.

The following letter written by Governor Claiborne of Mississippi, in 1802, to Samuel Mitchell, United States Agent to the Chickasaws, expresses much truth in regard to the Indians:

"I am well pleased with your efforts to advance the happiness of our Chickasaw brethren. I hope, under your tutorage, that they will soon acquire the habits of civilization. Exert all your influence to induce the men to have fixed abodes, cultivate the soil, and encourage the women to habits of domestic life. Continue to supply them with wheels and cards, scissors, thimbles, needles and thread. Retain a

competent weaver constantly in your employ and persuade a few young girls to learn the art from him. A competent man of undoubted morals must be procured who must take the necessary pains to teach them, and I will see him liberally compensated. It is desirable to place a few intelligent Indian lads with your wheelwright and blacksmith. In all cases it is my express injunction that the white mechanics, you are authorized to employ, shall be men of sober habits and of good character. They are to be there not only as artisans, but as teachers, to set an example to an untutored people, entrusted to my guardianship by their great Father, the President, and he demands that they shall be treated as his children, and not, in any instance, be exposed to the evil example of bad white men. Say to my old friend, Major Colbert, his wish to have his son educated in and by the United States shall be promptly recommended by me; and, I doubt not, will be so directed by the President. A trading house for the accommodation of the Chickasaws has been established at the Bluffs, and the factor has been instructed TO SELL AT PRICES MERELY TO COVER COST AND CHARGES. Complaint of undue charges must be made through you to me. You did right to exert your influence for peace between the Chickasaws, Choctaws and Osages. The United States is bound by treaty to restrain the tribes within their limits from warring against tribes in the Spanish dominion."

What if the noble, humane and Christian sentiments expressed in the above letter by Governor Claiborne had been adopted and truly carried out by the Government and people of the United States from the date of the above letter to the present, who now could justly describe the happy and prosperous condition of every Indian tribe within the jurisdiction of the United States?

In 1792, in a council held at Chickasaw Bluffs, where Memphis, Tennessee, is now located, a treaty was made with the Chickasaws, in which they granted the United States the right of way through their territory for a public road to be opened from Nashville, Tennessee, to Natchez, Mississippi. This road was long known, and no doubt, remembered by many at the present time by the name "Natchez Trace." It crossed the Tennessee river at a point then known as "Colbert's Ferry," and passed through the present counties of Tishomingo, Ittiwamba, Lee, Pantotoc, Chickasaw, Choctaw, thence on to Natchez, and soon became the great and only thoroughfare for emigrants passing from the older states to Mississippi, Louisiana and South Arkansas. Soon after its opening, it was crowded by fortune seekers and adventurers of all descriptions and

characters, some as bad as it was possible for them to be, and none as good as they might be.

One of the most noted desperadoes in those early days of Mississippi's history was a man named Mason, who, with his gang of thieves and cut-throats, established himself at a point on the Ohio river then called "The Cave in the Rock," and about one hundred miles above its junction with the Mississippi river. There, under the disguise of keeping a store for the accommodation of emigrants, keel and flat boatmen passing up and down the river, he enticed them into his power, murdered and robbed them; then sent their boats and contents to New Orleans, through the hands of his accomplices to be sold. He, at length, left "The Cave in the Rock," and sought a new location on the Natchez Trace, where he established himself, and soon attained to such a power, that he and his well organized band of outlaws became a terror to all from the banks of the Mississippi river to the hills of Alabama and Tennessee. Over this wide extended territory he was "monarch of all he surveyed" for several years; and though many efforts were made by the law abiding citizens to kill or capture him and break up this nest of land pirates, yet he always managed to out-wit his pursuers and elude their grasp. Ultimately a strong party organized themselves at Natchez and went in pursuit of the daring robber, resolving to kill or capture him at all hazards but was out-generaled by the sagacious and ever watchful desperadoes. The company having arrived on the banks of the Pearl river, soon learned that the object of their search was in the vicinity, but before making an attack upon him, they concluded to dine, feed and rest their horses. During this, two of the company, allured by the anticipated delight of a swim, plunged into the cool and clear waters of the river and swam to the opposite bank, but to give themselves into the hands of the vigilant Mason, who, cognizant of all the proceedings and designs, had closely watched their maneuvers, by which he soon found himself enabled to accomplish by stratagem, what he could not perhaps, by force.

Having secured the two thoughtless and inconsiderate fathers, Mason at once assumed a bold and defiant attitude, and called out to his would-be capturers on the opposite bank and informed them that all further demonstration of hostilities on their part would be followed by the instant death of their two captive friends; and also stated if they wished to save the lives of their two companions to stack their guns and ammunition at once on the banks of the river at a designated place and he would send for them; if they manifested

the least disposition to interfere with his messenger his two prisoners would be instantly slain; but if they punctually and obediently complied with his demand he would return their two friends, unharmed, to them, at the same time pledging his word of honor to the performance of the same. The demands of Mason were duly obeyed and several of his party swam across the river and took possession of the guns, while the two captives were placed in full view with rifles pointing in unpleasant proximity and in direct line to their heads. Then Mason released his prisoners and bade them return in the way they came; to which they gladly and without hesitation complied. He then sternly ordered the crest-fallen company to mount their horses and return to Natchez, adding that it would not be healthy for them to indulge in a hunt again for him, as he would not let them off so gently if they should again fall into his hands.

Treachery finally effected what all other means failed to accomplish. Shortly after, a man of high standing and his two sons were robbed by a party of Mason's band, as they were passing along the Natchez Trace, though they received no bodily injury. After their return home, Governor Claiborne, of the Mississippi Territory, offered a large reward for Mason, dead or alive, a copy of which soon found its way to the notorious bandit, over which, it is said, he manifested much merriment. But the reward proved too great a temptation for two of his band, and they treacherously slew Mason and carried his head in secret triumph to Gov. Claiborne. It was at once recognized by many of the citizens. But the joy of the two traitors in anticipation of the reward was of short duration, since among the many spectators were the two sons, who, with their father, had been robbed shortly before, and who at once recognized the two scoundrels as being of the party who had robbed them. At once they were arrested, tried, convicted, and paid the penalty of their crimes upon the gallows. And thus was broken up one among the most notorious gangs of robbers that infested the Natchez Trace.

However, another daring gang sprang up a few years after the death of Mason, under the leadership of one John A. Murrell, who also sought upon the Natchez Trace their victims to murder and plunder during the years 1830 and 1840. And numerous were the bloody deeds and daring robberies committed by those bold free-booters upon the lonely traveller who had the nerve to venture through that long stretch of wilderness and solitude alone: and the thefts of horses and negroes from the planters, especially the negroes, whom they enticed away under the promise of

taking them north to a free state; then, after selling and stealing them a few times under the pretense to the deluded negroes of getting money to defray their expenses to a free state, they would kill them and sink their bodies in a river or lake. Murrell was finally captured, tried and condemned to life imprisonment in the penitentiary at Nashville, Tennessee. After a few years of confinement he professed religion (it was said), and his health failing, he was eventually pardoned, then became a preacher of the Gospel, and shortly afterwards died.

General Andrew Jackson led his victorious army along this road (the Natchez Trace) on his return from New Orleans, in 1815. Before steamboats began to plough the waters of the Mississippi river, all kinds of produce were transported to New Orleans in keel and flat boats from the upper countries. When arriving there both boat and cargo were sold, and the owners with their employers returned home, some on horseback and more on foot, by the way of the "Old Natchez Trace." Bands of those rough and fearless boatmen flocked along on the old trace to their distant homes in North Mississippi, Tennessee and Southern Kentucky. The intervening wilderness of forests were illuminated with the camp-fires, and the midnight silence of the then vast solitudes broken by their bacchanalian revelries. All characters blended together in those straggling bands of wild and reckless humanity; the jolly boatmen whose lives were spent on the bosom of the majestic "Misha Sipokni" and in the romantic and fascinating jolifications of the camp; men of education and refinement; adventurous youth, who never before was out of sight of the smoke of his native village or humble home; the sturdy farmer; the shrewed trader; the calculating merchant; the wily gambler, and the daring robber, were, to a greater or less extent, represented.

But the "Old Trace" has long since been effaced by the ploughshare and buried in the field of forgetfulness amid the corn and cotton plantations, together with the throbbing hearts, then buoyant with hope and elated with joy, distracted with fear or burdened with care that followed its windings and dubious ways through the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations nearly a century ago, and sang or wept, laughed or sighed along that old forest road, and have become as silent and as little remembered as the multitudes that once thronged the busy streets of ancient Tyre, while oblivion has woven her raven web and thrown it upon the "Old Natchez Trace" to be remembered "never more."

"Natchez-Under-The-Hill" was, at that early day, the

"sine qua non" as the point of rendezvous for the rough and care-for-nothing men who navigated the keel and flat-boats on the Mississippi river ere they were superseded by the steamboat. At that early day the city of Natchez was an excellent market for the products of the "upper country," consequently hundreds of heavily and richly-laden boats often congregated there, to the great dread of the law-abiding and peaceful inhabitants residing in the upper part of the city, then known as "The Bluff;" for the wild and lawless boatmen knowing no restraint, and without the fear of God or man, indulged their caprices in every kind of rowdiness known to man; and often breaking through the acknowledged limits of their own district, "Natchez-Under-The-Hill," they carried the city "On The Bluff" by storm, not unlike a genuine cyclone of the present day, riding rough-shod over the law and every physical obstruction that impeded their headlong course. Then, having had their "fun," during which they had drank and destroyed all the whisky they could lay their hands upon, they returned to the plateau "under the hill" with songs and hideous yells, where, perhaps, they would meet with another gang of their own faith and order, and a fight would ensue, in which the Herculean strength there and then displayed has no parallel except in Homer's description of the fabulous wars between the gods. Thus did those specimens of American freemen spend their leisure hours in drinking whiskey, yelling, fiddling, dancing and fist-fighting, the latter seeming a direful necessity, an unconquerable appetite, which, like hunger, must be appeased at all costs; and even when quietness had assumed her sway in camp, often it would be unexpectedly and unceremoniously disturbed by some aspirant to fame loudly crowing forth his defiance like a game cock, which was sure to be answered by another in a different part of the camp, and the natural result is easily guessed, since he who boasted according to the approved style of the game cock, virtually proclaimed he had never been whipped, and, therefore occupied a dangerous eminence, as some equally ambitious aspirant was sure to be in hearing of the midnight challenge, and equally ready to dispute his claim to such distinction.

Still those apparently lawless men had a code of honor among themselves to which they strictly adhered and implicitly obeyed. "Fair play" was a jewel among them; and in all disputes and difficulties they invariably took up the cause of the weaker, and always espoused that of the aged, right or wrong.

In 1794 the United States Government secured the aid of

several companies of Chickasaw warriors to co-operate with its troops against some of the northwestern tribes of Indians with whom it had become involved in war; and though the cause is not now known, yet it may with safety be easily guessed, as, like the English and French before it, so it also arrayed one tribe against another in its own wars with that credulous people until partially destroyed, then gobbled up all (allies and enemies) at a swoop. The following is a war commission given by George Washington, then President of the United States, to a Chickasaw chief called Mucklesha Mingo (corrupted from Mokulichih Miko—to outdo or excel—chief. The chief who excels:

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States of America. To all who shall see these presents greeting:

"Whereas, I am authorized by law to employ such a number of Indians and for such compensation as I shall think proper, within certain limitations, to act against the hostile tribes northwest of the Ohio.

"And, whereas, it is expedient that in case of such an event certain chiefs should be previously designated; and having full confidence in the well tried friendship of Muckle-shamingo a chief of the Chickasaw Nation, I do hereby appoint him to rank and to receive pay as Captain of Militia while he shall actually be in the service of the United States, and co-operating with the troops thereunto belonging. And I do hereby direct that on such occasions he be respected accordingly.

Given under my hand at Philadelphia, this the 20th of July, in the year of our Lord 1794, and in the 19th year of the Independence of the United States.

"G. WASHINGTON.

"By command of the President, J. KNOX."

After the French lost their claimed possessions upon the North American continent and were driven therefrom, the Chickasaws, from that time to the present, have been at peace with the world of mankind; and though they never wholly recovered from the long devastating wars with the French, yet they fully maintained their independence to the last.

Their country lay adjoining the Choctaws on the north; and, like that of the Choctaws, was as fertile and beautiful a country as the eyes of man ever looked upon; as it appeared under their own and Nature's rule, it indeed possessed a charm that fascinated the admirers and lovers of the grand and the beautiful. There was a beauty bordering on the sublime in the spring, as nature unfolded and spread out her forest robes; also, a loveliness in the summer, with her

shady hills and valleys; a quiet, too, in the calm and mellow autumn, with the variegated hues, falling leaves and tranquil scenes, which language cannot depict, or even imagination conceive. □ With no undergrowth whatever the great variety of majestic trees of centuries growth covered the hills and valleys; yet with the ground everywhere concealed under a thick carpet of grass one to two feet high, intermixed, especially on the prairies, with wild flowers of every shade of color, covering the face of the entire earth. In the months of April and May strawberries were found profusely scattered amid the grass of the undulating prairies that lay along the banks of their rivers and creeks, and here and there scattered amid the hills and valleys of their forests; then summer too yielded her immense store of blackberries on every side; in turn, followed autumn with prodigal abundance of hickory nuts of several varieties, walnuts, pecan, huckle berries, wild plums, persimmons, wild grapes, muscadines, all of excellent flavor; while from early spring to late autumn, among the wide extended branches of the forest trees high above the verdant carpet of green that lay spread out beneath by the accomplished hand of nature, their forest orchestra, unsurpassed by the art of man, filled the groves with melody and rivaled, with their bright and variegated plumage, the hues of the flowers that bloomed beneath, seemingly but "to waste their sweets upon the desert air." The scene seemed indeed as if the hand of enchantment had suddenly raised a forest on the bosom of a primitive prairie.

There amid those magnificent parks of primitive nature, deer in great numbers, grazed with their cattle and horses, while everywhere could be seen flocks of wild turkeys feeding under the forest trees whose tops seemed alive with jolly squirrels, all undisturbed only as the swift arrow from the noiseless bow or the deadly bullet from the unerring rifle demanded food for the Chickasaw; while the vast canebrakes along all the water courses abounded with carnivorous animals of various kinds in great numbers, furnishing skins and furs to supply the necessities of the lords who justly claimed dominion over those vast solitudes and their various quadruped occupants, and who were as noble a race of unlettered men and women as ever lived upon earth; wholly free by fortunate ignorance from the thousand debasing and ruinous vices.

But to one who has witnessed all the changes which have taken place in the native characteristics of the southern Indians in their former independence and happiness, as also in the appearance of their ancient domains since their first

settlement by the White Race, all seem as a dream of the night or romance of the imagination; and he finds it difficult to realize the features of that forest wilderness which was the home of his boyhood days, alike with that of the red man. The humble little cabins of the generous and hospitable Indians, their little fields of corn, pumpkins, potatoes and beans that furnished their supplies of bread, etc., have long since been swallowed up in the wide-extended group of the cotton fields of civilization, and the vast forests have disappeared, leaving no trace of their former loveliness; and when he reflects on their original aspect, his thoughts seem to revert to a period of time greatly more remote than it really is; and the view from one extreme to the other appears as that of an opposite shore over a wide expanse of water, whose hills, valleys and forests present a confused but romantic scenery, losing itself in the distant horizon, though doubling the retrospect of life; and did not the definite number of his years teach him the contrary, he would imagine himself much older than he really is. But how different it must be with those who have passed their lives amid cities and ancient settlements, where the same unchanging aspect presents itself from year to year. There the years come and go with no striking events or great changes to mark their different periods, and give them an imaginary distance from each other, and life passes away as an illusion or dream, to close in bitter murmurings of its shortness.

A few years after the exodus of the Chickasaws and Choctaws, and before the tide of white emigration had set in the most prominent feature of their forsaken country was its profound solitude, even the days seeming more solitary than the nights; nor did the gobbling of the wild turkey, the chattering of the squirrel, the chirping of a bird, mingling with the tapping of the woodpecker upon the hollow limb of a decaying tree, seem to enliven the silent and lonely scene; and he who roamed through the solitudes of the forests, as bequeathed to the White Race by the Chickasaws and the Choctaws in 1830, was truly alone and far away from the din of civilized and domesticated life. The fading rays of the declining sun received not the requiem of the song of the laborer returning from his toil; but its silence was interrupted by the howl of the wolf and the cry of the panther issuing from the canebrakes in quest of their prey upon the highlands; nor were his returning rays on the morn announced by the voice of the domestic cock, but by the hoot of the owl as he sought the deeper solitudes of

the dark swamp to doze away the unwelcome light of day.

Though such a hunter's paradise will never be found again upon the North American continent; yet hunting alone was not wholly free of danger, and though the hunter was seldom without his dog, the true and faithful animal to man of the brute creation, whose native sagacity taught him to be as watchful as Argus and who saw everything and heard every sound, and the acuteness of whose scent gave warning of all approaching enemies, yet when in eager pursuit of his game, with hope and fear alternately predominating in his breast, his path was sometimes beset with hidden enemies. Under his footsteps the sluggish, yet spiteful, rattle-snake, then abundant, might be coiled in watchfulness to inflict a deadly wound upon all intruders into his retreat; or the wily panther stretched upon the limbs of a tree might suddenly drop from his perch upon him to dispute the right of man's supremacy over the brute creation, as also his cousin, the catamount, which, in those early days, not unfrequently tried his physical strength with man, though he paid dearly for his temerity, since his sharp teeth and keen claws proved of little avail against the long, keen-edged knife wielded by the hand of the sturdy hunter; though the latter always bore, as trophies of his victory, the unmistakable evidence of his enemy's valor.

When watching at a deer lick at night by the light of the full orb'd moon, in which the writer has indulged years ago in the Mississippi forests then untouched by the ax, the hunter found as his rival in the same sport, the panther or the catamount, sometimes both; and whose presence was made known by the moving shadow cast upon the ground by moon-light as he was preparing to leap from his perch upon a deer that had, unconscious of danger, walked into the lick. An incident of this kind happened to a hunter in Oktibbihaw county, Mississippi, shortly after the exodus of the Choctaws. He had found a deer lick in Catarpo (corruption of the Choctaw word Katapah, stopped referring to the obstructions in the creek by drifts) swamps, which was much frequented by the deer. He built a scaffold 15 or 20 feet high on the edge of a lick, and on a beautiful night of the full moon, shortly after sundown, took his seat thereon. About 10 o'clock at night a deer noiselessly entered the lick a few rods distant from his place of concealment, and, began licking the salty earth; he was just in the act of shooting it, when his attention was attracted from the deer to a moving shadow upon the ground between him and the deer, he at once looked up to ascertain who his neighbor

was, and was not a little surprised to see a huge panther standing on a projecting limb of a tree, that reached nearly over and just behind him, and preparing to spring upon the unsuspecting deer. He thought no more of the deer, and gave his undivided attention to his rival who had unceremoniously and clandestinely taken his seat a little higher and nearly over his head without so much as saying "By your leave." Not being very fastidious just then, he quietly yielded the right of precedence to his fellow hunter above, in all things pertaining to the deer quietly licking the salty earth below. For several minutes he gazed upon the huge beast as it maneuvered upon the limb seemingly doubtful as to making a successful spring. Finally the panther made a tremendous leap from the limb, passing almost directly over the hunter's head, and lit directly upon the deer's back. The bleating of the helpless deer momentarily broke the stillness of the forest, and then all was hushed. The panther pulled his victim to the outer edge of the lick, stood a moment and then with mighty bounds disappeared in the surrounding forests. During all this the hunter sat quietly upon his perch cogitating over the novel scene. But his reveries were suddenly interrupted by a wild and terrible yell, seeminly half human and half beast, fearful enough to awaken all the denizens of the forest for miles away; then came an immediate response from a distant point in the swamp. That was enough to bring the hunters cogitations to a fixed determination, which was clearly manifested by the agility displayed in descending the scaffold, and the schedule time on which he ran towards home, leaving the two panthers to enjoy their unenvied supper of venison in their native woods undisturbed. Often the hunter found the panther had preceded him at the deer-licks; in all such cases, having previously resolved never to dispute precedence with any gentleman of that family, he quietly left him to the undisputed possession of the chance of venison for that night particularly.

The Chickasaws, at the time the missionaries were established among them, as the Choctaws and other southern tribes, lived in rude log houses provided with a few culinary articles (all they desired), and with skins and furs, elaborately dressed and finished, for their bedding; all of which were principally made by the women, who were equally skilled in the art of making earthenware for all domestic purposes, as they were proficient in the art of preparing the skins and furs of various animals for domestic use, which their forests so bountifully supplied. Their shoes, called moccasins, were principally made of the skins,

of deer thoroughly dressed by a process, unequalled by the art of the whites, and beautifully ornamented with little beads of various colors.

As ornaments, the men wore four or five broad crescents of tin highly polished, or of silver when to be obtained, suspended upon the breast, one above the other, and one around the head. They also used little beads in ornamenting their leather garments, intermingled with fancy embroidery. Their favorite embellishment, as with all North American Indians, was the vermilion paint with which they decorated their faces. This mode of decoration was confined to the men.

The women, as their white sisters, wore ornaments suspended from their ears, bracelets around their necks, and also strings of various kinds of gaudy beads.

The ancient Chickasaws were deservedly celebrated for their handsome young women; and seldom have I looked upon such specimens of female grace and loveliness as I have seen among the Chickasaws three quarters of a century ago in their former homes east of the Mississippi river, nor do they fall much below at the present day. Their eyes were dark and full and their countenances like their native clime—always beaming with sunshine—whose sympathetic smiles, chased fatigue away and changed the night of melancholy into day. They were truly beautiful and, best of all, unconsciously so. Oft was I at a loss which most to admire—the graceful and seemingly perfect forms, finely chiseled features, lustrous eyes and flowing hair, or that soft, winning artlessness which was so pre-eminently theirs.

To the Chickasaws, as to all the North American Indians, worldly honors and distinctions that arose from wealth or family connections were as empty bubbles—unworthy of their consideration or anxiety. Ignorant of commerce, so they were utterly ignorant of the wealth and luxuries of the civilized world, with all their attending vices, nor did they desire to know. Therefore, they lived in peaceful contentment and died in blissful ignorance of the empty distinction of wealth or rank; thus all were upon a natural equality; all dressed alike, and all met as equals everywhere, at all times and upon all occasions. The virtues of their primitive simplicity were indeed many. Punctuality and honesty in their dealings, and unassumed hospitality to strangers were habitual; unalloyed friendship and cordiality to their neighbors universal; and all seemed as members of one great, loving family, connected by the strongest ties of consanguinity.

The greatest care was bestowed upon their children by the Chickasaw mothers, whom they never allowed to be

placed upon their feet before the strength of their limbs would safely permit; and the child had free access to the maternal breast as long as it desired, unless the mother's health forbade its continuance. Children were never whipped by the parents, but, if guilty of any misdemeanor, were sent to their uncle for punishment (the same as the Choc-taws), who only inflicted a severe rebuke or imposed upon them some little penance, or, what was more frequent, made appeals to their feelings of honor or shame. When the boys arrived at the age of proper discrimination—so considered when arrived at the age of 12 or 15 years—they were committed to the instructions of the old and wise men of the village, who, at various intervals, instructed them in all the necessary knowledge and desired qualifications to constitute them successful hunters and accomplished warriors. As introductory lessons they were instructed in the arts of swimming, running, jumping, wrestling, using the bow and arrow; also, receiving from those venerable tutors those precepts of morality which should regulate their conduct when arrived at manhood. The most profound respect (a noted characteristic of the North American Indians) was paid everywhere to the oldest person in every family, whether male or female, and whose decisions upon all disputed points were supreme and final, and were received with cheerful and implicit obedience. No matter how distant their blood relations might be, all the members of a family addressed its head as father or mother, as the case might be; and whenever they meant to speak of him (their natural father), they said, "My real father," in contradistinction to that of father applied to the chief or head of the family.

The itinerant white trader, with his smuggled whiskey, was, has ever been, is and will ever be, the patent instrument in the hands of the devil of demoralization among all Indians, and counteracted the moral and religious influence, teachings and regulations of the missionaries of the long ago, as well as of the present day. Still those devoted teachers of righteousness of the long past succeeded in effectually removing forever many of their ancient superstitious customs and beliefs in almost and incredible short space of time. The power and influence of the "Medicine Man," the magic power of their personal totems, and alike that of the Rain Maker, the Prophet, soon vanished before the light of the Gospel of the Son of God, as mists before the morning sun; and it was truly affecting to witness with what deep and unfeigned interest they listened to the history of the Cross, as narrated by those true and devoted servants of God, seventy-five years ago; and how soon, under the Divine guid-

ance, they seemed to comprehend and feel the regenerating influence of revealed religion. With unfeigned astonishment they heard the story of the atonement. For a man to yield his life to the demands of a violated law for the life he had taken, or that a friend might die for a friend, was their own law and creed; but for one to voluntarily die for a known and inveterate enemy—yea, for the Son of the Great Spirit to willingly die for those who despised and reviled him required more than the logic and eloquence of the missionaries could accomplish; but it pleased the Divine Spirit to enlighten their understandings, and they soon manifested an earnest faith clearly visible in their prayers, daily walk and conversation and in their lives and deaths. Thus God himself proved the whites that the live Indian was as good as the live white man, and in many respects better.

As the art of writing was unknown to the Chickasaws, before the advent of the missionaries among them; their history rested alone upon tradition, in common with the Indian race, handed down through succeeding generations; and that a correct, truthful and enduring knowledge of their traditional love might be imparted to each generation, as, in turn, it took its place upon the stage of life, and which each was taught to regard as sacred and to cherish with the greatest fidelity, that, in their turn, they might also be able to transmit it to their successors with the exact minuteness they had received it, the young men, as the future repositories of the past, were, at various intervals, summoned before the aged patriarchs of the Nation to have rehearsed to them the sacred things in which they had been previously instructed, and which were soon to be wholly entrusted to their care, that it might be ascertained whether there would be found any omissions from forgetfulness, or additions proceeding from flights of youthful fancy, or the pruriency of invention; thus evincing a regard for historical narrators highly commendable and worthy of imitation by all recorders of events.

It was a general custom among all the southern Indians, and no doubt of the northern Indians also, when they believed a just cause of war against another tribe had presented itself, to pursue a certain preliminary course, though similar to a great extent, yet must be regarded as having its origin in a custom which became the law of Nations. In all such cases the old men of the Nation constituted the council of war, who deliberated with great gravity and solemnity upon a question involving such momentous and dubious results. But in all their deliberations, whether issues of the highest or lowest importance were at stake, the one speak-

ing was never interrupted under any circumstance; and even in social conversation but one talked while the others listened in profound silence and with strict attention. This was a universal characteristic among all southern Indians, which I have learned by personal observation among the Chickasaws and Choctaws during a life of over seventy-five years, and also by reliable information from others who lived for many years among other tribes; and it was difficult for them to reconcile the chattering of the whites in their social gatherings with their ideas of propriety and good sense, when hearing them all talking at the same time, to them apparently without a listener.

Du Pratz, in 1716, when speaking of this noble characteristic of the southern Indians, says he had often noticed the smile that played upon the lips of the Natchez Indians on many occasions, and had asked them the reason, but invariably received the same reply—"What is it to you?" Finally one, after frequent solicitations, answered: "If we smile when we see you talking together it is because you remind us of a flock of cackling geese." Verily, Mr. Natchez, if you could attend a modern "social," fully understanding the English language, your sense of justice and honor would compel you to make humble acknowledgments to every goose you met, for the insult offered (though inadvertently) to her race in illustrating the senseless chatterings of a "social" by the significant language of her illustrious family in loving association assembled.

But to return to the council of war. If, after due deliberation, they concluded that their Nation had been wronged to such a degree as to justify their action, an embassy was immediately sent to seek redress! If granted, the "Pipe of Peace" was then smoked and a renewal of friendship established.

The "Pipe of Peace," which was tastefully decorated with a profusion of fanciful ornaments, the white feathers of the eagle being the most conspicuous, was respected everywhere by the North American Indians, and the bearers of that sacred emblem were always safe in going and returning under any and all circumstances.

But if satisfactory explanation was refused, the embassy hastily returned home, and the warriors of the Nation at once summoned in council, in which war measures were discussed and adopted during which the "Pipe of War" was smoked; this pipe was similar in shape to the peace-pipe, with the exception that the colors of its ornaments were different, red being the most prominent.

During these preliminaries, the opening tribe not un-

mindful of the gathering storm, were also performing their war ceremonies. With some tribes, a declaration of war was made by leaving a hieroglyphic picture near a principal village of the Nation against which war was declared, and executed in such a manner as to be fully comprehended by the challenged who the challengers were. If the challenged did not desire war, an embassy bearing the pipe of peace was immediately sent to the offended Nation with full powers of negotiating for combined peaceful relations between the two nations, which most always terminated successfully.

When preparing for war, the Chickasaws, like their entire race, of whom I have read or personally known, painted their faces in such a manner (known only to the North American Indians) as to give the face an expression of fierceness that must be seen to be justly comprehended. A few days before going upon the war-path a day was solemnly appointed for a great feast, consisting of all the varieties of food that could be obtained; but every night previous to the day of the feast those contemplating going upon the war-path engaged in the war-dance during the greater part of the nights dressed in all the paraphernalia of Indian warfare. The warriors also came to the prepared feast fully equipped with every necessary appertaining to the war-path, but with no superfluous articles whatever that might have a tendency to impede their actions. Before they partook of the waiting repast some celebrated old chief or noted old warrior, with the war-pipe in his hand, who, from the decrepitude of age, had been placed upon the "retired list" among the seers and prophets of the Nation, delivered a speech to the war-going company, in which he rehearsed his own exploits, not in the spirit of self-adulation, but as an honest exhortation to them to emulate his deeds of heroic valor; then encouraged them to go in trusting confidence; to be great in manly courage and strong in heart; to be watchful, keen in sight and fleet in foot; to be attentive in ear and unailing in endurance; to be cunning as the fox, sleepless as the wolf and agile as the panther; not to be eager beyond prudence; and when wisdom so dictates, to flee as the swift antelope, as your lives are of great worth to your Nation, and even one life necessarily or unnecessarily sacrificed, will bring sorrow to the hearts of your people. But to the appreciation of which no outward manifestation whatever was made, as an Indian warrior is ever silent upon any and all emotions of his heart, yet the aged orator plainly read its significance in each silent and attentive face, and was satisfied. Then he filled the war-pipe with prepared sumac leaves and tobacco; lighted it; drew a few whiffs, then passed it to the war-chief, the

leader of the forth-going war-party, who also drew a few puffs, and from him it went the rounds of the entire party, each in profound silence drawing a whiff or two and then passing it to the next in turn. After this impressive ceremony they turned to the prepared feast and did ample justice thereto; after which, the "war-post," painted red, was set up, at which the chief of the war-party rushed and struck with his tomahawk with all his strength, as if one of the enemy. Then followed his warriors in regular order, each doing the same.

Then followed again the war-dance, the finale of the war ceremonies, which continued two or three consecutive nights during the intervening days of which their relatives and friends observed a strict fast and engaged in solemn and supplicating prayer to the Great Spirit for their success against their enemies, and their safe return.

The Chickasaws were addicted to one vice, the vice of gambling. They bet on the proper handling and the skillful shuffling of his ball-sticks, the fleetness of his feet, and his power of endurance; while his white brother risked his money on the proper handling and skillful shuffling of his paper cards.

Among the many redeeming traits of the Chickasaws (though they did bet on their ball-plays—a custom long lost in the shadows of the dim historic past) there was one that "hides a multitude of sins"—it is their care for and protection of their orphans; and it is the universal testimony of all personally acquainted with the various traits of Indian characteristics, that no race of people, of whose history there is any record, ever excelled the North American Indians in this particular virtue. Never have there been found among the Chickasaws or Choctaws homeless and friendless orphan children, thrown out to shift for themselves, and left "to root pig or die." I speak from a personal knowledge of seventy-five years and know of what I speak; and I am sustained in the assertion, broad as it may seem, by the united testimony of all the missionaries who labored among them east of the Mississippi river, and some of whom came with them to their present place of abode; and not only does this noble and God-approved virtue belong to the Chickasaws and Choctaws, but also to all North American Indians, and the missionaries among them everywhere have publicly attested its truth. I have seen, time and again, in many families among the Chickasaws and Choctaws from one to four adopted orphan children; and they were adopted, not through mercenary motives—the hope of gain—but in the true spirit of the word, actuated by the divine principle of justice and

compassion for the fatherless, motherless and homeless, adopted in the full meaning and sense of the word, to be protected, cared for and loved, not to be enslaved for the few dollars and cents that anticipation whispered would be made out of them by adoption. And one might live a lifetime in a family of adopted orphans, and, unless told, he would not even suspect but that all the children were of the same parentage.

The ancient Chickasaw divisions of the tribe were called Yakissah, (here stops). In reference to family connections in marrying they were the same as the Choctaws. No persons of the same Yakissah were allowed to marry. Also they have been called In Chukka Holhtenah Hochifo, most frequently abbreviated to Inchukka holhte chifo, his house (or clan) is numbered and named; and with the same reference as Yakissah, and also Ikxa of the Choctaws. If a man violated the law by marrying a woman of his own Yakissah (or house), he forfeited his own rights and privileges, and also his children of the same; but the wife forfeited nothing.

The Chickasaws, like their brethren, the Choctaws, never betrayed any trust reposed in them. No matter what whether of great value or of little consequence, was left in their charge to be taken care of, that confidence was never betrayed. They were true to their friendship, never being the first to violate its sacred ties; yet bitter in their animosity, even as all the fallen race of unfortunate Adam. But like all their race of the long ago, they too possessed but little idea of compensation; therefore were easily made the victims of unprincipled white traders who well knew how to defraud them, and had no compunctions of conscience to use that knowledge to their own pecuniary advantage, though to the utter impoverishment of the Indian. But the Chickasaws, beginning to realize that they received very little in return for a very large amount given, adopted a very proper plan, as they thought, to test the honesty of all white traders, but which gave them completely into their hands. It was this: They first offered for sale the most indifferent article they had in whatever the line of barter consisted, and asked a higher price for it than its intrinsic value; and if the white man accepted it without dispute, it was sufficient evidence to them that he did not design to wrong them, and their confidence in his integrity was firmly established. But if the trader refused to make the purchase in harmony with the Chickasaw's offer, the bargain was at once closed by the suspicion that the white man intended to defraud them. But the Whites soon learning the Chickasaws'

method of testing their honesty (though utterly void of the virtue), at once bought the first article offered at the full price set upon it by the owner without a whimper, and thus gained their confidence; and without hesitation, entered the door of trade thus opened and continued to defraud the misguided Chickasaws.

The ancient Chickasaws had four laws only; all of which were strictly adhered to and rigidly enforced throughout the entire Yakissahs of the Nation. First, the law of murder, which placed the slayer wholly and exclusively in the hands of of the oldest brother of the slain, who never failed to execute the law whose claims were thus entrusted to his care and keeping, the standing verdict of which was "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."—death. In case the deceased had no brother or brothers, then one of the next nearest and oldest male relative became the self-appointed executioner of the violated law in which no delinquent was ever found. Nor did anyone, not even the nearest relations of the slayer, interfere in the matter in any way whatever—either to assist or oppose. If the slayer fled, which was very seldom if ever the case, his oldest brother, and if he had no brother, then the next nearest and oldest relative in the male line was slain in his place; after which he could return in safety and without the fear of molestation, but to be ostracised and forever stigmatized as a coward wherever he went, a punishment more to be dreaded by all North American Indians than a hundred deaths. In all such cases a woman was never slain in the place of a man. On account of this rigid and inexorable custom of dealing with him who had slain his fellowman, murders were very few and far between, as the slayer well knew the inevitable consequence that would follow unless he fled to parts unknown, which would be attended with eternal disgrace to himself, family and kindred, at the sacrifice also of his brother's life, or next nearest male relative.

Second, whipping for minor offenses; after which the culprit was reinstated to favor without any disgrace being attached to his name for his offense or punishment. He had violated the law, but had paid the penalty thereunto attached. The claims of the law were satisfied and therefore it was a thing of the past, to be mentioned no more, and it never was.

Fourth. The property of deceased parents descended to the brothers and sisters of the deceased, and not to their own children.

To us a strange, unjust and inconsistent law; but of which I was informed, as above recorded, by Governor Cyrus Harris, in 1886, who was regarded as among the best posted

of the Chickasaws in regard to their laws and customs when living in their ancient domains, and whose veracity was never questioned by all who knew him, either among his own race or that of the white.

Up to the time the Chickasaws moved west (1836-'38), their country was divided into three districts, viz: Tishomingo, Sealy and McGilvery. At the time of their exodus west to their present places of abode, Tishomingo (properly Tishu Miko, chief officer or guard of the king) was the chief of the Tishu Miko district; Samuel Sealy, of the Sealy district, and William McGilvery, of the McGilvery district.

The Chickasaw ruler was styled king instead of chief; and his chief officer was called Tishu Miko.

Ishtehotohpih was the reigning king at the time they left their ancient places of abode east of the Mississippi river for those west. He died in 1840. He was the last of the Chickasaw rulers who bore the title, king. After his death the monarchical form of government, which was hereditary, as I was informed by Governor Cyrus Harris, was abolished, and the form of Republicanism adopted. The power of their kings was very circumscribed, being only about equal to that of their present governor. The king's wife was called queen, but clothed with no authority whatever, and regarded only as other Chickasaw women.

That Tishu Miko was a wise counselor and brave warrior among the Chickasaws is about all that has escaped oblivion, as little has been preserved of his life by tradition or otherwise. He was the acting Tishu Miko of Ishtehotohpih at the time of the removal of his people to the west. He died in 1839, the year before his royal master. He was appointed during life as one of the chief counselors to Ishtehotohpih; and when he advised the king upon any mooted question, so great was his influence over the other counselors, as Governor Harris stated, that they at once unanimately acquiesced to his propositions, but invariably with the reiterated exclamation, "That's just what I thought! That's just what I that!" while the king said but little, but generally adopted the suggestions of Tishu Miko.

Tushkaapela (Warrior-Helper) was a former Chickasaw king, but was made an invalid for life by an accident which rendered him unable to walk in an upright position, but slowly crawled about by means of a buck's horn in each hand extended behind him, and his feet thrust forward, presenting an object of great compassion. His wife was named Pakarli (blossom), corrupted by the whites Puc-caun-la.

The ancient Chickasaws, unlike the Choctaws, buried their dead soon after life became extinct; placing in the

grave with the corpse, if a man, his clothes, war and hunting implements, pipe and tobacco, and a few provisions; if a woman or child, the clothes and other little articles the deceased may have prized in life, and a few provisions. A Chickasaw widow mourned twelve full moons for her deceased husband, while the other relatives prolonged their mourning only three; at the close of which a Special Cry was appointed at night, which was kept up until the break of day; then the end of the hair of the mourners was clipped and a string handed to them with which they tied up their hair, which had been permitted to hang loose over their shoulders from the death of their kindred to the end of the three moons, the appointed time for mourning.

Suicide was sometimes committed by the ancient Chickasaws, but very seldom. When it was, it was invariably done with their favorite instrument of death, the rifle.

Many of their doctors were well informed in the medicinal properties of various herbs and roots found in nature's pharmacopoeia, and were remarkably successful in their practice, especially in cases of common fevers, the bite of snakes, and many other ills to which frail humanity is so subject everywhere; they were more skilful years ago than at the present day, relying principally upon the white doctors located among them.

But much practical sense would the best white physicians of the long ago have displayed, and much useful information obtained concerning the medicinal virtues of many herbs which Nature then presented in her wild botanical garden (now forever lost) if they had humbled their foolish pride of imagined superiority over the Indian enough to have studied his pharmacy a little more attentively.

When living in the ancient domains of their fathers the Chickasaws had many native women among them who practiced the healing art; and not a few of them became quite adepts in their profession. A few female physicians are still found among them.

Some of the most skillful doctors were regarded by their people as being not only wise in the knowledge of the medicinal properties of various herbs and roots which their boundless forests furnished so abundantly, but also gifted with the power of making it rain when so inclined; but they did not make as frequent illustrations of that power by actual experiment, as did some of the Choctaws.

As among all North American Indians, as far as I have been able to ascertain, so too had the Chickasaws those privileged personages, the Rain Maker, Medicine Man and the

Prophet, or Seer. The first, in seasons of protracted drouth, was invoked to exert his mysterious power to bring about an abundant shower; the second to interpret dreams and charm away spells, and the third to lift the veil from the dim and mystic future. But in this they differed not from all the human race whose minds had not been illuminated by the divine rays of the gospel of the Son of God.

The ancient manner of Chickasaw courtship was not very taxing upon the sensitiveness of the bashful, perspective groom; since, when he wished to make known to any young lady of his tribe the emotions of his heart in regard to her, he had but to send a small bundle of clothing carefully tied up in a large cotton handkerchief (similar in dimensions to a medium-sized table cloth, very common in those primitive days of ignorant bliss, when fashion and folly were unknown) by his mother or sister to the girl he desired to make his wife. This treasure of acknowledged love was immediately taken possession of by the mother of the wished-for bride and kept for a few days before presenting it to her daughter; and when presented, if accepted, it was a bona fide acknowledgement on her part of her willingness to accept him as her husband, of which confession he was at once duly notified; if otherwise, the subject was there and then forever dropped, and the disappointed and disconsolate swain found consolation in the privilege extended to all such cases, that of presenting another bundle of clothes wrapped in a similar mantle of cotton, to some other forest beauty in which his country so profusely abounded. But best of all, the swain, whether bold or timid, was always spared that fearful and dreaded ordeal of soliciting the "yes" of the "old folks," as his mother took that imperative and obnoxious duty upon herself, and was almost always successful in the accomplishment of the desired object. The coast being clear of all breakers, the elated lover painted his face in exact conformity to the latest and most approved style, donned his best suit, and sought the home of his betrothed with fluttering heart, who, strictly on the lookout, met him a few rods from the door, and proudly and heroically escorted him into the house where they, themselves, in the presence of friends and relatives, performed the marriage ceremony by the man presenting the woman with a ham of venison; or a part of some other eatable animal of the chase; she at the same time presenting him with an ear of corn, or sack of potatoes, all of which betokened the man should provide the household with meat, and the woman with bread. Thus they were made man and wife, and so considered by all.

The Chickasaws, as all the human race in all ages past, indulged in that time honored amusement, the dance. Their ancient national dances were the same as the Choctaws; Hoyopa-hihla (war-dance); Hakshup-hihla, (scalp-dance); Tolih-hihla, (ball-play dance); Tanschusi-hihla (green corn dance); Yunnushihla, (buffalo dance.) Then followed the social or fun-making dances, such as Akanka-hihla, (chicken dance); Issuba-hihla, (horse dance); Shut-tun-nih-hih-la (tick-dance); all of which excelled, in purity of sentiment, many of the civilized exotics, adopted by us, in this refined age of Christian progress, such as the "round-dance," etc., if all be true that is stated about them by those who still retain some idea of decency and respect for its just claims. But I judge only from hear-say, never having witnessed the "heart-refining and soul-elevating" performances.

In a few only of their social dances, all of which were performed in the open air, men and woman participated together. Rarely more than one musician at a time engaged in that department of the entertainment, whose music was of that quality which soon satisfied the ear of even the most fastidious; he sat sometimes on a block of wood, and sometimes on his mother earth, upon whose non-chiding bosom the dancers also as recklessly "tipped the fantastic toe," as he unyieldingly beat a little drum, accompanied its monotonous tones with his voice in a chanting kind of soothing lullaby, to the fascinating powers of which the dancers gave joyous heed.

The Chickasaws had two dances sacred to the women alone and in which they only engaged. One was called Itilusahihla (Blackwood dance); the other, Itakhalusahihla (Blackmouth dance), which, no doubt, might justly dispute for rivalry with their pale-face sisters, when in their partners' scientific embrace in the performance of the fashionable "round dance"—at least as far as external appearance indicates—judging only from "hearsay," however.

They also had a dance called Tanspichifah (crushed or pounded corn), in which various meats were mixed and cooked, now called Tarns-pe-sho-fah. This dance was only performed before the door of a house in which lay the sick and only indulged in at the injunction of the alikchi (doctor) who was attending the sick; this ancient dance of the years of the long past is still kept up among the Chickasaws by some of the full bloods.

When a doctor was called in to see a patient if after exerting his skill in the knowledge of the medicinal virtues known in nature's pharmacy, he found his patient gradually

growing worse, he ordered a Tanspichifah hihla. At once it was announced by sending messengers throughout the neighborhood, and the appointed day found the friends assembled. Then a straight line was drawn from the centre of the doorway of the house in which the sick was confined, to a smooth and straight pole fifteen or twenty feet in length, gaily decorated, that had been firmly set up eight or ten rods from the door. Two guards called Tishu, each armed with a long stout switch, were each stationed at the opposite end of the line, whose duty was to prevent anything, man or beast from crossing the mystic line either way. In the meantime a fire was kindled a short distance to one side over which was suspended a large iron vessel filled with pounded corn and meats. The ground having been previously and cleanly swept for a little distance each side of the line from the door to the erected pole, and all things being ready for the dance, the bed upon which the patient rested was drawn into a position in the room fronting the door, to give the patient full view of the merry dancers, see the gaily decorated pole, and hear the tones of the little drum as it responded to the quick and vigorous strokes of the musician; that thus the thoughts of the sick might be diverted from the depressing influences of the mind dwelling too long upon the malady with which he or she was afflicted. Then the Alikchi brought out two women from the house gaily decorated with ribbons and beads of various colors, and also having thimbles or rattles made of dry luksihakshup (terrapin shell) attached to their moccasins or the skirts of their dresses, and placed them together on one side of the line, while several men stationed themselves on the opposite side of the line; then the Alikchi returned to his duties in the sick room, the musician started his favorite tune on "his harp of" less than "a thousand strings," and the dancing commenced; the men confining their exercises strictly to one side of the line, and the two women to that of the other, each being extremely cautious not to step over its magic bounds. From one to two women only danced at the same time; when wearied they gave place to others to whom were handed the little bells or luksihakshups taken from their ankles and dresses, which the fresh dancers attached to their persons in like manner as the others had done.

The leader or director of the Tanspichifah was called Tikbahika (going first). The above generally commenced an hour or two before sun down and continued until the shades of twilight began to appear, then gave place to the partaking of refreshments found previously prepared in the iron vessel around which both dancers and spectators gath-

ered in happy merriment and partook (if so inclined) of the Tanspichifah repast. During the hours devoted to the dance, the doctor, true to his trust, had been attentive to the fluctuating symptoms of his patient; administering at one time a decoction of different herbs; at another, performing his mystic ceremonies, among which was the vigorous rattling of a dry gourd, into which had been placed some pebbles, over the head and around the body of his confiding patient, and squirting from his mouth, at different intervals, a quantity of the decoction upon the exposed breast of his patient. After the refreshments the dancing was resumed, but in the house instead of the yard, where it was kept up until a late hour of the night, all spectators being without; during which the monotonous tinkling and rattling of the thimble bells and terrapin shells, in discordant harmony with the indefeasible little drum, which gave forth its tones in seemingly inexhaustible quantities to the measured blows of the relentless and indefatigable musician, all mingling with the voices of the dancers chanting, E-yih-hah-heh! E-yih-hah-heh! was enough, it did seem, to kill or cure; or, at least, to forever put to flight the "Evil Spirit" which the worthy disciple of Esculapius had declared to be present, and baffled his healing skill by counteracting the efficacy of his medicines and mystic ceremonies.

However, if the patient recovered, in spite of all the din produced by the contest between the doctor and the "Evil Spirit" for the victory, the doctor bore off the palm; and his skill was deservedly undisputed, his reputation justly established and the honor of his profession nobly maintained. But if otherwise, and the "Evil Spirit" won the victory by counteracting the virtues of his medicines and mystic ceremonies, causing the death of his patient, the doctor, unwilling still to yield the palm of victory to the "Evil Spirit," readily, as a worthy guardian of the reputation of his high calling, found a more honorable cause for his defeat than that by an "Evil Spirit," and, what was still better, more suitable to the credulity of his patrons—even as many of his pale-faced brothers of like profession; therefore, he solemnly and with great gravity announced that his patient had been shot by an Isht-ul-bih (Witch-ball) from an invisible rifle in the hands of an invisible witch which left no visible signs of its mysterious power; but the secret effects of which were beyond the skill of any and all human doctors, to which his dupes gave ready assent; and thus the reputation of the invisible and indefeasible power of the hattakyushpakummi (Witch) was confirmed, and the alikchi was enabled to come

out of the contest with a reputation unimpaired, to his entire satisfaction, and so the matter ended.

The ancient Chickasaws, like the Choctaws, had their specified cries over the graves of their dead. At the day appointed, the relatives, friends and neighbors assembled and one little group after another took their seats on the ground in a circle around the grave, then drew their shawls and blankets over their heads and commenced their doleful lamentations, which must be seen and heard to form any just idea of the scene. The "cry" continued for several days and nights, then terminated with a feast; after which the name of the deceased was pronounced no more. The dead are with the past; for them how fruitless our despair, was their final and just conclusion.

The Chickasaw mother, as her Choctaw sister, was blessed in one particular amid all her trials. She, too, was exempt from the curse which the Sacred Writings declare was imposed upon parturition; and the necessity of a doctor or midwife on such occasion was unknown. A woman, about to become a mother, retired to some private place alone, and in a few hours returned with her child, and quietly resumed her occupations.

The ancient Chickasaws, unlike their kindred, the Choctaws, entertained no superstitious views in regard to the eclipse of the sun or moon; regarding it as a phenomenon inexplicable, and to be the height of folly to be alarmed and worried over that which they had no control—a sensible conclusion indeed. They called an eclipse, either of sun or moon, *hushi luma* (sun hidden). Sometimes a total eclipse of the sun was termed *hushi illi* (dead sun), and sometimes *hushi kunia* (lost sun). They called the moon *hushi ninak aya* (the sun of the night).

The traditions of the Chickasaws are silent in regard to the flood; at least nothing has been preserved upon that subject. Rather strange! since the Choctaws, to whom they were so closely allied by consanguinity, and the Cherokees, Muscogeas, Shawnees and many other tribes spoke of it in their traditions.

Pakitakohlih (hanging grapes), from which the present town Pontotoc, Mississippi, derived its name, was a town known to the French, in the days of Bienville, by the name *Chikasahha*; and afterwards to the English as "Chickasaw Old Town"; then to the Americans as "The Chickasaw Old Fields"; and was, according to Chickasaw tradition (no doubt correct) the same "Old Town" in which De Soto wintered with his army in 1540, and over whose heads the Chickasaws burned to expel him from their territories, after his insolent

and unjust demand; but which they afterwards rebuilt. The venerable "Old Town" was known to the Spaniards at an early day by the name Chicaco; and truly no spot of ground in the Southern States has deservingly greater military fame than "Old Chicaco." This ancient town of the Chickasaws was located, in the years of the far back, upon the banks of a little stream to which they also gave the name Pakitakohlih, on account of the profusion of wild grapes that hung in tempting clusters upon its shady banks; and though nothing now remains to tell where the ancient "Chicaco" once stood, and "Ilium Fuit" is all that is remembered of its eventful history, still Pakitakohlih continues its gentle meanderings by the perished city of the dead, as the only imperishable monument of Chickasaw patriotism, gently murmuring its lowly requiem to its departed shades, while the winged harmonist of the South (hushi bulbaha—mocking bird) is still seen lingering around the scene caroling its orchestral hymns of nature that once waked the dark-eyed Chickasaw maiden to inhale the morning air laden with the sweet perfumes of a world of flowers, and cheered the early hunter as he started on the dubious chase.

But where are they, the once numerous, free and happy Chickasaws, who, in the years gone by, stood alone and maintained their independence eighteen years against the combined efforts of the French and their Indian allies to carry out their nefarious designs, "Extermination to the Chickasaw Nation," but were defeated and driven back as oft as they put their hostile feet upon Chickasaw soil? They too, with their chivalry and glory, have passed away leaving no trace behind them, except in the little handful that still survives, yet retaining to the last the same chivalrous unyielding, and unconquerable spirit of their noble ancestors two centuries ago; and though

"No storied urn, no sculptured stone,
No marble record of their fame
Tells of their deeds; but not unknown,
Have passed away without a name
Those heroes bold, for every stream
That murmurs by, with scarce a motion,
Like the sweet memory of a dream,
Bears a soft Indian name to ocean."

As to the Choctaws two years before, so to the Chickasaws, places of rendezvous were appointed in different localities at which they were commanded to congregate, preparatory to their being driven off; and, like flocks of sheep for the slaughter, they were herded together in little groups under the guidance of their respective chiefs, who, one after

another, moved off with his little band towards the setting sun, cruelly banished from their ancient homes, and without the shadow of a just or reasonable cause. Here was seen a disconsolate mother calling her unconscious children from their childish and joyous gambols beneath the forest oaks to fall into ranks with a starting group; then, as she took her place in file, turned her face again and again to take one more long lingering look upon the loved scenes of her youth and advanced years; while the loud laugh of the white teamsters, who accompanied them, at some rough remark made by some one of their number when driving by, jarred like a discord in some mournful tune upon that mother's heart, but aroused her not from her reveries.

How true it is that often the heaviest burdens of life are those at which the world laughs, but of which the over-weighted heart cannot and will not speak! There are some misfortunes—some sorrows—that dwarf all others; and such indeed were those of the Chickasaws when defrauded of their ancient homes, and bade depart, they knew not where. They saw only merciless force behind them, and blind chance before them; which, like that in nature, smites with the tornado the lonely forest or the peopled country. They had the courage to rush to arms against the wrong and in defense of their rights, but knew too well how futile would be their effort; yet they felt like they would rather even make the effort to push back an avalanche than cower before it. But alas, the dark shadows of an evil future never before had spread over them as now; but it seemed they were coming nearer and nearer, closing in, remorseless and relentless, stealing upon them like vindictive, unpitied foes. It was indeed a time of sad, yet cherished memories with them—a memory, cherished with love and honor, still only a memory. Truly, where else is there so human, so enthralling grief that so wrings the spectator's heart!

There, too, was seen the brave warrior and fearless hunter, as he turned away from his hunting grounds with its many objects sacred to memory and dear to his heart, taking his place in front of his family circle; and as they bade their final adieu to the graves of their ancestors, their homes and native land, inherited from a long line of noble ancestry, they moved off in silence with not an eye moistened with a tear, nor emotion depicted on a countenance. And though it belongs to the Indian's nature to conceal his emotions of grief, and he refrains from tears, yet none feel more deeply or are subject to more intense agony of soul, or possess deeper affection of heart than the North American Indian. I speak from personal knowledge gained

from personal acquaintance and association during a life of over seventy-five years with the Choctaws and Chickasaws; and what is said of them may be said with equal truth of the entire North American Indian race.

The Indian's emotions may well and justly be compared to the hidden fires in the deep caverns of the volcano, whose existence is not known till the fiery torrent breaks its bounds and the consuming streams of lava roll over cities, towns and villages.

In all that assembled throng, where noble forms and fearless hearts sat erect and silent, with stern faces and tearless eyes, there was not a single Chickasaw, man or woman, who would not have accepted death in any form, or to endure in any degree—even that of burning at the stake (a bold assertion, yet I make it in confidence of its truth)—if by such a sacrifice or suffering he or she could have rescued the country of their inheritance and the home of their nativity from the grasp of the White Race and given it as a sure possession to their people. Let blissful ignorance smile with incredulity, and concealed prejudice sneer, since nothing more nor less can be expected of such.

And I know also that they would have resisted to the last warrior the arbitrary power that drove them from their ancient possession had but a ray of hope promised success. But there was none, not even a feeble glimmering; therefore they bowed submissively to the decree of the Great Spirit (as they affirmed) and turned from the land dearer than life to go to that which they had never seen and did not love; and the grand old forest, as they left it with robes of green and autumnal vesture of beauty and myriads of game which nature had reared and fed for the benefit of her forest children, soon also melted away before the white man's love of destruction of all that is public, as dry stubble before the fire, all—Chickasaws, forests and game—disappeared, to be seen no more.

But did they leave behind them the religion of the World's Redeemer as taught them by the faithful missionaries? Not at all. They took it with them as their most sacred treasure, and worshipped the God of their salvation under the canopies of the forest oaks in the wilderness of their new homes for a few years. Then arose, here and there, amid the forests a log cabin church and a school-house, over which waved the defying flags bearing the motto, Onward, and upward, with undeviating faith and unwearied patience from this dark and shadowy vale of doubt and fear to that blissful immortality whence comes the Eternal Truth.

Next, in regular succession, comes a sufficiency of commodious and comfortable churches and school-houses; and 1861 found them a thoroughly civilized, Christianized, prosperous, contented and happy people. Then came our civil war, into which we dragged them, *vi et armis*, and out of which we sent them stripped of everything. Yet, Phoenix like, again they arose from the ashes of desolation and stood once more as a people whose indomitable resolution is unsurpassed in the annals of mankind.

But still not satisfied, we again have entered their little garden of contentment, with the determination, this time, to divide their lands in severalty as the introductory wedge to the destruction of their nationality and our immediate possession of their country, hurling them headlong, without chart or compass, sail or rudder, to shift for themselves among a race who possess but one characteristic "get money," and but one belief "no good Indian but a dead Indian."

But, as that of the Choctaw country, so it may equally and truly be said that a more beautiful and richer country could not be portrayed on the canvass of nature than was also that of the Chickasaws now forming the north half of the State of Mississippi. They, as the Choctaws, annually burned the grass of their forests throughout their entire country; and thus the landscape was unobscured by any wood undergrowth whatever, while the tall forest trees, standing so thick as to shade the entire ground, spread their giant arms over the thick carpet of grass beneath, variegated with innumerable flowers of all colors arraying the earth in wild beauty, and filling the air with fragrance; while the incessant and merry warblings of their untaught orchestra (nature's dowry) from the unwearied throats of innumerable and gaily plumaged birds, fascinated the scene and made the heart glad; and in the autumn season, the Indian summer of those days of seventy-five years ago, when the sun rose a coppered disk, casting no shadow until risen several degrees above the horizon; then, as it declined toward the west, passing through all shades from a bright gold to blood red and becoming invisible an hour or two before it sank below the western sky; nature was still not without its attractive beauties, though the foliage had changed to bronze by the kiss of winter frosts; on every side grapes, muscadines, plums, persimmons of excellent flavor, and other autumnal fruits in rich profusion greeted the eye and gratified the taste of the most fastidious, while the reproachful chatterings and nimble gambols of the numberless squirrels that gaily sported among the extended branches of their

native woods; and the herds of deer and flocks of turkeys that roamed o'er the uplands, and amid the tangled canebrakes on the water courses where the bear, panther, catamount, wolf and innumerable smaller animals made their homes, all invited the hunter to the enjoyment of an endless variety of wild and fascinating amusement unsurpassed in the annals of a hunter's paradise. Truly, that is happiness which breaks not the link between man and nature.

For several years after the departure of the Chickasaws not a vestige of change was seen; no sound of the woodman's ax, or even the distant crowing of the domestic cock announcing the approach of white civilization, broke the profound silence of the vast forests, undisturbed by man, yet swarming with animal life. Travel where you would, though no sign indicating the presence of man was seen, yet you felt not alone; above you countless warblers rendered the air resonant with the wild but sweet music of nature's harmony; before you the wild turkey flapped his broad wings carelessly and seemed only to change his position that he might the better observe the actions and ascertain the intentions of the new and white-faced intruders upon his ancient heritage; while here and there droves of deer crossed and re-crossed your path at different intervals, sometimes running with fleetest feet, at others quietly grazing, then gaily gamboling in the tall, waving grass which, to an imaginative mind, might have appeared as Naiads sporting upon the wind-disturbed bosom of some enchanted lake; and, as evening let her curtains down and twilight shades appeared, the ancient bird of the goddess Minerva hooted his accustomed lays of wisdom, as a reminder that familiarity breeds contempt and sometimes worse; therefore, in commendable modesty, sought safety in prudential distance, leaving you alone to your reflections. Such scenes and sounds greeted the eye and regaled the ear of the traveler as he plodded his way through the wilderness of Chickasaw and Choctaw forests as handed to the White Race seventy years ago by that noble race of people when banished to the West by arbitrary power, in 1832 and '36, and where their condition, for several years, was little better than that of the hapless seamen who had been put ashore by their comrades upon some desolate island far out in the ocean. Yet it was declared to be just and right, since the "progress of Christianity and white civilization demanded it."

Who that beheld that lovely land and enjoyed its romantic scenes, but still delights to dwell in memory upon its former charms, as it then lay in all its primitive loveliness and glory, fitted up and bequeathed by the Great

Spirit to his Chickasaw children for their abode; but out of which they were cruelly and shamefully defrauded by the United States in a treaty concluded October 20th, 1832, at the Council House on Pakitakalih Creek and ratified March 1st, 1833, by the United States Senate.

This treaty having the same designs against the Chickasaws, and as effectually accomplished as that against the Choctaws two years before on the banks of Bok Clukfi Luma Hihlah, September 28th, 1830, was made and entered into by John Eaton and John Coffee, on the part of the United States, and seventy-three members of the Council, on the part of the Chickasaw Nation.

There were four Chickasaw families at that day, as I was informed by Governor Cyrus Harris, who kept their houses so neatly, and their yards so free of all grass, weeds and rubbish of all kinds, that they were called by the whites, "The clean house Indians." Three of the heads of the four families were brothers, and the other a brother-in-law to the three. The chief or the head man of the four families was named Chikasah nana ubih (pro. Chik-a-sah nar-nar-ub-ih, and sig. A Chickasaw who kills anything), and his two brothers, the one Ishkitahah (pro. Ish-ke-tar-bah and sig. No mother or mother gone.) The other, Innih-towa (pro. In-nih-to-wah, sig. Warm the ball,) The brother-in-law was named Aiyuka ubih (pro. Ai-yu-kah ubih and sig. Each one kill, or to kill each one).

At an early day a few white men of culture and of good morals, fascinated with the wild and romantic freedom and simplicity of the Chickasaw life, cast their lot among that brave and patriotic nation of people.

I read an article published in Mississippi a few years ago, which stated that a man by the name of McIntosh, commissioned by British authorities to visit the Chickasaw Nation and endeavor to keep up its ancient hostility to the French, was so delighted with the customs and manners of that brave, free and hospitable people that, after the accomplishment of his mission, he remained among them; then marrying a Chickasaw woman he became identified with the tribe; that he became an influential character among the Chickasaws; that he found the whole Nation living in one large village in the "Chickasaw Old Fields"; that he persuaded them to scatter, take possession of the most fertile and watered lands, and live where game was more plentiful; that he planted a colony at a place called Tokshish (corruption of Takshi-pro. Tark-shih, and sig. Bashful) several miles south of Pontotoc; that this colony became the

favorite residence of the white renegades, etc. All of which is without even a shadow of truth.

True, a man by the name of McIntosh once visited the Chickasaw Nation as stated; but, after his diplomacy was accomplished, departed and returned no more. There never was a McIntosh identified in any way with the Chickasaws at that early day, nor has there been one from that day to this. The only white men adopted and identified with the Chickasaws at that early day were James Gunn, Logan Colbert, John Gilchrist, Malcomb McGee, James Allen and John Bynum, and their descendants are still among the Chickasaws. An aged daughter of John Bynum, with whom I am personally acquainted, as also with her children, was, in 1890, still hovering upon the stage of human life, as bright an example of true Christian piety as ever waited for the Divine Master's final summons to a blissful immortality.

At the time of the establishment of the Christian Mission among the Chickasaws under the jurisdiction of that noble and true Christian philanthropist, Rey. T. C. Stuart, Malcomb McGee (erroneously published as Malcomb McGeche) was a venerable and highly venerated character among the appreciative Chickasaws of all true moral worth. He was born, according to his own statements, of Scotch parents in the city of New York about the year 1757. Shortly after his parents arrived in America, his father enlisted in the Colonial army in an expedition against the French, and was killed at the storming of Ticonderoga, only a few months before young Malcomb was born.

About this time marvelous rumors of the vast and magnificent plains of Illinois, covered by innumerable herds of buffalo, wild horses, deer and great varieties of other wild animals, excited the cupidity of the adventurous, and a company of enthusiasts resolved to go to that imagined earthly paradise, among whom was the young widow McGee. In those days of the distant past, to reach that point in the "far west" from New York, New Orleans had first to be reached by sea; thence up the Mississippi river by a keel-boat worked by hand, which took months of arduous toil and great privation to make a voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis. The adventurous journey, however, was undertaken and successfully accomplished by those lovers of the romantic. But in that then world of wilderness the young widow McGee soon found herself reduced to extreme poverty, with none near who were able to assist her. At this time a man by the name of McIntosh visited the distant little colony on the Illinois river; learning her distressful situation, and moved with pity, he advised her to let him adopt young Malcomb

as his own son under the promise of being a father to the boy in raising and educating him. In her extreme poverty and feeble prospects of doing anything for him in regard to an education, she finally consented, but with great reluctance, and gave Malcomb, then about ten years of age, to the care and guardianship of McIntosh. But what an ordeal for that mother's heart and that orphan boy, who had never seen his father, as cruel fate now decrees their separation (which proved a final one), the one to remain in the wilderness of the west; the other to go with a stranger to a wilderness far in the east, to the land of the Muscogees, among whom McIntosh had selected his future home; and afterwards marrying among them was adopted and became one of that warlike people, whose descendants from that day to this have been a prominent family among the Muscogees, now known as the Creeks.

How different were those white men of that early day who cast their lot among the southern Indians from those who, of later years, have sought, and still seek, citizenship among that people! The former sought the moral advancement of the people among whom they had cast their lot; and who, when followed by the self-sacrificing missionaries, did all they could to assist them in the promulgation of religion and education among their newly adopted people—being like them free of all avarice; the latter being influenced wholly through selfish motives, without a thought or care for the good of the Indians, have ever been, and still are, a withering blight upon the labors of the missionaries—a mildew upon their hopes and a curse, in the plurality of cases, to the Indians upon whom they intrude, as far as virtue and morality are concerned. Alas! through what an ordeal has the Red Race of the North American continent been forced to pass since first made acquainted with the White.

But true to his trust, the generous McIntosh proved a father and faithful friend to the homeless orphan Malcomb, and, a few years after his return to the Muscogees, took him to Mobile, then occupied by the French, and placed him in a school under the jurisdiction of a French family, who, shortly after his guardian had left became so tyrannical, oppressive and abusive, that young Malcomb resolved to free himself from their cruelty by bidding them an informal adieu which would place him forever beyond their power; and soon he embraced the opportunity presented, to put his resolutions into effect, by some Indian traders visiting Mobile, to whom he attached himself on their return, and thus was enabled to rejoice again in the freedom of a forest home, among that race of people who never forsook a

homeless and friendless orphan. He did not, however, return to his former home under the roof of his benefactor, McIntosh, but stopped among the Choctaws with whom he remained several years, during which he married a Choctaw maiden by the name of Kanah hoyo (a seeker for somebody). He lived happily with Kanahhoyo for several years, who then dying, he returned to the Chickasaws, his old friends, and solicited citizenship which was readily and cheerfully granted. After living with them a few years, he married a Chickasaw widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, who was the oldest daughter of Molly Oxberry, and the mother of Governor Cyrus Harris, of the Chickasaw Nation.

Malcomb McGee acted interpreter to the Chickasaws in all their negotiations with the United States for nearly forty years. He was greatly attached to the Rev. T. C. Stuart, and when the Chickasaws were driven from their homes to their present ones Malcomb McGee resolved to remain with Mr. Stuart; and in his yard he lived nearly twelve years in a neat little log house erected by his noble missionary friend for his special use and benefit. But about the year 1848 his daughter and her husband paid him a visit from their western home, and on their return persuaded him to return with them to their western home, but he survived only a year after his arrival. He died in the ninety-second year of his age and was buried at Old Boggy Depot, in the land of the Choctaws, also his long and faithful friends; and of Malcomb McGee and his Chickasaw and Choctaw friends, it well may be said:

“He that does the best his circumstances allow,

“Does well; acts nobly; Angels could do no more.”

James Gunn, whose name is commemorated in that of a town called Gunntown, situated in Lee county, Mississippi, was one among the six white men previously mentioned, who at an early day cast their lot of life among the Chickasaw people, preferring the happy freedom of that heroic nation of people to all that was offered among their own race. James Gunn was a native Virginian, and also a fearless and indomitable loyalist, who stood for the crown in the troubled days of Charles the First and the Roundheads; and when the revolution proved triumphant, and the rising glory of these United States had been announced, and also seemed summoned to take their position among the great nations of earth, the old royalist, disdaining the society of successful rebels, bade an adieu forever to the home of his youth, and sought a more congenial one among the true native sons and freemen of North America. He secured a wife among the

wild forest flowers of the noted Chickasaw beauties of that long ago, selecting one named Okashuah (Stinking Water); a name, though not of classic fame or enviable signification, it is reasonable to presume, yet did not detract from her merits as an amiable and devoted wife and mother in any particular whatever. They had only one daughter, named Molly, who married a Cherokee warrior named Oxberry, and her oldest daughter by this marriage was named Elizabeth, who became the mother of Governor Cyrus Harris; and another of her daughters, by the same marriage, was, in 1890, living near Colbert Station, Chickasaw Nation, I. T., at the advanced age of ninety-six, and is known as Grandma Alberson. Molly was also the mother of the celebrated Chickasaw beauty named Rhoda. James Gunn died in 1826; his age has not been preserved; but, it is said, he was a very old man at the time of his death.

Many young white sprigs who visited the Chickasaw Nation with the view of speculation, when they saw Rhoda, the Chickasaw belle, the fairest rose that bloomed in the forests wild of that romantic age, felt their visions of lands, negroes, mules, cotton bales and speedy fortunes vanish as mists before the morning sun; and though they sighed and wooed, gazed in meditative solitude at the moon and stars, and in hours of thoughtful mood gave birth to imaginative verse on the Chickasaw nymph,

“Whose glossy locks to shame might bring

“The plumage of the raven’s wing,”

and in humble, yet loving, attitude, with promises many and fair, solicited her heart and hand, but ’twas all in vain. The inexorable Rhoda could not fancy those sprigs of white nobility, nor judge a single one of them as a better substitute for a husband than many of the Chickasaw youths who had never felt the blighting curse of avarice, nor would sacrifice a friend at the shrine of its demands; therefore turned away from them and gave her youthful heart to one of her own race, Samuel Colbert, a son of Major James Colbert; the exodus of her people soon following her nuptial day, she, with them, bade a final adieu to the fair scenes of her joys and soon the loveliness of the forest flower passed from the memory of its former admirers as the evening star behind the western hills—to be thought of “Never More.” She became the mother of one daughter, but after living several years with her husband a final separation, from some unknown cause, took place between her and her husband. Several years after which she married a man by the name of Joseph Potts, who took a dose of strychnine through mistake for

quinine, in 1862, while at the house of Governor Cyrus Harris, and died from its effects in half an hour. A son of Governor Harris found the vial of strychnine in the road a few rods from the house and brought it in, believing it to be a vial of quinine some one had accidentally dropped, and hence the fatal and lamentable result.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CYRUS HARRIS, EX-GOVERNOR OF
THE CHICKASAW NATION.

Cyrus Harris, who was of the House Emisha taluyah (pro. E, we, mish-ar, beyond, ta-larn-yah, putting it down) was born, as he stated to me, three miles south of Pontotoc, Mississippi, on the 22nd of August, 1817. He died at his home on Mill Creek, Chickasaw Nation. He lived with his mother until the year 1827, when he was sent to school at the Monroe Missionary Station, at the time that Rev. Thomas C. Stuart, that noble Christian missionary and Presbyterian minister, had charge of the school, and in which many Chickasaw youths, both male and female, were being educated. In 1828, he was taken to the state of Tennessee by Mr. Hugh Wilson, a minister also of the Old School Presbyterian faith and order, and placed in an Indian school located on a small stream called Roberson Fork, in the county of Giles. This humble little Indian school was taught by a man named William R. McNight. Cyrus, at the close of the year 1829, had only been taught the rudiments of an English education, to spell in the spelling-book and read in the New Testament. In the early part of the year 1830, he took up the study of geography and reading in the first and second readers, which terminated his school-boy days, as he returned home that year and never attended school again. When he returned to his home he found it vacated; but learned that his mother had moved to a place near a little lake then known as Ishtpufahaiyip (pro. Isht-poon-fah, Horn, haiyip, lake), eighteen miles south-west of the present city of Memphis, Tennessee. Thither he at once turned his steps, and soon found his mother in her new home, where he remained but a short time (then thirteen years of age) as he was soon sent to stay a while with an old lady as company for her, whose husband a short time before, had been killed by a Choctaw who had been adopted by the Chickasaws.

Cyrus remained a few months with the bereaved widow, but he became so lonely, there being no neighbors nearer than three miles, that his boyish heart could endure it no longer; though he amused himself the best he could by hunting and shooting rabbits, squirrels and birds with his bow

and arrows, often visiting his mother living a few miles distant. He again returned to his mother but to remain a short time as before; as his uncle by marriage, Martin Colbert, a most excellent man employed him to come and assist him with his stock.

Cyrus Harris who spoke both the Chickasaw and English languages, having learned from a friend that there was a demand for interpreters, sought at once the land office established at Pontotoc, three miles from the home of his birth, and fortunately succeeded in securing a position as clerk in a dry goods store, and also to interpret for one John Bell, who was then Surveyor General, but kept a trading house. He remained only a short time as clerk, for he soon obtained a more lucrative position in that of acting as interpreter for the deputies of John Bell and one Robert Gordon who were partners in buying lands. At this time the United States Agent and the Chickasaw commissioners were busy in locating lands. Land speculators followed up the agent and commissioners, that no opportunity might be lost in which a profitable speculation might be made.

Cyrus Harris now became an indispensable personage in the firm of Bell & Gordon. In 1839 the land sales were brought to a close and the Chickasaws were then informed, without equivocation, that their room was more desired than their presence; and as nothing more could be made out of them, they could now go West or to the devil, it made no difference which, so they were expeditious in the matter. Cyrus Harris was appointed as one of the interpreters to inform the Chickasaws to meet at once in council and appoint the day in which they would depart from their ancient heritage, now passed into the hands of the Philistines; and the long cherished and loved scenes that make life doubly dear to the heart. The Whites having now no longer need of the cloak of friendship and good will to hide the hideous deformity of their hypocrisy, hurled it from them with unassumed disgust and stood forth in their native ugliness.

The Chickasaws at once took up their line of march westward, feeling that rather than abide such a tempest of rascality as was daily exhibited before their eyes in the wild and crazy scuffle for a few acres of earth by which to quench their raging thirst for gain, they would flee even from heaven did such a stream of strife and corruption threaten an entrance there.

On the first of November, 1837, Cyrus Harris, with his mother and a family of friends, left forever their homes and native country, now in the clutches of their assumed friends, the Whites, to join the emigration, then awaiting transporta-

tion at Memphis, Tennessee, which soon arrived, and the greater part of the Chickasaws, under the jurisdiction of one A. Upshaw, the emigration agent, left for Fort Coffee, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, by way of steamboats. Cyrus Harris and mother, with a few other families, went through by land to Fort Coffee. When they had arrived there they learned that their friends were encamped near Schullyville (Schully, a corruption of the word Tuli—the full word being Tuliholisso—money paper, or paper money; a place where the Government paid them their annuities), but the “ville” part of it is unquestionably English.

Harris remained in camp at Schullyville about two weeks; then, with several families, started to find a desirable place for settling, and finally located on Blue river. This was in 1838. While living there he was induced to enter the political arena of his country. In 1850 a council was convened at Boiling Springs, in Ponola (Cotton) county, in which he was appointed to accompany Edmond Pickens to Washington City to arrange some national business, which proved ineffectual from some injudicious recommendation.

On returning home Mr. Harris sold his place on Blue river and settled at Boggy Depot. He resided there a year, and again sold out and moved to a point on Pennington Creek, about a mile west of Tishomingo, where he remained until November, 1855. Not satisfied there, he once more sold and moved to a place on Mill creek, where he still lived in 1884. In 1854 he was again appointed a delegate, with several others, to Washington City. In 1856, after the adoption of the Chickasaw Constitution, he was elected governor of the Chickasaw Nation. Having served two years, with commendable discretion and sound judgment, he was re-elected, and filled the gubernatorial chair for two more years, sustaining himself with equal credit and honor, after which he was elected two more terms, serving his people with the same integrity. During his four terms of eight years, peace, harmony and prosperity prevailed throughout the Chickasaw Nation.

In 1876 ex-Governor Cyrus Harris was again brought before the Chickasaw people as a candidate for the office of Governor, but was defeated by his opponent, B. F. Overton, who served his people faithfully and satisfactorily through his first term, and at the next election was re-elected. In 1880 Cyrus Harris was again brought out by his friends, contrary to his wishes, and was pronounced elected by the Legislature, but, it was said, votes were counted out just enough to illegally elect his friend, B. C. Burney, a man highly esteemed by the people. Ex-Governor Harris then and there

announced that he had forever withdrawn from the political field, and he has strictly adhered to his determination.

Since writing the above the sad tidings of the death of ex-Governor Cyrus Harris, that noble patriot and true philanthropist, was announced in the following obituary:

"Died at his residence, Mill Creek, Chickasaw Nation, Friday, the 6th, Cyrus Harris, ex-governor of the Chickasaws. He was buried on the 7th inst. at the family cemetery in Mill Creek."

"To record the passage from life to eternity is the saddest and gravest duty that falls to the lot of the journalist. The more so, when he announces the death of one whose loss will be deeply and widely regretted; one beloved of all men, whose place can never be filled in the homes and hearts of his people. In recording the death of ex-Governor Harris, we are fully aware of this fact; for not within the range of man's recollection has any member of the Chickasaw tribe impressed himself so favorably, so deeply and effectually upon his generation.

"His public and private character were wrought in the same mould; both equally incorruptible. The low, the base, the avaricious, were elements foreign to his existence, while the chambers of his heart were ever lighted for the reception of such warm impulses and philanthropic ideas as are rarely met with, save in natures of the noblest type. Despite his progressive ideas, Cyrus Harris was an Indian in the truest sense, a patriot and a leader of his people. His country was his greatest care; so whether engaged in legislature, in administration, or dwelling peaceably in his humble cottage, his heart and brain were alike harnessed to his country's welfare. His generosity and his self-sacrifice were finely displayed in his last executive act. His election by the people being disputed by the House, in order to avoid political trouble, he withdrew and retired into private life.

"There is no reward in this world for that which is incorruptible; naught save the approbation of the good and the wise. But how meager that reward, after a lifetime of unselfish labor. Therefore, may the wish grow spontaneously in every sorrowing heart, that a new and everlasting recompense lies within reach of the departed chief.

"To the grief-stricken relatives of Governor Harris, and to the Nation that mourns a true friend and a wise counselor, the Independent offers its most sincere and lasting sympathy."

Verily, that no truer words than the above ever formed an obituary, may safely be said, is the universal response of all who were personally acquainted with him who forms

this subject, a man, though a North American Indian, of whose race ignorance and egotism declare there is none good but those dead, yet unsurpassed in noble virtues, moral stamina and social graces; and whom neither flatteries, nor censures, proffered wealth nor homes, could seduce from the path of virtue and honor.

Logan Colbert married a native Chickasaw woman by whom he had four sons, George, John, William and Levi; all of whom arose to prominence and exerted a salutary influence among their people, and became men of authority and distinction. He also had another son by a second marriage, named James, who fell not behind his distinguished brothers.

Why Logan Colbert came to cast his lot at so early an age and so far from the land of his nativity, among the people so remote from all the English settlements, are problems that never will be solved, though it may be conjectured with some show of probability, that he came with some of the early English traders and adventurers who assisted the Chickasaws in their wars against the French. At an early day he was a renowned leader among them, and to that degree of celebrity, that one of the names given to the Mississippi river by the early French writers, during the days of their wars with that people with whom he had identified himself, was *Rivere de Colbert* sustaining the conjecture, that Logan Colbert was the name of the most famous chief among the Chickasaws; who at that time swayed the sceptre of absolute authority over the country along the east banks of the Mississippi river to the great annoyance and danger of the French in ascending and descending that mighty stream. Though little else of the life of Logan Colbert has escaped oblivion, except he lived, he died; yet his name has been handed down to posterity in that of his noble line of descendants, who figure upon the pages of Chickasaw history as being among the influential families of that Nation.

Colonel George Colbert, in the prosperous days of the Chickasaw people, lived three or four miles west of what is now known as the town of Tupelo, Mississippi, (Tupelo is a corruption of Tuhpulah—To call or shout). George Colbert became to be the most wealthy of the four brothers and was, in his personal appearance and manners, very prepossessing. He did not act in any public capacity, yet he exerted a great personal influence as a private citizen. He was a true conservative in sentiment and in spirit. He regarded his people, the Chickasaws, uninfluenced by the Whites and uncontaminated by their vices, as having reached the point of national progress most favorable to virtue and earthly hap-

piness; therefore, he opposed all innovations as an evil which wisdom, virtue and patriotism loudly disapproved; and seemingly with much justice, since the Chickasaws (like the Choc-taws) were a virtuous people before the Whites came and introduced their vices among them; therefore, he was an outspoken enemy to missions, to schools, to whiskey, in short, to all the good as well as the evils that were being imported into his then happy country, having learned by experience and observation that the evil introduced by the Whites counterbalanced the good in point of amount as five to one; yet he failed to shape the policy of his Nation in accordance with his views, for the missionaries came and introduced Christianity and established it upon a firm basis in spite of the whiskey-traders and others who followed closely in their wake, with all their concomitant vices, who seemed to delight in thwarting the noble efforts of those devoted and self-sacrificing men of God (even as they do at the present day), that they might the more easily drag the Indians down to their own degraded level.

To escape the demoralizing influences of such degraded characters, and not the missionaries, did George Colbert advocate the emigration of his people to the remote wilds of the west, where he hoped and believed the evil tide of innovation would be arrested which threatened to engulf his people, if they remained in their ancient domains, and sweep away in its mighty current of iniquity all the Chickasaw old land marks of their moral foundations. In that distant land, so remote (then considered) from the whites, he fondly cherished the belief that his nation would throw off the manners and customs of the whites which they had already adopted, and return to the old paths of that simplicity of life in which their progenitors had walked for ages unknown. But he was doomed to disappointment, for not only the missionaries went with his people to their new homes to be found in the west, but the whiskey peddler and his congenial spirits, not to be thus cheated out of their victims, soon followed on their track with the zeal of their master, the devil, where they have been hovering around the outskirts of the Chickasaw Nation, and often sneaking within, from that day to this, as they have been doing around in the territories of all Indians; and though the Chickasaw people, alike with all their race, have had to fight the devil and his imps in an unequal contest, being hampered by the government of the United States in its laws regarding its worthy sons of freedom, whose proclivities lead them to indulge their "glorious independence" regardless of all laws and every principle of truth, justice and honor, in regard to whiskey in particular;

yet the Chickasaws and Choctaws have made that wilderness, to which they were banished, blossom as the rose, while George Colbert sleeps beneath the soil under the shades of the forest trees in the present country of his noble people, the Chickasaws. He lived and died firmly adhering to the principles which he believed to be the greatest interest to his country. He was a true patriot, and loved the simple manners of the olden times, and could not yield them to give place to modern customs with their accompanying vices; and who can blame him? Alas! the Indians, everywhere on this North American continent, have been compelled to pay a higher price for the few crumbs of Christianity that they have been allowed to pick up and convert to the use of their starving souls than any race of people that ever lived, since the divine command of the world's Redeemer bade his apostles, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel."

General William Colbert was a man of a military turn of character, and in that capacity rose to considerable distinction in the "Creek War" of 1814. He won the confidence of General Andrew Jackson in that war, by his manly bearing and noble conduct, and was presented by Jackson, as a testimonial of his esteem, with a fine military coat made after the American style, which Colbert carefully kept to the close of his life as one among the most highly treasured relics of the past, and only wore it on important national occasions. He lived a few miles south of a little place then known as Tokshish a corruption of the word Takshi, (bashful). He died in 1826, honored by his people while living, and mourned by them when dead as an irreparable national loss.

Major Levi Colbert resided near a place then known as Cotton Gin. He was truly a man wise in the councils of his Nation and valiant in defense of his Nation's rights. In early manhood, or rather in boyhood, he was elevated by an act of gallantry to the high position of "Itta wamba micco," as has been so oft published by different writers, and meaning, as given in the wisdom of their interpretation, "Bench Chief, or King of the Wooden Bench." There is no such word in the Chickasaw language as "Itta wamba micco," and it can be but the fabrication of imaginative ignorance. The Chickasaw words for Bench Chief (if there ever was such a personage among them) would be, Aiobinili (a seat) falaia (long) Miko (chief) pro. Ai-ome-bih-ne-lih-far-li-yah Meen-koh, The chief on the long seat or bench—in our phraseology, The Chief in the Chair of State.

Major Levi Colbert's act of gallantry, by which he was

at once elevated to the high position of chief, consisted in having defeated, when but a youth, a war party of Muscogees who had invaded the Chickasaw Nation, at a time when all the warriors of the invaded district were away from home on a hunting excursion. Young Levi at once collected the old men and boys and formed them into a war company and started for the depredating Creeks, whom he successfully drew into an artfully planned ambushade, by which all the Muscogees were slain, not one being left to return to his own country and tell of their complete destruction. The little stream upon whose banks the battle took place was afterwards called (so says a writer in one of his published articles) "Yahnubly," and gives its signification as "All killed"; but unfortunately for his erudition, no such word is known in the Chickasaw language. There is, however, the word yanubih (pro. yarn-ub-ih) in their language but its signification is iron-wood. While the Chickasaw words for "All killed" (same as the Choctaw) are momaubih; the land or place where all were killed.

When the warriors returned from their hunt and learned of the battle and to whom the safety of their families was due, and also the honor of the victory, a council was immediately called and the young hero summoned to attend; when he appeared and the statement of facts had been laid before them, they, without a dissenting voice, and as men who quickly discerned true merit and knew how to appreciate it, elevated him to the responsible position of a chief in their Nation.

The following publication appeared a few years ago as a valuable piece of Chickasaw history: "Itawamba was the name of an office. The word signifies King of the Wooden Bench. The individual who held the high title was elected by the national council. A part of the imposing ceremony by which the officer elected was initiated was as follows: 'At a given signal he jumped from a wooden bench to the floor in the hall of state where the magnates of the Nation sat in conclave. At the moment his feet touched the earth the whole of the assembly exclaimed Itawamba! The honored individual who heard this voice became the second magistrate of the Nation. Thus he received the orders of Chickasaw Knighthood; Itawamba micco, or Bench Chief.'"

No doubt of it. But the greater mystery is, how anyone could jump "from a wooden bench to the floor in the hall of state," and "the moment his feet touched the earth," not to become instantly a notorious "Bench Chief." Verily, a problem that must be left for solution to the unprecedented wisdom of the author of the above historical piece of informa-

tion. But the whole article is such an exhibition of pitiable nonsense, that in reading it to some Chickasaw friends, they all exclaimed: "What a fool!"

The most ridiculous, absurd and utterly false articles are continually appearing in print, in regard to the Indians, from the pens of those whose knowledge of that unfortunate people, against whom lies enough have been fabricated and published to satisfy the devil, is about as much as might be expected to be found in an African Bushman.

But be what "Ittawamba" may, nevertheless the young initiate, Levi Colbert, after his initiation into its wonderful mysteries, proved himself worthy to be not only a "king of the wooden bench," but also, by his talents, purity of principles, energy and force of character, a king upon a regal throne to bear rule over a nation. For several years he shaped the policy, and presided over the destinies of the Chickasaw people with wisdom and discretion.

On the 27th and 28th of September, 1830, the Choctaws, by a treaty with John Coffee and John Eaton, United States commissioners, ceded their lands east of the Mississippi river to the United States. Major Levi Colbert, having heard what they had done, immediately called upon his friend, Mr. Stephen Daggette, and asked him to calculate the interest for him of four hundred thousand dollars at five, six, seven and eight per cent. The Choctaws had taken government bonds at five per cent.; Major Colbert at once seeing that they had been badly and most outrageously swindled, exclaimed in a loud and highly excited tone of voice, "God! I thought so." He then informed Mr. Daggette that he was anxious to obtain the calculation, that he might be enabled to explain it to his people in their own language. He also stated to Mr. Daggette that "the United States would soon make an effort to buy the lands of the Chickasaws also, and I want to be ready for them."

This conversation between Levi Colbert and Mr. Daggette took place two years before the treaty with the Chickasaws, which was made on the 20th of October, 1832, at the house of a Chickasaw called Topulka—a corruption of Tahpulah; (to halloo or make a noise), but was known, says a writer of the yahnubbih and Ittawamba order of expounders, in his publication, as "Pontaontac," which he also interprets as signifying "Cat Tail Prairie"; but unfortunately for him also, the Chickasaw words for his classic name "Cat Tail Prairie" are Kutus Hasimbish Oktak (pro. Kut-oos (cat) Har-sim-bish (tail) Oke-tark (prairie); therefore he also must seek elsewhere than in the Chickasaw language for his "Pontaontac" and its signification "Cat Tail Prairie," as there is

no such word in the Chickasaw language, nor in any other North American Indian language, it is reasonable to suppose. Pontotoc, the name of a town in north Mississippi, is a corruption, as has been before stated, of the words Pa-ki Tukohli—grapes hung up; hanging grapes.

But such are the gross and ridiculous errors made by those of the present age who not only prove their terrible ignorance by their unmerciful butchery of the Indian languages, but equally so in the exhibition of their shameful prejudice unreasonably cherished against that unjustly persecuted people, concerning whom, in every particular, they assume to be infinitely wise; and though totally ignorant of the subject, presume to talk and write about them with arrogant duplicity to the infinite injury of the Indians and disgrace of their languages.

When the United States had resolved to gobble up the Chickasaw country also, as they had the Choctaws' two years before, John Coffee was sent to the Chickasaw Nation to order Ben Reynolds (the Chickasaw Agent) to immediately assemble the chiefs and warriors in council to effect a treaty with them.

Three treaties (or rather articles) were drawn up, but were promptly rejected by the watchful and discerning Chickasaws. Then the fourth was written by the persistent Coffee; but with the following clause inserted to catch the noble and influential chief, Yakni Moma Ubih, the incorruptible Levi Colbert, which read as follows: "We hereby agree to give our beloved chief, Levi Colbert, in consideration of his services and expense of entertaining the guests of the Nation, fifteen sections of land in any part of the country he may select." "Stop! Stop! John Coffee!" shouted the justly indignant chief in a voice of thunder, "I am no more entitled to those fifteen sections of land than the poorest Chickasaw in the Nation. I scorn your infamous offer, clothed under the falsehood of 'our beloved chief,' and will not accept it, sir." A frown of disappointment momentarily rested, no doubt, upon the face of Coffee.

Then a fifth treaty was written out by Coffee, and the council again called together to consider upon its merits; and which, after due deliberation, was finally accepted. The Chickasaws agreed to take United States bonds, but were unable to satisfactorily comprehend the six per cent promised them, until their interpreter, Ben Love, illustrated it as a hen laying eggs. That one hundred dollars would lay six dollars in twelve months, which they at once fully understood. But Ah! had that old hen inconsiderately roosted one night in or near the Great Temple of American Liberty.

where would she have appeared ere the dawn of the returning morn? Echo but answers, "Gentle shepherd tell us where"!

Ishtehotopa, the king, first walked up with a countenance that betokened the emotions of one about to sign his country's death warrant, and with a sad heart and trembling hand made his mark. Then Tishu Miko advanced with solemn mien and did likewise; then the other chiefs with countenance sad and forlorn; and last of all, the pure, noble Levi Colbert, whom gold could not buy, or cause to ever from the path of honor.

Soon after the treaty had been signed, Major Levi Colbert stated to Mr. Daggette he was not satisfied with some clauses in the treaty which he did not at first correctly understand. Mr. Daggette advised him to go immediately to Washington and get it changed to his satisfaction before it was confirmed by the Senate. Colbert, with other delegates, started immediately to Washington City, but only got as far as his son-in-law, Kilpatrick Carter's, in Alabama, where he was taken sick and died, to the great sorrow and loss of the Chickasaw Nation. The other delegates continued their journey to Washington, and secured the desired alteration in the treaty.

What attractive pictures for an art gallery would the scenes presented at that treaty between the Chickasaw Nation and the United States in 1832, at the humble home of Nahpulah, and the one two years before between the Choctaws and the United States. The United States, a great and powerful nation, professing to be governed in all its actions by the principles alone of Christianity. The Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations, weak, poor and unlettered, making no professions to intellectual attainments whatever. The former using its skilled ingenuity in deception, misrepresentation and falsehood to defraud; the latter, sustained by truth and honor, watching and deliberating how best to successfully meet the dire attack and come out of the unequal contest with that alone that justice awards. The one representing the people of civilization and Christianity; the other, the people of unpretending and unsophisticated nature. The one offering bribes; the other refusing to be bribed. The one called Christian; the other called heathen. But God is the judge.

But, in justice, it must and shall be said of the Chickasaw Agent of 1832, Benj. Reynolds, that he was an honest man. As agent to the Chickasaw people for the United States Mr. Reynolds annually paid them twenty thousand dollars for several consecutive years as annuity. Previous

to the treaty Mr. Daggette affirms he assisted Mr. Reynolds in paying to the Chickasaws their annuities, and that Mr. Reynolds distributed the last cent among them, giving to each his or her dues honestly and justly, though every opportunity was offered to defraud them, and lived and died an honest and pure man; and then, no doubt, went above to receive the glorious welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Such a government agent to the Indians at the present day of boasted civilization and progress would be a national prodigy, and ought to be, if possible to be found, set up in a glass case at all the expositions the world over as worthy to be ranked with the Eight Wonders of the world as the meritorious Ninth.

James Colbert, the youngest of Logan Colbert's sons, was also, as his renowned brothers, a man of great integrity and firmness of character. He acted, for many years, in the capacity of the national secretary. The archives of the Chickasaw Nation were placed in his hands for safe keeping, the majority of which being in his own hand writing; and truly it may be said, antiquaries, in coming years of the far future, may decipher with much interest and profit, the documents written by James Colbert.

Thomas Love, who, at an early day, also identified himself, with the Chickasaw people by marriage, had six sons, viz: Henry, Benjamin, (who acted in the capacity of interpreter for the Chickasaws for many years) Isaac, Slone, William and Robert. All of whom have died, except Robert, who was known as Bob Love.

The Chickasaws, in common with all the Indians of the South, possessed many fine orators whose orations were eloquent, persuasive and full of animation; and it is a question of great doubt if the White Race ever found among their uneducated citizens a single orator who could respectably compare with hundreds of unlettered orators among the Indians of the South, or even of any of the North American Indians. As a race of people the Chickasaws were tall, elegantly proportioned, erect and muscular, with a square forehead, high cheek bones, compressed lips and dark penetrating eyes. In their councils (like all other Indians) grave and dignified, and never indulged, under any circumstances, in noisy harangues; they spoke slowly, distinctly and to the point. It is, and has always been, the universal declaration and belief of the Whites that the North American Indians are taciturn, grave, and never smiled or indulged in merriment or laughter under any circumstances. This is a great error, and but a repetition of the same old edition of the same old story, which, like all else said and written and pub-

lished about the North American Indians, was begotten by ignorance, conceived in duplicity and brought forth in prejudice—to say the least of it. Never did a more jovial, good natured and light hearted race of people exist upon earth than the North American Indians. True, they were grave and taciturn in the presence of strangers, and the reason is obvious. The white people (excepting the old missionaries of the long ago), in all their actions among them, and in all their conduct toward them, have ever and everywhere assumed an air of superiority over them, which the Indians have ever justly denied; and which justly created in their minds pity for the foolish self-conceit and egotism of the Whites, which seemed to them a lamentable weakness unknown and unseen before in the human race; and also created equal contempt for such a display of presumption and evident want of sound judgment, or rather of common sense; the natural consequences of which were taciturnity and gravity when in the presence of such self-imagined august specimens of humanity.

Even many ministers of the gospel, sent among the Indians by the various denominations of the states to preach to them, preach themselves instead of Christ, by indulging in unmistakable bantam rooster airs of the superiority of the whites over the red, detailing their opinions concerning the progressive renovation that would have certainly ensued in every department of their national and social affairs had the Indians, from their first acquaintance with the White Race, had the good fortune to have enjoyed the advantages of their ethical wisdom and profound theological erudition. Often have I been an eye witness to many such exhibitions of clerical imbecility during my frequent sojourns among the Chickasaws and Choctaws within the last ten years; and though as loquacious as Brazilian parrots, yet “Pretty Poll wants a cracker” was in substance, the climax of their sermons, as Self was so highly esteemed a personage that they were oblivious to all else.

But such was not the style of men, who in 1815-20, proclaimed the glad tidings of great joy to the Southern Indians. Far from it. They were men of deep piety; of firm resolutions; of Christian humility; of self sacrificing zeal; of humble submission to the will of God; of unshaken faith in the promise, “Lo! I am with you even to the uttermost parts of the earth”; of indefatigable energy to lead the Red Race, long wandering in the path of moral darkness, into the fold of Christ; of unalloyed love for their souls and desire for their salvation; of unassumed sympathy for them as human beings to whom the knowledge of man’s Redemption

through the Son of God had never been proclaimed; of admiration for their many virtues unsurpassed by any nation of people upon earth, to whom the Gospel of Jesus Christ had never been preached. Therefore, they visited them at their homes in their humble log cabins; sat down among them in the family circle upon the bear skins spread upon the cleanly swept dirt floor; and there proclaimed to them concerning Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote; slept upon their bear and panther skins in humble gratitude for as much, when remembering their Savior had not where to lay his head; ate of their venison, tafulatobi ibulhto (hominy mixed with beans), and botahkapussa (cold flour).

They sang and prayed with them in the morning; then went with them to their little fields of growing corn and instructed them in the art of agriculture and imparted to them new ideas of home comforts. Thus they taught them every where and on all occasions, both by precept and example. They acknowledged them as human beings; and for them also Christ purchased salvation upon the cross. Self was not in all their thoughts, only to preserve it for usefulness in the cause of their Divine Master in bringing the Red Race of the south into his fold. What was the result? Mutual confidence and disinterested love and friendship prevailed everywhere between the appreciative Indians and those missionaries, men and women, all true servants of God; and the five civilized tribes (as they are now called) stand today as living monuments of the salutary effects of the teachings of those self-sacrificing men and women of seventy-five years ago—true and devoted servants of Jesus Christ in the salvation of their fellow men found and acknowledged in the North American Indians.

The ancient Chickasaws were the most famous trailers of all the southern Indians. Their skill in this art was truly astonishing, and seemed almost superhuman. I call it an art; and it is as much so as is painting or sculpture, while almost as few become proficient in it as in the handling of brush or chisel. Art, or by whatever name it may be called, yet it requires constant practice and much knowledge of nature, in all its variations, to learn it thoroughly; and I believe it more natural for an Indian to become a trailer of man or beast than a white man, as they seemed to acquire by intuition what the white has to learn from a life-time of study. Here and there, I'll admit, a white man may be found who becomes an expert, yet the boasted leaders of civilization fall far behind the natural-born trailers, the North American Indians. Who could learn, through the medium

of books or any other way of instruction, but that of a life-time experience, to determine the age of a trail of man or beast correctly, or tell the number of an enemy and how long since they had passed the spot which you may be examining? Yet the ancient Chickasaw warrior, in his palmy days seventy-five years ago, could do it, and even what tribe of Indians had made a given trail, its age, and all the particulars as correctly as though he had seen them pass. Truthfully did an Indian once exclaim:

"White man travel with his eyes shut and mouth open," alluding to his propensity to talk. "Indian travel all day; say nothing, but see everything." How true! Nothing escaped his observation, whether alone or with others; while the white man talks incessantly and sees nothing but the general features of the things he is passing; therefore, can scarcely retrace his steps for any great distance in a country he has never traveled before; while it is impossible to lose an Indian in any country, no matter how strange or new. No matter how difficult or circuitous has been the route by which he has arrived at any place, the Chickasaw would, with ease, find his way back whence he started without hesitating a moment which course to pursue. When asked how he did it he may reply, Siah (I am) a chuffa [one] kutah (who) ikhanah (remembers); though often he would make no reply. No matter how loquacious he may have been at home or elsewhere, when upon the warpath or the chase he was silent. The North American Indian was nearly as certain in predicting the weather as a barometer, and his knowledge of the characteristics of the wild animals of his ancient forests would be a prize indeed to the naturalist.

As warriors and hunters the Chickasaws of seventy-five years ago had few equals, but no superiors, among the North American Indians. They were unerring marksmen with the rifle and capable of enduring seemingly incredible fatigue. They would follow the tracks of their game and the signs left by their human enemies for hours, where the eyes of the white man would not detect any sign of a foot-print whatever. When hunting or upon the war-path, if they came upon deserted camp-fires or human foot-prints they could tell to what tribe they belonged and whether friends or foes.

As an illustration of their skill in discerning and interpreting landmarks and signs, I will here relate a little incident proving the wonderful skill and ingenuity displayed in ascertaining facts with regard to anything of which they desired to inform themselves.

In the years of long ago, a Chickasaw had a ham of veni-

son taken from his little log house in which he kept his stock of provisions during the absence of himself and family. He described the thief as being a white man, low stature, lame in one leg, having a short gun, and accompanied by a short-tail dog. When requested to explain how he could be so positive, he answered: "His track informed me he was a white man by his shoes, Indian wear moccasins; he stood on the toes of his shoes to reach the venison ham, which told me he was a low man; one foot made a deeper and plainer impress upon the ground than the other as he walked, which told me he was a lame man; the mark made by the breech of a gun upon the ground and the one made by its muzzle upon the bark of the tree against which it had leaned, told me he had a gun and it was a short gun; the tracks made by a dog told me of his presence; and the impress he made where he sat upon the ground to the end of that made by his tail, as he wagged it, was but a finger's length which told me the dog's tail was short." What white man would ever have thought to look for, or discovered such evidences in identifying a thief?

Among the ancient Chickasaws, descent was established in the female line; thus the ties of kinship converged upon each other until they all met in the granddaughter; and thus every grandson and granddaughter became the grandson and granddaughter of the whole tribe, since all the uncles of a given person were considered as his fathers also; and all the mothers' sisters were mothers; the cousins, as brothers and sisters; the nieces, as daughters; and the nephews as sons. They, as all their race, believed in the existence of one great, everywhere-present and over-ruling spirit, whom they held in the highest reverence, and devoutly worshipped; as to him were attributed the gifts of peace, prosperity and happiness, abundant harvests of corn, beans, pumpkins and success in war and the chase. They also equally believed in the existence of an evil spirit, to whom they attributed the cause of all misfortunes; and here came in the power and influence of the wonder-working "medicine man," or "prophet," who professed to have attained to a thorough knowledge of both good and evil spirits, and also the ability to command their influence for good or evil, by fasting and prayer and mystic ceremonies.

However, the usages, manners, customs, beliefs and habits of life, national and social amusements of the Chickasaws were, in many respects the same as the Choctaws, and what may be said of the one, may with equal truth be said of the other.

Among the ancient Chickasaws and Choctaws there

was a tradition concerning the origin of a little lake in Tibih swamp, Oktibihha county, Mississippi. This isolated lake which I have oft visited on fishing excursions, has long been known as Greer's lake, and is about a half a mile long and one hundred feet or more wide. The tradition is as follows: In the years of the long past, many generations before the advent of the White Race, a Chickasaw hunter and his wife, with two little children, (a boy and girl) were camped in the Tibih swamp near a little hole of water formed by the roots of a fallen tree. One morning the hunter and his wife went out in pursuit of game leaving their children, as usual, in camp. On their return late in the evening, they were stupified with horror and amazement to find that their camp was swallowed up by the earth, and this lake lay stretched over the spot. But while gazing upon the scene perplexed and terrified, they beheld two enormous snakes swimming upon the newly formed lake and coming directly towards them, which caused them to flee from the spot in great consternation. The sudden formation of the lake was ascribed by them to some miraculous agent, and by the same power, their children had been transformed into the two great water snakes; and such was the credulity of the Chickasaws and Choctaws in the account given of the wonderful event by the Chickasaw hunter and his wife, that down through all subsequent years, even to the time of their emigration west, the lake and its immediate surroundings were held in superstitious awe. Nor would they live nor approach anywhere near it. Varied and many were the views concerning its strange and sudden formation; all, however, agreeing that it was brought into existence by the wrath of the Great Spirit, and became the abode of evil spirits ever afterwards.

The ancient Chickasaws once practised the custom of extinguishing the fire in every house in their Nation at the close of every year, and let them so remain during three successive days and nights, while the occupants retired to the woods where they remained. By this means they believed they would rid themselves of all witches and evil spirits; since, when they came three successive nights and found no fire they would conclude the family had left their former place of abode to return no more; therefore they also would depart to never return. Then all the Chickasaws returned to their homes, built new fires and were happy, being freed from the fear of witches.

THE NATCHEZ.

On February 11th, 1700, De Iberville, Bienville, Perri-caul and Tonti ascended the Mississippi river as far west as the present city of Natchez. They were kindly received (so states the journalist) by the great chief, or sun, as he was termed, surrounded by six hundred of his warriors, who, according to their own account, had formerly been a great nation. On the 13th the party left Natchez and visited the villages of the Taensas, the customs and habits of whom were the same as the Natchez, being evidently a branch of the latter. During their stay the sacred temple of these Indians was struck by lightning and burned to ashes. To appease the Sun God, the poor, infatuated women threw themselves, and parents, their children, into the consuming flames of the burning temple. Perricaul, who was one of the witnesses of the fearful scene, thus wrote of it: "We left the Natchez and coasted along to the right, where the river is bordered with high, gravelly banks for a distance of twelve leagues. At the extremity of these bluffs is a place called Petit Gulf, on account of the whirlpool formed by the river for the distance of a quarter league. Eight leagues higher up we came to Grand Gulf, which we passed a short distance above, on the right hand side. We landed to visit a village four leagues in the interior. These Indians are called the Taensas. We were well received, but I never saw a more sad sight, frightful and revolting spectacle than that which happened the second day, 16th of April, after our arrival in the village. A sudden storm burst upon us. The lightning struck the temple, burned all their idols and reduced the whole to ashes. Quickly the Indians assembled around, making horrible cries, tearing out their hair, elevating their hands to heaven, their tawny visages turned toward the burning temple, invoking their Great Spirit to come down and extinguish the flames. The fathers and mothers then brought their children, and after having strangled them, threw them into the flames. M. De Iberville was

horrified at seeing such a cruel spectacle, and gave orders to stop it, by forcibly taking from them the little innocents; but with all our efforts seventeen perished in this manner, and had we not restrained them, the number would have been over two hundred."

Father Le Petit, Superior of the Jesuits, in speaking of the Natchez Indians, whom he had visited at an early day, says: "They inhabited a beautiful country, and were the only tribe that seemed to have an established worship. This temple resembled an earthen oven, or the back of a tortoise, and was one hundred feet in circumference. They entered it by one small door, and there was no window. Above, on the outside of the roof, were three wooden eagles painted red, yellow and white. In front of the door was a shed where the guardian of the temple kept watch. All around was a circle of painted pickets, capped with the skulls of their enemies who had fallen in battle. The interior was lined with shelves on which were baskets, holding the bones of their favorite followers, who had been strangled, to attend their masters in the spirit world, made of bark, provided by the patriarchs of the tribe. No woman, except the mother and sisters of the Great Sun, was allowed to enter the sacred edifice. The common people dared only to approach the threshold. The sun was their deity; their great chief was called by the same name, and he, in turn, called the sun his brother. Every morning at dawn, attended by his retinue, the chief ascended a mound to converse with his celestial brother. As soon as the sun appeared in the heavens, the chief saluted with a long howl, and then waved his hand from east to west, and directed what course he should travel! When this personage dies, they demolish his house and throw up a mound, and on that they build a dwelling for the brother of the sun."

Perieault, who was at Natchez in 1703, and at which time the Great Female Sun died, says: "She was really the Great Sun in her own right. Her husband, who was not of the blood royal, was strangled by their eldest son, so that in death, as in life, he might be her submissive attendant and howl to her ghost! On the outside of her house they placed all her effects on a scaffold and on these they deposited the two corpses. They likewise put there the bodies of twelve children whom they had just strangled. These children had been brought by their parents, by order of the eldest son of the deceased, who had the right, as her successor, to put to death as many as he thought necessary to wait on her in the land of spirits. Fourteen other scaffolds were erected, decorated with vines and rude paintings. These were in-

tended for the bodies of the victims, whose nearest relatives, dressed in festive robes, surrounded them with looks and gestures expressive of satisfaction. They then in procession marched to the great square in front of the temple and began to dance. Four days thereafter they again formed in procession and began what is called the 'March of Death' from the square to the house of the deceased. The fathers and mothers of the strangled children held the bodies in their arms. The oldest of these did not appear to be over three years. The relatives of these infants, with their hair closely shaven, began to howl in the most frightful manner. But the adults who were about to die danced around the house of the dead princess, until finally it was set on fire by her eldest son and successor. All then marched to the great temple. The parents who carried their strangled infants then threw them on the ground and began to dance. When the body of the deceased princess was deposited in the temple, the intended victims were undressed and seated on the ground. A cord with a noose was passed around each of their necks and deer skins thrown over their heads. The relatives, who were the executioners, then stood to the right and left of each victim and, at a given signal, all were strangled. The bodies were placed on scaffolds and the bones, when dry, were deposited in baskets in the temple, and constituted a sort of patent nobility. It was a privilege and an honor to die with the Sun."

Even as late as 1730 the Natchez had their temple in which were kept their sacred fire continually burning. According to their traditions, Du Pratz says: "Their territories extended to the River Manchos, or Iberville, which is about 50 leagues from the sea, to the River Wabash, which is distant from the sea about 450 leagues, and that they had about 800 sons, or princess."

The Natchez, if tradition may be believed, also came from Mexico where they had lived for centuries; and after the fall of the Montezuma Empire, to which they were allies, they, alike, with the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Muscogee, fled from Spanish tyranny. They, too, followed the rising sun from west to east, continuing a wandering life for many years, and finally reached the Mississippi river, which they crossed, and settled at a point on the river where the city Natchez now stands, which was named for them. At that time they were a numerous people, occupying a territory extending from Natchez to Wabash, and claiming many hundred sons, or members of the royal family. In 1716, the French built Fort Rosalie upon the bluff upon which Natchez now stands, in which they quartered a company of

soldiers. In 1720, DePratz visited the Great Sun of the Natchez, and was informed by him, that the Natchez were once a great people extending over a vast region of country, and ruled by many suns; that one of the keepers of the Temple let the holy fire go out, and in his fright substituted profane fire, thus endeavoring to conceal his negligence; but which caused them to be visited by a dreadful disease which ravaged their country for many years, sweeping thousands of their people into an untimely grave. As the ancient Persians, the Natchez kept a perpetual fire burning in their temples, which was never permitted for a moment to become extinguished. It is stated by some of the early writers, that the Tænsas and Mobelians, who were eventually merged into the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, also kept a perpetual fire burning in their temples, when known by the Europeans in 1721. It is said of the Natchez, "that the sight was never shocked by the appearance of deformity," such as are so frequently observed among the White Race; and with equal truth, the same may be said of all the North American Indians. As all their race, so the Natchez used the bow and arrow as their instrument of offense and defense, which they used effectively against their enemies in war, and supplying themselves with the flesh of the great variety of wild animals in which their endless forests then abounded. They were also skilled in the art of dressing the skins of animals, and thus provided themselves with comfortable clothing, suitable for both summer and winter, using as needles for sewing purposes, the sharp bones of birds, and for thread the sinews of small animals. Their houses, as those of all their race, were made of rude materials, with one door for ingress and egress, without floor or chimney, but a little hole left in the roof about the centre of the room, through which the smoke might pass out, if so disposed. The Natchez women are said to have been very proficient in making earthen ware for their domestic purposes, such as pots, cups, bowls, etc.; and also very skillful in the art of dyeing the skins of animals, their favorite colors being red, yellow, white and black, used in alternate stripes. The men were skilled in managing their canoes, some of which measuring from twenty to thirty feet in length, by two or three in width. In short, what has been said in regard to the ancient manners and customs of the Choctaw and Chickasaw, Cherokee, Muscogee and Seminole Indians is equally applicable to the Natchez, differing only (as all others, however) in their traditions of the origin of man, the flood, funeral ceremonies and burial of the dead.

In regard to the origin of man, the tradition of the

Natchez affirms that the Great Spirit molded the first man out of clay, similar to that out of which they made their earthen ware, and being pleased with his work, breathed life into it. After the first man was created, he (the man) suddenly was taken with a violent paroxysm or fit of sneezing, when suddenly a strange something jumped from his nose to the ground, where it commenced to hop and dance about, growing larger and larger, until it soon assumed the form of a woman and finally grew to be a perfect woman.

They also had another tradition in substance as follows: In ancient times a man and woman appeared among them who descended from the sun. They were so dazzlingly bright that human eyes could not look upon them. The man informed them that he had seen their wretchedness and inability to properly govern themselves, and had been influenced through compassion to leave his bright abode in the sun and descend to earth that he might instruct them how they might live happily. He therefore gave them some moral precepts, among the most important were, first—not to kill a man but in self-defense; second—to have but one living wife; third—to be truthful; fourth—to be strictly honest; fifth—to be temperate; sixth—to be generous; seventh—to be charitable; eighth—to help the poor in their distress.

The stranger's appearance and moral precepts inculcated greatly impressed the Natchez, and they at once convened in solemn council during the quiet hours of the night and resolved, upon due deliberation, to request the man to be their chief; and the next morning, with much pomp and ceremony, proceeded to the house to which the stranger and his wife had been consigned for the night and earnestly solicited him to become their chief. He at first declined their intended honor, assigning as his reason that he knew they would not conform to his teachings, and in so doing, he was grieved to state to them, the Natchez would work their own destruction, terminating in utter extermination. But the Natchez, earnestly pressing their request, the stranger finally yielded to their solicitations, but with the following proviso: That they would emigrate to a country which he would also lead them, where they would be more prosperous and happy; and that they would strictly yield obedience to the laws and regulations he would establish for them, and that their future chiefs should be chosen from his descendants. To all of which they acceded. He then commanded fire from the sun which he gave them with positive instructions to keep it burning in two temples by the use of walnut wood stripped of its bark as fuel, which temples were to be built at the two extreme boundaries of the territory, to be inhabited by

them. Eight men were selected by his instruction to serve as priests for each temple, whose imperative duty was to guard the sacred fire by regular turns, and death was to be the punishment of him who should, upon his watch, let the fire go out; since their mysterious law-giver and chosen chief predicted to them the most dreadful calamities if the fire ever was extinguished in both temples at the same time. And more, if by accident or otherwise, the fire should become extinguished in one of the temples the keepers were to quickly relight it by obtaining fire from the other temple, and from nowhere else; still the guardians of the temple in which the fire had been suffered to go out should not be permitted to obtain it from the other temple peacefully, since blood must be spilt on the floor of the temple, as an atoning sacrifice to the offended spirits; therefore, the one should resist the other in obtaining the desired fire, and the other should obtain it, even at the cost of shedding blood. Implicit obedience was ever given to their foreign chief—the Lycurgus of the Natchez—who lived to an unusual old age, and made, and was ever regarded as the founder of their laws and institutions. After his death they gave his descendants the title of Suns, from their supposed origin, who ever afterwards ruled, without opposition, in the inherited and promised right of their great progenitor—the mysterious law-giver from the sun.

Their tradition of the flood was: In ages past a mighty flood of waters destroyed mankind, but a few who escaped to a very high mountain, and by them the earth was again repeopled. They believed in a Great Spirit, the creator and ruler of the world, whom they regarded as being so good, kind and benevolent, that it was impossible for him to do wrong or to harm anything, even if he desired to do so. They believed, however, in a multiplicity of evil spirits, by whom all evil in the world was produced; that once a mighty chief ruled over these spirits, and he committed so much mischief in the world among mankind that the Great Spirit chained him in a dark prison; and the evil spirits, his subjects, have not, since the loss of their chief, manifested so great desire to do mischief in the world, especially when humbly petitioned by respectful prayers.

They had many great national festivals, partaking much of a religious character, since they were instituted and observed with a special view of returning thanks to the Great Spirit for his continued care and protection.

They reckoned time by moons. Their year began in March and was divided into thirteen moons; this being done that the course of that planet might correspond with that

of the sun, thus completing the year. At each new moon a great feast was celebrated, which was named from the fruits peculiar to that season, or the particular game that was hunted during that moon. They celebrated the beginning of the new year (March) with the moon festival, called the deer; to them one of their greatest and most important festivals, as resting upon an ancient tradition which was: In the far distant past, a great sun, hearing an unusual tumult in a distant part of his village, hastened to the spot to learn its cause, and was taken prisoner by the warriors of a hostile nation who had made an unexpected attack upon his village, having taken it completely by surprise. His people soon recovering, however, from their momentary confusion arising from the unexpected attack, and frantic by the wild cry that was heard throughout the village that their chief had fallen into the hands of their enemies, rushed in a solid body to his rescue, and soon routed them with fearful slaughter, and rescued their chief. In commemoration of this great achievement so honorable in the archives of their nation's history, the warriors, at the new moon of the deer, engaged in a sham battle, in which the Great Sun took an active part. Dividing themselves into two companies, the one representing the warriors of the Great Sun, and the other that of the enemy, the former designated by a white feather in the head-dress, the latter by a red. They concealed themselves in ambush in close proximity to the house of the Great Sun. The warriors of the red feathers, under the leadership of a chief renowned for deeds of daring, first crept from their place of ambush and stealthily advanced toward the house of the Great Sun. As soon as they came in view, they rushed upon it with fearful yells. Then the Great Sun rushed from his house, assuming great bewilderment, as if suddenly awakened from sleep; shouting their fearful war-whoop, the assumed enemies rush upon the bewildered chieftain and triumphantly carry him off. At this juncture the warriors of the white feathers rush from their place of concealment with deafening yells to the rescue of their chief, in which were combined the wildest tones that could express the passions of the human heart, and threw themselves with terrific desperation upon the warriors of the red feather, and then and there was exhibited a wild scene of mimic warfare indescribable by words; and in which even the Great Sun himself was not an idle spectator, for his voice arose above the fearful din in words of cheer to his warriors, while his wooden tomahawk was seen gleaming in ascending and descending mimic strokes amid the struggling throng, apparently performing deeds of valor worthy

the Great Sun. Finally, the warriors of the red feather seemingly began to waver, then fled in wild confusion worse confounded, hotly pursued by those of the white feather many miles; then they of the white feather returned to the village, bearing their chief amid shouts of victory and gladness. In speaking of these mimic battles, the French writers, who were eye witnesses of the novel scene, state that they were true to nature in all their particulars, producing a complete illusion.

The second (April) was called the moon of strawberries, in which the women and children gathered this delicious fruit. The third (May) was called the moon of old corn, in which they feasted upon the corn made the year before, cooked in many different ways. The fourth (June), was called the moon of watermelons, the fifth (July) was called the moon of peaches. The sixth (August) was called the moon of blackberries. The seventh (September) was called the moon of new corn. The eighth (October) was called the moon of the turkey. The ninth (November) was called the moon of the buffaloes. The tenth (December) was called the moon of the bears. The eleventh (January) was called the moon of the geese; then followed February the moon of the walnuts, chestnuts and other nuts. At each returns of these moons they indulge in festivals of feasting and dancing, contributing, at the same time, a full share of all the delicacies to their honored chief, the Great Sun.

That they might perpetuate the blood of the Great Suns in all its purity, as given to them by the mysterious stranger of traditional lore, the Natchez established as the fundamental law of their nation, that the right of succession to the exalted position of Great Sun must descend to the men through the female line alone. Thus the female descendants of the Great Sun held the title of nobility, and the honor of giving birth to the chief; and the grandson of a Great Sun held a medium place in rank, and his great grandson ranked with the common people.

But alas for the poor Natchez! An evil day brought the pale-faces among them in the year 1716, who built the fort Rosalie among them and in it garrisoned, as a matter of course, a body of soldiers as a protection in their intended aggressions upon and usurpations of the Indians' rights; and from that day the sun of the Natchez's happiness began to wane, but to speedily set forever in the oblivion of utter extermination. As an introduction, Cadillac, on his way up the Mississippi river to search for gold and silver, stopped at Natchez. As soon as the Indian chiefs learned of his approach they marched out in state to meet him, and according

to their custom, presented the calumet of peace to him in token of their desired friendship with him. Cadillac became greatly offended at what he regarded as presumption of the Indians in supposing that he would contaminate his pure patrician lips with the touch of their vile pipe. He accordingly treated the peace desiring Indians as uncouth animals thrusting themselves into his august presence; and unceremoniously departing without having consented to smoke with them, he impressed the Natchez who could not comprehend his rough manners toward them, or understand the nature of his pride, with the belief that he meditated war upon their tribe and was secretly preparing to make an attack upon them; and finding a few French strolling about in their village after the departing of Cadillac, and regarding them as spies, they killed them. Hence the origin of the first misunderstanding between the Natchez and the French.

Then following in the wake of Cadillae, came Bienville on the 24th of April, with a company of soldiers and encamped on an island, situated in the Mississippi river, opposite a village of the Tunica Indians, fifty miles from the Natchez. Without delay he sent a Tunica warrior to the Natchez with the information that he was coming to establish a trading post among them, to exchange with them English goods for their furs. Bienville had been informed that the Natchez were ignorant of the fact, that he knew of their killing the Frenchmen a short time before, therefore he assumed to have come to them as a friend and would be benefactor, that he might the better accomplish his preconcerted, nefarious designs against them. Gayarre, in his history of Louisiana, Vol. I. p. 140, says: "Three Natchez, as delegates representing their tribe, came to Bienville on the 27th of April, 1716, and tendered to him the calumet, as the ensign of peace." But Bienville refused to smoke with them, and pretended to consider himself as not being treated with that respect to which he was entitled, since their great chief had not come in person to welcome him, the chief of the French. "I see," said he, "that your people are not pleased with the idea of my forming a settlement in their territory, for the purpose of trading with them. Otherwise they would have expressed their satisfaction in a more becoming manner. Be it so. If the Natchez are so thankless for what I meant to be a favor, I will alter my determination, and give my preference to the Tunicas, who have always shown themselves such great friends to the French." What an artful dissembler!

After this speech, to hide his treachery the more successfully, Bienville caused the three envoys to be feasted and

treated with the greatest hospitality and respect; and on their return to their villages sent a Frenchman with them with instructions to extend an invitation to the Natchez chiefs to a conference on the island on which he was encamped. This greatly embarrassed the Natchez since they were at a loss as to the best course to be pursued. Some were of the opinion that it would be imprudent for their chiefs to thus place themselves in the hands of the French, who might have heard of the killing of the Frenchmen, and had now come under the assumed garb of peace and friendship to entrap their chiefs and wreak vengeance upon them. Others on the other hand argued that, from the fact of the French having come in such a small number, was sufficient proof that they were still ignorant of the death of their countrymen, and did not intend to act as enemies. Furthermore, that the chiefs, by refusing to accept Bienville's invitation, would incur his displeasure, and he would establish a trading post among the Tunicas, and thus enrich their rivals, to the great injury of the Natchez. This argument prevailed, and in an evil hour for the Natchez chiefs, their visit to Bienville's camp was resolved upon, and too late they learned, even as all their race have learned from that day to this, that for hypocrisy and treachery the pale-faces cannot be surpassed, and from that hour a system of oppression was inaugurated by the French against the Natchez to exterminate them, unequaled only by that adopted and practiced by the Americans for the effectual destruction of the entire Indian race upon the North American continent, prosecuted with unrelenting vigor to the present day upon the still surviving little remnant, with an assumed Christian zeal for their civilization and happiness that is truly astonishing since so utterly void of reality.

In 1725 a son of one of the Natchez chiefs was murdered by a French sergeant which caused the Indians to kill a Frenchman named M. Guenot, in retaliation, a reconciliation, however, was soon made, but was not satisfactory to Bienville. He therefore hastened from New Orleans with 500 men, attacked the Natchez wherever met, burned their towns and destroyed their fields, upon which a war was inaugurated, resulting in the defeat of the Indians, who sued for peace. This was granted on their giving up one of their chiefs to be executed, who was accused by the French of being the chief instigator of the war. He was at once slain, and thus closed the second war of the French with the Natchez. In 1726 Bienville returned to France, and Perier succeeded him as governor in 1727. Bienville, by his cruelty and oppression, had entailed the hatred of the Natchez upon

all Frenchmen; in this they were encouraged by the Chickasaws who, it has been said, had also projected a general confederation of all Indian tribes to drive the French from their territories.

In 1729 an officer by the name of Chopart was commander of the French settlement. Chopart was naturally of a haughty and tyrannical disposition—a fit subject to lord it over a helpless people. But his oppressive tyranny became so great that it could not be longer endured with any degree of patience by the colony; therefore, complaint was made to Governor Perier at New Orleans who summoned Chopart into his presence. He was tried and found guilty of great abuse of power, and would have been justly punished but for the interference of influential friends (always found by such characters even at the present day) who secured his pardon from the governor. The pardoned tyrant returned, of course, to his colony, and in as much as he then acted with justice and humanity toward the French who had resources to a higher authority, the more did he oppress and abuse the Indians who had no higher power to which they could appeal. At this time the Indian company gave instructions to Governor Perier to induce the Indians to remove to a greater distance from the French colony, assigning as a reason, that further collisions with the Whites might thus be obviated. But why not induce the intruding French to remove to a greater distance to obviate further collisions with the Indians? Yes, why? What a system of injustice! Yet practiced to the letter from that day to this by the Whites against all Indians.

Chopart, exulting in the prospects of being able to avenge his wounded pride upon some one, now emptied the bottles of his long smothered wrath upon the devoted heads of the unfortunate Natchez, treating them with every insolence he could devise, and heaping upon them every outrage and insult that he could suggest, hoping thus to force them to leave their country and homes to the quiet possession of the French, a successful plan of robbery adopted to get possession of the Indians' lands. One day he summoned the Great Sun to his presence, and, with a haughty contemptuous demeanor, informed him that he had been instructed by Governor Perier to take possession of the White Apple, one of their most beautiful towns, situated five or six miles from Fort Rosalie; and for them to remove somewhere else out of the way of the plans of the French, at the same time, giving the command in the most insolent and authoritative tone of voice. The chief turned his eyes full upon Chopart with a calm but inquisitive gaze

of astonishment, and said: "My white brother cannot be in earnest, but only desires to try the temper of the Indians. Is my white brother ignorant of the fact that the Natchez built that village many thousand moons ago, and have lived there ever since"? "Insolent barbarian"! exclaimed Chopart, in utter contempt. "Call me not brother. Between thy race and mine there are no kindred ties; nor do I parley with any of your race. Let it suffice you, that when I command, you must obey." The noble chief, concealing his emotions, with a calm manly voice, replied: "Brother, such language was never before addressed to me; nor have your people ever before taken our property from us by force. What they wished of ours, we freely gave or they purchased. We prefer peace to war with your nation. There are other lands of ours which we can spare to your people; take them! What more can we do? In the centre of the White Apple is our temple, in which the bones of our ancestors have reposed since we came from the far west to live on the banks of the Great River, and it is dear to our hearts."

"No more of your foolish talk to me," replied the insolent Chopart. "Soon a vessel," he continued, "from our great town down the river will arrive, and if the village of the White Apple is not given into my possession by the time the vessel arrives, I will send you bound in chains to our great chief. I have no more to say. Go." "Tis well," responded the Indian; "and I go to my people and speak the words before their old and wise men in council." The command of their mighty chief to convene in council was hastily obeyed; and when he laid before them the insolent and outrageous demands of Chopart, the greatest indignation was manifest upon every face, though no outward expression of words portrayed the slumbering hatred that now rankled in their breasts against their insolent, domineering and oppressive intruders. What was the result of the council? A resolution was unanimously passed to invite the Yazoos, Choctaws, Chickasaws and other contiguous tribes, who had also experienced the insolence and oppression of the pale-faces, to bury their former animosities for the sake of the common good, and unite in one grand alliance and great brotherhood against their common foe, and by one united effort free their country from the oppressive yoke and cruel tyranny of the pale-face strangers.

Without delay ambassadors were sent to all the surrounding tribes to lay their proposition before their wise men convened in solemn council. The ambassadors carried little bundles of an equal number of sticks, and to each tribe, who should adopt the resolution, a bundle of the sticks was

given with instructions to withdraw a stick from the bundle daily, and the last stick was to designate the day that the combined attack upon the French was to be made throughout their entire country. This manner of keeping any appointed day was anciently practiced by all the southern Indians. In a few days the ambassadors returned with the information that not a single tribe to which they had been sent had refused to accept the proposition, and all would make the attack on the day appointed. Unfortunately for the Natchez the uncommon movements and unusual activity of their warriors aroused the curiosity of the women. Unfortunately, also, for the Natchez the mother of the then ruling Great Sun cherished an uncommon friendship for the French, and her curiosity had become greatly excited by the frequent secret meetings of all the wise men of the Nation and also by the going and coming of the embassies who had departed in and returned from all directions, and she had determined to solve the mystery; and in the accomplishment of her resolution she proved herself a successful Delilah. Alas, who can outwit a woman's excited curiosity! for this Indian queen mother so artfully wrought upon her kingly son that he disclosed the whole plot, even the most important secret for the successful accomplishment of her treasonable designs, where, in the Great Temple was concealed the chronometer of the Natchez, the bundle of sticks, her knowledge of which proved the successful overthrow of her chieftain son, as the secret obtained by Delilah, that of Samson.

To conceal her feelings from her unsuspecting son, she, of course, readily and easily assumed to enter heartily into the plot, though she had determined to warn the French of their impending danger, if it could be done without the betrayal of herself. More than once she shrewdly managed to get word to Chopart of the threatened storm, but he regarded the admonitions as idle stories purposely circulated by the Indians to drive them from the resolution of seizing their village, the White Apple. The French manifested by their conduct no knowledge of their fast approaching doom, notwithstanding her warnings sent them, the queen-mother, unrelenting in her efforts to save them, secretly entered the temple and withdrew several of the sticks from the bundle, and thus destroyed the concert of action agreed upon among the tribes, by bringing on the attack of the Natchez at an earlier day. The traitress hoped by this means that a few French might escape and warn the rest of the colony. But in spite of all the warnings received by Chopart, he still adhered to the same fatal incredulity, applying the insulting

epithet of cowardice to those who spoke to him of the rumors that were afloat.

The next day after the convening of the grand council of the Natchez, the Great Sun presented himself at Fort Rosalie, and expressed a willingness to Chopart to comply with his order to evacuate the village of the white people; but humbly requesting a little more time to select a place to which they might transport their effects; to which Chopart acceded, allowing him until the latter part of December, but with this proviso, that the Natchez should pay to him (Chopart), during the interval, one barrel of corn, a certain number of fowls, a certain quantity of furs and bear's oil, for each cabin of the White Apple village. The Great Sun and Chopart then parted; the one elated with his prospect of gain, the other with his prospect of revenge. But the fatal day, the 29th of November 1716, came, and ere the sun had reached the meridian, the French were involved in one common destruction; in one short hour the work was complete; and with the loss of only twelve warriors, the Natchez slew two hundred and fifty of their merciless French intruders and haughty oppressors. Chopart, the last to receive his just reward, fled to his garden hoping there to conceal himself; but he was found, dragged forth and handed over to the lowest class of the Natchez warriors, who beat him to death with their war clubs, the highest taking no part in his death, as they considered it dishonorable to imbue their hands in the blood of so contemptible a wretch. Two men only were spared, one a tailor, and the other a wagoner, and three hundred women and children. The Natchez, still ignorant of the queen-mother's theft of the sticks, and that their attack was premature, and believing that the other tribes had acted in concert with them, consequently the French throughout their entire country were cut off, gave themselves up to feasting and dancing.

In the wide extended arrangement of the plot to destroy the French, the destruction of New Orleans had been assigned to the Choctaws, and the destruction of the little French forts, scattered here and there over the country, had been assigned to the weaker tribes. Thus the extermination of the French would have been complete but for the concert of action being destroyed by the stolen sticks from the chronometer of the Natchez.

A few days after the destruction of the French at White Apple the Choctaws sent an embassy to the Natchez to learn the cause of the premature attack upon the French, thus causing a failure of concerted action against their common foe. When they arrived at the White Apple they angrily

demanding of the Natchez an explanation of their strange and incomprehensible conduct and breach of faith. To which the Natchez replied that they had made the attack on the very day indicated by the last stick, and that if any one had violated their word it was the Choctaws in not making the attack also at the time they themselves had made it; at the same time intimating cowardice on the part of the Choctaws as a reason for their failure. To which insinuation the Choctaw deputation took great offense, and at once departed, telling the Natchez that henceforward and forever they would have no further alliance with them, but ever consider them as unworthy of trust, while the Natchez hurled back upon them the accusations of perfidy and cowardice.

In a few days after the departure of the first Chickasaw embassy another one came from a different district of the Choctaw Nation, and were as much dissatisfied in their interview with the Natchez, regarding the explanation of their premature attack upon the French as the former. But learning that the Natchez contemplated killing the two men and the three hundred women and children whom they still held as prisoners, the Choctaw embassy boldly marched in a body to the public square and struck the red post—a challenge of defiance among all Indians—boldly declaring that the Choctaws would no longer be the allies of the Natchez, but would henceforward be the allies of the French, and if they dared kill a single one of the French prisoners then in their hands, every warrior of their great Nation would come in a body against them. This defiant threat brought the Natchez to due reflection and the two men and three hundred women and children were saved. Having given this salutary advice to the Natchez, the Choctaws departed, leaving the seemingly unfortunate Natchez in a state of great perplexity as to the proper step they should take in so dubious a state of affairs.

When Governor Perier learned of the destruction of the French at Fort Rosalie he immediately sent a courier to the Choctaws with instructions to inform them that Governor Perier desired to have a talk with them. The Choctaws at that time were the most powerful of all the tribes, and great doubts were entertained by them in their then critical state of affairs, as to the course the Choctaws would pursue, and it was highly important that their friendship should be secured. The destruction of Fort Rosalie by the Natchez had thrown the French into great excitement, consternation and dread, filling their minds with fear as rumor whispered to their excited imaginations the uprising of the Indians in one grand concert of action against them. And Governor Perier

states: "So great was the fear that the Chauaches, a little tribe of only thirty warriors, dwelling a few miles above New Orleans, were even a subject of dread to the French. This induced me to have them destroyed by our negroes, who executed the mission with great promptness and secrecy, setting an example before the small tribes higher up the river that held them in check. If I had been so disposed I could have destroyed all those nations, which are no service to us, by the negroes; but who, on the other hand, may influence our blacks to revolt." But he might the more truthfully have said that he caused the innocent and harmless Chauaches to be murdered by the negroes, that he might create an enmity between the negro and Indian race, as he no doubt had misapprehensions as to the negroes remaining quiet in the then excited state of affairs, and not attempt, by joining the Indians, to assert their rights to freedom. What a volume of oppression, wrong and cruelty towards the North Americans, from first to last, might be written from the sentiment expressed in Governor Perier's, "which are no service to us!"

On the 16th of January, 1717, Perier's fears and anxieties were greatly quieted when he was informed that Le Sueur, a French officer, with seven hundred Choctaw warriors, was on his march against the Natchez. Alas, for the Natchez! Dame fortune seemed to frown upon them from every side, and to have consigned them to a speedy destruction, for they seemed unable to resist the temptation of enjoying the rich booty taken from the French, though apprehensive of the storm that was gathering around them, and whose muttering thunders in the distance might have been audible had not every sense been swallowed up in the indulgence of feasting and dancing, oblivious to all else. Alas, how quickly does sorrow oft tread upon the heels of joy! Unfortunate and inconsiderate Natchez! On the 27th of January, 1730, while indulging in feasting and dancing on the banks of a small creek, in thoughtless security, Le Sueur with his seven hundred Choctaws broke suddenly and unexpectedly upon them and turned their merriment into wailing by killing sixty, taking captive twenty and rescuing fifty four French women and children ere they could rally and retreat to two forts they had erected in expectation of a storm which they felt would, sooner or later, burst with great fury upon them. But this was only the prelude to what the Natchez least expected would follow.

On the 8th of February, part of the French forces, rendezvousing among the Tunicas, arrived at Natchez under the command of Loubois and united with the Choctaw under

LeSueur, followed by the remainder on the next day. On the 14th, the united forces of the Choctaws and French made an assault upon the two forts, which were bravely defended by the Natchez. The French brought four pieces of artillery to bear upon the two little forts, which they had succeeded in planting on an eminence five hundred yards distant, and for six consecutive hours hurled their balls against the two forts with no effect whatever, the Natchez responding with two pieces of artillery, taken in the capture of Fort Rosalie, with like effect. The total failure of the French to produce any effect upon the forts, was humiliating to the French commander, but a source of amusement to the Choctaws; as he had promised them that he would knock down the two forts over the heads of the Natchez in two hours. The ineffectual cannonading was kept up seven days; the Choctaws, in the meantime, laughing and deriding the incompetency of the tanapoh chitoh (big guns); becoming wearied at noise without effect, the Choctaws threatened, on the morning of the 23d, to return home if the affairs of the siege were not prosecuted in a better manner. This threat of the Choctaws had the desired effect; and on the 24th, the four pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon the two little forts at a distance of three hundred yards, and then the Natchez were told that it was determined to blow them up, even at the sacrifice of the French captives in their possession.

The near proximity of the artillery, together with that of the threat, so intimidated the Natchez that they sent a female captive to make propositions of peace, who remained, without any response being returned to the Natchez. On the 25th a flag was hoisted by the Natchez as a token of peace. Upon seeing this, a Choctaw chief went near to one of the forts, and cried out to the Natchez, "Who ever knew before that the Choctaws encamped around the fort of an enemy for many weeks? Learn from this how great is the friendship of the Choctaws for the French. It is folly for you who are so much less in numbers than the Choctaws to still refuse to give up to the French their women and children. I and my warriors have determined to stay here and keep you in those two forts until you perish by hunger." Upon hearing this the Natchez promised to deliver all their French prisoners to the Choctaws, on the condition that the French would remove to the bank of the river with their artillery. The French assenting to this proposition, the following stipulations were agreed upon by the two belligerent parties: That the French were to withdraw to the banks of the river; the Natchez to deliver their

French captives to the Choctaws, and be allowed to remain in quiet and peaceable possession of their country and homes. All of which was agreed upon on the 26th, and thus terminated the siege, the French having lost fifteen men in the affair.

Still the French commander, not regarding himself in honor bound to the adherence of his word, like thousands at the present day, when given to an Indian, had determined, as soon as he had released the French captives in the hands of the Natchez, to recommence hostilities against the Natchez to their utter extermination.

But the Natchez, having learned by sad experience to rely no more upon the promises of the French, had determined to retreat. On the morning of the 27th they handed over all the French women and children to the Choctaws, who, in turn, delivered them to the French, and on the same day the Choctaws departed for their homes. But on the 29th, when the French commander again appeared before the two forts to execute his infamous determination against the Natchez, he found them empty, and their former occupants flown.

Thus was finished this expedition against the unfortunate Natchez, for the successful and speedy termination of which the honor (if honor there be) is due to the Choctaws; for they alone influenced the Natchez to yield; and to the Choctaws only would the Natchez consent to deliver their French prisoners, and then made good their retreat with honor to themselves and without loss; bidding an eternal adieu to their native hills and ancient possessions to seek a place of rest they knew not where, and leaving their abandoned homes to the possession of the French.

The different tribes, acting in the beginning of the war as allies to the Natchez, returned to their former allegiance with the French, and assisted them in destroying the Natchez wherever found. "Since their flight," said Perier, "I have had fifty of them killed or taken prisoners. I buried here six of them, four men and two women."

At this exhibition the whites seemed as proud of the horrid scene, as the ancient Romans were of the mutilation of human beings by wild beasts in the arena, above which sat civilization in the shape of Governor Perier, proving human nature to be the same at bottom, however modified at the surface, whether it remains in the original nakedness of barbarism, or conceals itself under the varied garments of civilization, as is so well established in the oppression and cruelty perpetrated by the American people of the 19th century upon the Red Race of this continent.

Was not this savage act of cruelty, perpetrated by those who assumed to be Christians, regarded by the Indians as an approval of their custom?

Soon after this act of the French, a band of Tunica warriors brought to New Orleans a poor Natchez woman whom they had captured while lingering amid the scenes of her youth, that called up in memory the loved ones then scattered to be united no more, and Governor Perier had her burned to death on a high platform erected especially for the ceremony, and to witness which all New Orleans again turned out in state. While slowly being consumed and suffering tortures most intense, that forlorn Natchez woman far away from kindred and friends and alone, shed not a tear nor uttered a groan, but bore her tortures with Indian fortitude; yet reproached her captors, the Tunicas, who stood around in bitter epithets declaring the speedy destruction of their people. The dying woman's prediction proved true; for the Tunicas returned home but to be surprised by a band of the homeless Natchez and their nation in turn nearly exterminated.

To what a state of utter desperation must the Natchez have been reduced, to perform such deeds of daring, and to manifest such a thirst for revenge! But for what else had they to live? Their country gone, kindred ties severed never to be reunited, their people scattered as autumn leaves before the gale. But why thus? The pale-face saw their Eden, coveted it; and because they dared fight for their God inherited right as God approved heroes, they must abide the decree—extermination.

The Tunicas were destroyed by a brave and resolute band of the Natchez, who had found a temporary asylum among the generous Chickasaws, though the exterminating French believed that all the Natchez had sought refuge west of the Mississippi river. But this heroic and indomitable people, scattered in detached bands here and there, did not fail to continually give satisfactory notice to the French that they were not all exterminated. Therefore, Governor Perier resolved that they should be; and in accordance with that resolution he, on the 4th of January, 1731, personally took command of his army, which had been instructed to rendezvous at the mouth of Red river. But where to find the place where the Natchez had concealed themselves was a problem which presented itself before him not easy of solution. As delay would accomplish nothing towards gratifying his thirst for Indian blood, he immediately ascended the Red river; thence into Black river; thence into a stream then known as Silver river; thence into a small lake, near

which he had heard the Natchez were concealed, where he arrived on January 19th. Again, fortune frowned upon the poor persecuted Natchez, for on the next day a Natchez boy, wandering too far in his eager pursuit of the chase, fell into the hands of his merciless foes, and, under the fear of terrible threats, betrayed the retreat of his people; and on the 21st the unfortunate Natchez found themselves completely surrounded; and on the 24th, fearing the little fort which they had constructed, and in which their women and children were placed would be stormed, and in that case they would be left to the mercies of a brutal soldiery, made overtures of peace, to which Perier replied, "That he would hold no parley with them, unless they would first give up the negro slaves they had in their possession, and their chiefs would then come out half way between the fort and the French to have an interview with him."

Twenty negroes were at once given up. After much hesitation, and how well founded the sequel will show, the Great Sun, the Little Sun, and a subordinate chief came out of their little fort, at 4 p. m. and advanced to the half-way ground and there met Perier with whom to have a consultation. After a few words had been exchanged, a rain commenced falling; upon which the perfidious Perier suggested the propriety of entering a vacant cabin, near by, to which they readily consented but the moment they entered they were made prisoners by a company of soldiers concealed therein. As night came on the rain increased, and during the night became a fearful tempest; during which the subordinate made good his escape. On the next day (25th) forty-five men and four hundred and fifty women and children surrendered to the mercies of their foes during the day. But the night following being again dark and rainy, the rest about two hundred, fortunately made their escape. Perier began his return on the 28th.; and in his dispatches, as our great Indian butchering generals, the "heroic" Sheridan and Sherman, did not forget the indispensable "Too much praise cannot be awarded the officers and men for their gallant conduct against fearful odds and under adverse circumstances"; but forgot to mention, even as his "gallant" counterparts of the present era, the base treachery he adopted to get the Indian chiefs into his hands. When he returned to New Orleans, he took his Natchez prisoners with him numbering forty-five men and four hundred and fifty women and children, besides the Great Sun and Little Sun, whom he so treacherously got into his hands, and then sent every one of them to St. Domingo, and there sold them as slaves, thus executing his threat against them. Extermination,

because they had the manly courage to resist oppression, and fight to the death against merciless tyrants.

The little remnant of Natchez left, though in the last stage of hopeless despair, instead of yielding, nobly and bravely nerved themselves to desperate deeds of revenge, for they still could call into the field about three hundred warriors. But they were at last defeated, then all hope fled, and the few scattered remnants, in three different bands, sought safety where best they could find it; one sought refuge among the Christian hearted Chickasaws, who generously gave them a home and protection. But even there they were not idle, for they sought every opportunity to avenge the destruction of their Nation and people, by attacking the French whenever and wherever found.

In 1733 a few still survived and still fought; for Bienville, being at that time reappointed to the governorship in the place of Perier, said, in a dispatch written on the 15th of May, 1733, "That the Tunicas had assured him that the Natchez were not destroyed, but were composed of three bands; the smallest had fled north some distance from their ancient villages; the next was on the banks of the Mississippi river, opposite the Yazoo river, and the third and largest had been received among the Chickasaws who had given them land on which to live." He closed by saying: "I shall use every effort to constantly harass them."

The two bands that still clung near their old homes, and seemed so reluctant to leave forever the banks of that noble river, the Mississippi, became so constantly harassed by the French that they were finally driven to seek a safer place of refuge; therefore, they also retreated to the Chickasaws and joined the band that had preceded them and found shelter and protection among that magnanimous people.

Their nation had perished; the remaining little remnant of survivors went west, and were dispersed among the various Indian tribes of that then little known country to the white race, and were lost as a distinct people. However, it has been stated through the medium of the press that a small tribe of Indians have been discovered in southern Arizona who are Idolators; that they are in reality sun worshippers, but make small images out of clay with faces supposed to represent the sun, although bearing little if any resemblance to it; that they do not associate with other tribes and are very seldom seen by white men. In this respect at least they may be regarded as being extremely fortunate. That the idols have large, round bodies and heads, with eyes and mouth and ears—beams radiating from the eyes over the face. These Indians keep these idols in rude

houses or wigwams, and at certain seasons of the year they hold a sun dance, which is with them a religious ceremony. They have no other form of worship, although a few of them were at one time induced to abandon their idols by the Jesuit priests. If the story be true, there is a good reason to believe that they are the descendants of the few Natchez who fled west in 1733, at the destruction of their nation by the French.

But the beneficent God of man's creation be praised that

"There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be.
Oh! who would live a slave in this?"

Noble race! Unaccustomed to crouch under oppression, and when the evils of submission became greater than those of resistance, how could it but beget a convulsive burst of indignation and courage, supported by the hope of successfully driving back the merciless invaders of their country and homes!

But how vain the struggle against the irresistible power of superior intelligence, crazed to become rich, and the strength of civilization without mercy, honor or truth, a power without morality, unscrupulous and unprincipled, which came among them to wring from them their country, upon which to build its own greatness, though at the cost of the utter annihilation of its primitive inhabitants; a power from the Alpha to the Omega, which placed the administration of justice, when dealing with the Indians, in the hands of its highest functionary—Avarice, and there left it; thus it came a war of helpless sheep against ravenous wolves, untutored men against demons, to whom dissimulation, dishonesty and avarice were as paws to the hungry tiger. Endless promises, false excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehoods, unblushing chicanery, and exterminating war, untempered with mercy in regard to age or sex, innocent or guilty, were the weapons adopted and practiced, in the successful and speedy accomplishment of their determination to destroy and exterminate the North American Indian race; therefore they went implacable in enmity and void of pity; and the pertinacity with which they have adhered to their purpose needs no further confirmation.

The historic Indian is with the past, and his bones are resting in the grave with his pre-historic ancestry; while his surviving descendant, shorn of all his former chivalry and independence, is left alone to battle with the prejudice of the exterminators of his race, who for 200 years have

been pressing it toward that period of evolution we call civilization, but in reality extermination.

But alas, as a falling star tumbling from its primitive place near the gates of heaven, bathed in primitive glory, so has been the falling of the North American Red Race, that noble, brave and wonderful people, into the dark clouds of misfortune and woe, tracking their lone and sorrowful course down through the deep midnight of despair to helpless extermination and hopeless oblivion; and though their spring freshness and summer bloom have forever faded away, leaving no hope of a returning morn, still their silent, yet dignified despair, impresses an involuntary respect and admiration—even as a fine nature becomes by the sorrows that blight and the misfortunes that mildew and destroy. But will that time never come when that spirit of love that seeks the good of the poor, unfortunate Indian will be truly felt and acted upon, and that spirit which is wise in mercy and has no element of vengeance, shall speak in the actions of our congress, sounded in sermons from our pulpits and pleaded in our prayers at the throne of grace.

Truly the life of the North American Indian of the present day is, and long has been, a strange comedy to all who observe, and a fearful tragedy to those who reflect. But have they not endured enough? Can they endure more and still exist? Nay verily. Already have they turned their gaze to the skirmishers that line the other shore, as they sadly and hopelessly, yet silently and heroically move forward in their uncomplaining (since unavailing) wretchedness.

The North Americans everywhere were quick to observe; prone to meditate on all they observed, and possessed an imagination fertile, expansive and daring; they imbibed with eagerness and retained in a tenacious memory; and before their prospects, under the sustaining and fostering care of the loving and loved white missionary, were destroyed and their hopes forever blighted by ruthless hands, their lives were like an April day. True, they had experienced reverses, but as the sun of their lives sank in the west the rainbow of the white man's promise awhile bent beautifully above them; but, alas, only to be driven back from their hopes by realizing the utter falsity of that promise. Ah, suspense and hope deferred! these are the two emotions which serve to kill the human heart, to darken and blight human existence. Therefore, soon in their faces, where never before seen, were visible strength and weakness, manhood and helplessness.

It is attested by thousands of Christian witnesses

now living who personally know, and thousands of Christian witnesses long since dead, who left their testimony behind them in their writings down the revolving years back to over two centuries ago, that the North American Indians everywhere welcomed the religion of Jesus Christ; that they admired the civilization of the White Race, and delighted to be taught in the useful arts and sciences, while they abhorred and dreaded the accompanying vices attending that civilization, as exhibited before them by the lawless, who ever followed close on the heels of the servants of God.

It is a truth, though known to few, that the problems which the North American Indians have presented, ever since their first introduction to the White Race, and still present to this generation in the little remnant, still surviving, are worthy the consideration and study of even the most learned; and that the events which have formed their known history during the last two centuries are worthy to take rank among the marvels of history. Nor do multiplied thousands have the least conception of the changes which that peculiar, but none the less worthy, people have experienced and the effect they have had upon them. Truly the one stands to the other in the relation of cause to effect. But what the future has in store for them may closely be guessed by their present condition in their transition from the old to the new order of things under the weight of the hand of merciless coercion; yet what many tribes have been enabled to accomplish for the intellectual, moral and material improvement, amid all their vicissitudes, wrongs and sufferings, few, very few, also know; therefore, millions, without any investigation whatever, but upon vague rumor alone, believe that no Indian is or can be fitted to enjoy the blessings of Christianity, though the belief is as faulty as its premises are absolutely false.

May a just and merciful God grant that others shall rise up in the defense of this part of His fearfully persecuted race of mankind, whose pens more efficient than mine shall relate to future generations its wrongs and sufferings; its love of country and freedom; its heroic defense of both; its patience and silence in misfortunes unparalleled in the history of mankind; its calm resignation in humiliation, after prodigies of justifiable resistance against overwhelming numbers, while laboring under the most adverse surroundings ever known in the history of man fighting for country, freedom, justice and truth.

And though here, as in the middle watches of the night, I close my labors, yet I must leave the reader in great doubt of a fairer morn ever dawning upon the Red Race of the

United States, as such a morn can scarcely be expected, or even hoped for, in an age abounding more with vice than virtue, as this hitherto has abounded and still abounds, with fair prospects of indefinite continuance; since the manifested desire and unyielding determination of the government and people of the whole country have long been, still are and will ever be, to exterminate their Indian wards—forever blot out their institutions and every vestige of their entire race; but hoping and believing that in its oblivion would also be forgotten the means adopted for the accomplishment of the result; therefore, thousands still mock at and deride this people, while others oppress, persecute and slander.

But in this account of the true Native Americans, this peculiar and, in many respects, wonderful part of God's created races of man, I regret not that I have wandered far from the old and beaten track in which former writers have walked in their accounts given of that people known as the Red Race of North America; and truly believe that I have thereby escaped many of the ruts into which they have, with here and there an exception, alike and invariably fallen; though in passing through the shadowy lands of legend and myth, where many of the pen pictures are, to an unjustifiable and inexcusable extent, imaginary, I deny not but here and there a slender web of fiction, but free of intended or known falsehood, may be found upon its pages; as I have sought from many sources, whatever hues and colors which were considered best adapted to and interest and variety to its pages; and if it only tends to bring others into sympathy for the Indian race of this continent, one of its principal missions will be accomplished.

True, I have rejected much which might have been written, for which, perhaps, many may think that fact deserves more praise than to be pardoned for that which has been published. Be it as it may; I murmur not at the verdict of the reader; nor make any appeal to posterity. I sought not for human adulation, that ephemeral thing so difficult to obtain and so worthless when obtained; therefore, if it quickly dies, amen! as, in so doing, it will save trouble for those who are inclined to injure from any attempt to kill that which will inevitably soon perish of its own self.

But let this be added, the subject matter of this narrative was begun and ended with a full knowledge of the task that lay before me: and so involved was it in uncertainty, and so tinged with romance and fiction, that had not the interest of and justice to the North American Indians, demanded, at least, that an attempt should be made to shed a ray of true light upon their history, I would not indeed have

ventured to attempt to lift the veil and bid a thoughtless world look in again upon that mystic people, and thereby expose them once more to its idle and heartless gaze, chilled with the frosts of incredulity.

I have endeavored to draw a true picture of the representative type of southern Indians and their wrongs, as found in the Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Muscogee (now Creek) and Seminole, as they appeared in the four epochs of their known history; from the time of De Soto's invasion into their territories; during the period of the establishment of the French colonies among them; during the transition period following the advent of the Protestant missionaries to them, and their final banishment to the then inhospitable and little known "Wild West," and as they appear, and are to-day, as a civilized and Christian people.

Hoping my labors will not be viewed in a wrong light, yet ready at all times to defend my position as the abiding friend of the true native North American race, I here bid the reader a kind adieu, as my narrative is finished; my manhood's years far behind, with life's declining sun lingering upon its western sky; the years of the past hold the native Americans' wrongs, and time will tell the rest in the years to come.

Noble race! I honor you and I love you. We've been friends together through the years of the Long Ago, enough for us to know. We'll be so still in all our years to come; nor time nor distance, though our paths of life diverge, shall ever efface from our memory's page those words of truth.

NORTH AMERICA'S MOUNDS AND MOUND BUILDERS—THEIR ORIGIN AND DESIGN.

What a sad record is the history of the human race from the creation of Adam down along the long flight of ages to the closing scenes of this the 19th century! How replete in strife and confusion! each nation seemingly in turn, to entail upon itself the just retributions of a merciful God, whose long forbearance could no longer endure its degrading idolatry and presumptuous wickedness. Yet, who can but admire with emotions of astonishment as he gazes upon or reads of those ancient temples and mighty structures of human skill that stand as living mementos to the present age, of pre-historic man, but whose purposes of erection are, with him, forever buried amid the mists of ages past.

The Sphinx and the great pyramid Cheops, with heads towering high, still look down in mournful silence upon the surrounding desolation as dumb historians of remote ages past. While, equally sad and mournful are the still visible wrecks of fallen cities, some having been lost to the world for many hundred years after their destruction; all alike have passed away, to be remembered but in tradition, fable and song, leaving, here and there a few moss-covered walls and towers crumbling in turn to dust, with their undeciphered hieroglyphics—all as mementos of the desolating power of long succeeding years, still frowning on the mysteries of a people who bequeathed to posterity only such monuments as future testimonials of their history.

But respect for the dead and a just regard for their disposition by burial have been distinctive characteristics in man in all ages and countries of both the civilized and uncivilized world. There are two classes of primitive tombs, both of the highest antiquity, the tumulus or mound of earth heaped over the dead and the subterranean or excavated; the

former is the most ancient form of sepulture and has been the universal mode among all primitive nations. But what awakens sadder emotions than the contemplation of the cemetery of a nation or a race! Still as those cities of hoary antiquity on the Eastern Continent, with all their great inheritance of centuries past, their Pyramids, walls and other different and wonderful structures of architectural skill, have ever been of the deepest interest to the modern student, so too, the mounds, stone implements of every description, hieroglyphics, pottery, etc., shreds and patches of succeeding generations, present many things of interest, though like the detached fragments of some beautiful mosaic, which demand the skill of the expert to replace them, or like geological strata, upheaved by a series of convulsions which without some knowledge of their history, cannot be reduced to order. In gazing upon these silent relics of the long past, these charnel houses of departed ages, their still calm lulls the soul to a melancholy, yet pleasing, repose, as the imaginative mind goes back and contemplates the various phases in the stream of life which they have witnessed during the slowly revolving centuries of their existence, and seem to respond to the inquiry, "What of your record?—that long panorama of history that has been enrolled before you by passing ages is but a part of what lies before."

Behind the white race now in possession and far behind the Indian, whom the whites have dispossessed, is that unknown people whose receding memory the archæologist still seeks to save, since it is the most convenient race to be brought in for all the riddles, myths and mysteries of the continent in all future to come. Many of the mounds, 'tis true, are of such ancient date that they seem almost parts of the original land surface; yet have a history which, if only known, would far surpass all the fairy tales of romance and fiction that were ever written or imagined; standing in their original strength disdainful of all assistance.

Each continent has memorials of its long lost and forgotten races; and America's mounds, fortifications, pottery, metal remains, all interest us in the question, who were they? One responds "The Ten Tribes of Israel." Another shouts, "The Tartans." Each savant having a theory of his own and, in attestation of its truth, unhesitatingly sacrificing his bottle of ink at the shrine of his deity; but, after all, they are still lost races; and though I have not become a convert to the sundry theories accounting for their origin and disappearance, yet have only been enabled to satisfactorily prove for myself, each in its turn, about as clearly as our modern exegesis demonstrate the meaning of

baptizo; for many and diversified are the opinions advanced by those who have attempted to solve the mystery of their origin, their builders and their purposes. And, though time, which antiquates antiquities, has spared these minor monuments; yet, who were proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies those ashes made up, is a question above antiquarianism—not to be determined by man. But where is the antidote against the power of time? Our fathers find their graves in our short memories and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.

By many these mounds, walls and fortifications, found in various portions of the North American continent, are pronounced as the work of an extinct race of the human family, anterior to the occupancy of the country by the Indians—a feeble remnant of whose descendants, through the plentitude of our great mercy, are still with us; while others as strenuously contend that they were constructed by the ancestors of our present Indians. The former, among whom are many learned antiquaries, base their opinion upon the belief that the Indians, “being few in number and unskilled in the arts, were wholly unable to have erected such works.”

All, however, would perhaps concede that if the ancient cities, pyramids of stone, rock walls, artificial lakes walled in with immense pieces of stone, said to be lately discovered in Mexico and various other portions of the North American continent, and so published in the journals of the present day, were true, there are strong grounds upon which to predicate a belief that a race of people prehistoric to the ancestors of our Indians’ ancestry, once inhabited the Western Continent and were the builders of these massive structures, some of which excelling in grandeur the great pyramid of Egypt—the mighty Cheops.

The following published, in a Texas journal, of 1883, is sufficient as one example.

A RECENTLY DISCOVERED LOST CITY OF MEXICO.—Ancient ruins have recently been discovered in Sonora, which if reports are true, surpass anything of the kind ever found on this continent. With equal truth the writer might have added, or on any other continent. “The ruins are said to be about four leagues southeast of Magdalena. There is one pyramid which has a base of 4350 feet and rises to a height of 750 feet; there is a winding roadway from the bottom leading up an easy grade to the top, wide enough for carriages to pass over, which is said to be twenty-three miles in length; the outer walls of the road-way are laid in solid masonry from huge blocks of granite in rubble, and the circles are as uniform and the grade as regular as

could be made at this date by our best engineers. The wall however, is only occasionally exposed, being covered over with debris and earth, and in many places various kinds of indigenous plants and trees have grown up, giving the pyramid the appearance of a mountain. To the east of the pyramid a short distance, is a small mountain about the same size, and rises to about the same height; and, if reports are true, will prove more interesting to the archaeologist than the pyramid.

"There seems to be a heavy layer of a species of gypsum about half way up the mountain, which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, but sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone a people of an unknown age have cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms, from five by ten to sixteen or eighteen feet square.

"These rooms are cut out of solid stone, and so even and true are the walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows to the rooms, and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are but eight feet high from floor to ceiling. The stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of the rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human forms, with feet and hands of human beings cut in the stone in different places. But, strange to say, the hands all have five fingers and one thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms, which would indicate that they built fires in their houses.

"Stone implements of every description are to be found in great numbers in and about the rooms. The houses or rooms are one above the other, three or four stories high; but between each story there is a jag or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain." The writer closes the account of this wonderful discovery with the following grave soliloquy: "Who these people were, and in what age they lived, must be answered, if answered at all, by the wise men of the east." To which all will respond a hearty amen!

Another writer, with equal assurance of not being accredited with too much love for truth, states through the medium of the press to the credulous portion of the world that there is to-day a "Walled Lake" in Wright County, Iowa, 160 miles from Dubuque, evidently the work of man. He thus writes: "Here is a prehistoric reservoir—an artificial lake—a body of water covering nearly 300 acres, with

a wall built up all around it, not a stone in which can be less than 100 pounds weight, and some as heavy as three tons, and yet there is not a stone to be found within ten miles of the lake. The wall is ten feet high. The country is prairie land for miles around, except a heavy belt of timber that encircles the lake. This timber is oak, and it is plain that the trees were planted. The water in the lake is twenty-five feet deep." And the writer thus closes his story with the healthy questions as follows: "Who built that wall? How were those immense stones moved?" And last, though not least, "And how did they keep the water back when building the wall?"

But if such a "Sonora Pyramid" and "Iowa Lake" actually exist to-day on this continent, as they seem to exist in the prolific brains of these sensational writers, it could not be reconciled with the theory of being the work of our Indians or of their ancestors ages ago. But, as an imaginative pre-historic race evidently built the two lately discovered wonders of pre-historic antiquity, it is evident it has contributed enough to the history of the Western Continent for the study of the antiquarian in that line; therefore, let the building of the other curious mounds scattered over the various portions of the North American continent be ascribed to the Indians, to whom it justly belongs, as there is ample evidence that they were built at different ages of the world by different tribes of the American Indians—not controlled by science, but directed to a certain purpose then necessary. Some of them were erected as symbols of some particular virtue or deity taught by that religion for whose service they were built and to whose mysteries they were consecrated. Some, as memorials of great national events, as Nunih Waiyah of the ancient Choctaws and Chickasaws, erected in commemoration of their arrival from the "Far West" (Mexico) to the now State of Mississippi in the periods of the long forgotten past. But there they once stood in their primitive beauty like a marvelous, beautiful dream; the expression of the religious faith and hope of their builders, the North American Indians of past years, and there they would have remained, as far as human fore-sight could predict, until the trumpet of the mighty arch angel should end their mission or ethereal fires restore their materials to their original elements, but for their destroyers whose imagination had filled them with silver and gold.

But that the mounds found scattered over different states were erected by the ancestors of the present Indian people, some, ages before the advent of the White Race to this continent, and others since, there is abundant evidence,

even to satisfy (if such a thing is within the range of a possibility) the infatuated lovers of the marvelous; and that they were thrown up by different tribes and for different purposes, some as cemeteries; some as sacrificial altars; some as memorials of great events (as the famous Nunih Waiyah); some as the honored places for the erection of the houses of the chiefs; and some for signaling by fire from their tops, (an ancient custom as well as modern to some extent) of carrying intelligence, successfully practiced by the North American Indians. The Indians inhabiting the prairie regions of the "Far West" resorted principally to smoke signals, in connection with fire signals on the top of mounds; to give warning of danger to their scattered bands, especially when on a raid in an enemy's country. The signals were made to ascend in detached columns, or puffs, by firing a dry bunch of grass and partially smothering it with a blanket, shawl or other suitable article, until a considerable quantity of smoke had accumulated thereunder, then quickly slipping the shawl to one side, then back again at short intervals, which caused the smoke to ascend in puffs similar to that often seen ascending from the smoke-stack of a locomotive. The warning signal never failed to be seen by the ever watchful eyes of the Indian warrior, who was ever on the alert, whether anticipating danger or not. As soon as a few puffs of smoke had ascended, the burning grass was extinguished; then each one of the raiding party from his point of the prairie acknowledged the warning by doing the same; and though scattered miles apart on the broad prairie, each one was made aware of the impending danger, and gave proper heed thereto by retreating at once to a pre-arranged point of rendezvous 50 or 60 miles to the rear.

The mounds in the densely timbered regions east of the Mississippi river were mostly found to be erected on the hills and bluffs of the river valleys, from which, as a centre, they extended to other more distant points. Upon these mounds signal fires were made, which were fully understood in all their significations by all Indians; and thus a communication was established between different parts of their country, and important information communicated to their wide-extended towns and villages, since the light on a mound thirty, forty and even sixty feet high, erected on the high bluffs and points, some of which a hundred or more feet high themselves, could be seen up and down the valley forty miles distant.

Thus, from the highest mounds on those great bluffs, which then looked out upon as fair an inland picture as it was

possible to conceive, those signal mounds of the pre-historic North American Indians and their descendants, flashed their fires in their great signal system extending all over their country, fire answering fire and wreathes of smoke speaking to other wreathes of smoke, all conveying messages from the lakes of the north to the gulf of the south.

Some tribes erected them as sites for the houses of their chiefs and families, of which there is abundant proof; others as cemeteries for the bones of their dead, which is also sustained by undoubted evidence, and others again as means of defense, sustained by the best authority. Yet there are many who still endeavor to inculcate the belief that these mounds and old fortifications scattered here and there over the western continent, many of which are visible even to the present time, were the work of a race of people who inhabited the continent long prior to the Indians; and who were far advanced beyond them in civilization and were even familiar, to some extent, with the arts and sciences, basing their opinions upon the belief that the Indians, being "unskilled in any of the arts," and also being "few in number, were wholly unable" to erect such works.

But the so often repeated assertion that the North American Indians, when discovered by the Europeans, were unskilled in any of the human arts, and also few in number, is not sustained by the writings of the early explorers of the continent anywhere. All who are familiar with the writings of the early discoverers and explorers, know what a numerous population was found everywhere, from Maine to California, and from the Carolinas to Oregon, and what ingenuity was displayed by the natives everywhere in the building of fortifications, temples, canoes and making bows and arrows. And when we take into consideration that they were not exclusively an agricultural people, and engaged in no pursuit principally but that of war and the chase, they had more time to engage in such occupations as erecting mounds, fortifications, etc., than any other people on the globe, especially since time to them was a matter of no consideration whatever. The writers, who accompanied De Soto in his adventurous expedition (1540) from Florida to Arkansas, state that the mounds were thrown up for the purpose of building on their tops the houses of their chiefs, while his subjects erected their houses around the base; and they even describe the manner in which the earth was carried to the place.

On the 18th of May 1838, a party of literary and scientific gentlemen from Natchez, Mississippi, examined two square mounds three and a half miles below the city, between the bluff and the river, about a mile from the

river and one-eighth of a mile from the bluff, rising from 11 to 16 feet above the level upon which they are based. The two mounds stood about 500 feet apart, ranging north and south of each other, the larger being 66 feet square, and 16 feet high, and the other 33 feet square and 11 feet high. An excavation was made in the latter clear to the bottom and, as usual human bones and numerous and various pieces of Indian pottery; and trinkets were found at different depths; as both structures were similar, no excavation was made in the larger one. On the 20th of May, 1838, a party of 25 men from Natchez visited a large mound standing about 10 miles east of that city. On approaching the mound from the west, states the writer, it presents the appearance of a long, straight battery of earth, with a sloping, regular front and platform at the top, with a few moderate elevations or towers upon the terrace, the whole being overlooked by an abrupt tower at the eastern end towards Natchez; which rises nearly as high above the terrace or platform as that does above the circumjacent plain. In approaching the mound on the southern side, it presents a most imposing and martial character, and the traces of design are so apparent that the observer cannot but ascribe it to the work of man, and involuntarily feels that so enormous a pile must have been the creation of heads that planned, and hands that labored through long periods of time. Its magnitude however did not impress the beholder at first with its full proportions; but after ascending its steep face to the broad terrace, which is itself the base of the great western tower and also of four other smaller ones, and glancing at the general outline of the foundation mound, which has the appearance of a parallelogram, with a regular southern side and an irregular front on the north, then walking over the terrace which includes an area of nearly five acres, and looking up at the western tower, itself a parallelogram (perhaps once a perfect one) of 80 or more feet in length and 50 in breadth, the mind fully comprehends the vastness of the structure, and allows due honor to the pre-historic ancestors of the North American Indian race, who have left behind them such a mysterious hieroglyphic of power, speaking a language of grandeur, yet without a relic of a single word that we may translate into the elements of history. The height of the great terrace, from its base, was, in 1838, 45 feet by measurement, and of the great tower above the terrace, 38 feet, making 83 feet in all above the plain.

The human skeletons, from the great length of time they had been immured, prevented the examining party from

obtaining but few perfect specimens of craniology. At the depth of about two feet from the surface they found the skeleton of a full sized man from which, no doubt, much earth must have washed away during the long years that had passed since there entombed. The skull was indisputably a compressed one of a Flat Head Indian, or one whose head in infancy had undergone the compressing process, a custom, it is said by the early writers, practiced by the ancient ancestors of the present Choctaws.

The sides of the larger mounds are nearly wholly encased about one foot beneath the surface of the earth with a kind of rubbish resembling slack baked bricks, regardless of regularity of form, as if laid upon the original steep faces of the mound to prevent the washing away of the soil. This rude roofing, formed of a clay base, mixed with hair or moss, like modern mortar, may once have been continuous, or it may not have been otherwise than it was when discovered; in either case it was a sufficient security against the action of rain water. The soil above the rubbish was filled with fragments of pottery, pieces of human and animal bones, charcoal and the debris of the top of the mound and of the smaller towers which seem to have been almost entirely washed away. The pottery found was made of different colors; some pieces were brick colored; others slate colored; others white. The pieces were large enough to show the shape and curve of the circumference of the vessels of which the pieces were a part. Some of the pieces proved the original to have been of beautiful structure.

In visiting the "Castine Mounds," near the Cahokia creek, in Illinois, a writer says: "After a drive of an hour and a half the second group of eminences, known as the Castine Mounds, appeared upon the prairie at a distance of three or four miles; the celebrated Monk Hill, the largest monument of the kind yet discovered in North America, heaving up its giant form, forest clothed from in the midst; as it is first beheld, surrounded by the lesser heaps, it is mistaken by the traveler for an elevation of natural origin; as he draws nigh, and at length stands at the base, its stupendous magnitude, its lofty summit, towering above his head and throwing its broad shadow far across the meadow; its slopes plowed with yawning ravines by the torrents of centuries, descending to the plane; its surface and declivities perforated by the habitations of burrowing animals, and carpeted with tangled thickets; the vast size of the aged oaks rearing themselves from its soil, all confirm his impression that no hand but that of the mightiest could have reared the enormous mass. At that moment, should he be assured

that his vast earth-heap was of origin demonstrably artificial, he would smile, but credulity the most sanguine would fail to credit the assertion. But when, with jealous eye, slowly and cautiously, and with measured footsteps he has circled its base; when he has surveyed its slopes and declivities from every position, and has remarked the peculiar uniformity of its structure, and the mathematical exactitude of its outline; when he has ascended to its summit, and looked around upon the piles of a similar character by which it is surrounded; when he has taken into consideration its situation upon a river bottom of a nature decidedly diluvial, and, of consequence, utterly incompatible with the natural origin of such elevations; when he has examined the soil of which it is composed, and has discovered it to be uniformly, throughout the entire mass, of the same mellow and friable species as that of the prairies at its base; and when he has listened with scrutiny to the facts which, on examination of its depths, has thrown to light of its nature and its contents, he is compelled, however reluctantly, yet without a doubt, to declare that the gigantic pile is incontestibly the workmanship of man's hand." But when, by what race of mankind, and for what purpose? What changes they have undergone, what vicissitudes and resolutions, like massive waves, have rolled at their base during the centuries that have come and gone, who can conjecture? As the gloomy and silent pyramids of Egypt, for ages unnumbered, have looked down upon generation after generation as they came and went, and whose existence remains a mystery, so too do the mounds of North America point our inquiry back beyond the grasp of human thought into the shades and mists of centuries past, and bid us seek their origin and history there. But their design was evidently for various purposes some as cemeteries, some as fortifications, some as watch-towers or vedettes, for religious ceremonies and memorials.

The largest of the Castine group of about fifty is Monk Mound, whose base is said to be nearly six hundred yards in circumference and in height nearly a hundred feet. Its form is that of a rectangle, lying north and south; and upon the latter extremity, which commands the view down the bottom, is spread out a broad terrace, or rather a steppe to the main body, about twenty feet lower than the summit, extending the whole length of the side and is said to be one hundred and fifty feet in breadth. At the left extremity of this terrace winds up the sloping pathway from the prairie to the summit of the mound. A well, it is also stated, has been sunk on the western side of the mound (Mound Monk) to the depth of ninety feet which penetrates the heart of the

mound, but cannot reach, from its depth, lower than the level of the surrounding plain. And it is stated, when it was excavated, fragments of pottery, decayed ears of corn and various other articles were brought up from a depth of sixty five feet; surely a conclusive proof, if true, that it is of artificial structure. The mound is supposed to have taken its name from a society of ecclesiastics of the La Trappe order who dwelt there for many years in the early part of the present century.

Garcellasso de la Vega, says, in laying off the ground for a town, the first thing that the Indians did, was the erection of a mound, upon the top of which the houses of the chief and his family and attendants were built; and at the base a large square was laid off, around which the principal warriors built their houses, while the common people placed theirs on the opposite side of the mound from the square.

All the early explorers repeatedly state that they saw the mounds in all parts of the country through which they passed. Here then we learn of Mound Builders (Indians) nearly three and a half centuries ago. They were also thrown up as a means of defense. When the French under Bienville defeated the Natchez Indians in 1730, and drove them from their country, where the city of Natchez, Mississippi, now stands, and for whom the city was named, they established themselves upon the Lower Washita, Louisiana. Two years after they were again attacked and defeated by the French, yet they had in those two years constructed mounds and embankments covering an area of 400 acres, which they used as means of defense against the French in their second attack upon them. This is attested by several authors, some of whom were eye witnesses. This was done nearly 200 years after De Soto's invasion. Some of these mounds were very large, and were still to be seen 40 years ago; and no doubt still stand as monuments of the thrilling scenes which once were enacted there, during which a once proud, prosperous, and happy people were blotted out as a nation. Truly what sad emotions must awaken in the heart of the Christian when he contemplates and ponders upon such dramas acted in nature's vast theatre! Who can mistake them? Verily, life is a storm, and war and bloodshed are its gloomy clouds.

McCulloh, in his "Researches," p. 516, says, when speaking of the larger mounds: "They were sites for the dwellings of the chiefs, for council houses, temples and cemeteries, which fancy and conceit have constructed into various shapes and variously situated, one to the other." All know, who have any knowledge of the early history of the

western continent, that these mounds and fortifications have been found scattered all over the continent, and whenever or wherever a mound has been excavated, human bones, together with various ornaments, wampum, pottery, arrow heads, all of rude manufacture, have been found, clearly indicating their Indian origin. On the land of Judge Messier, 21 miles from Fort Gaines, Ala., were, years ago, a very remarkable group of mounds. The largest was 70 feet in height and 600 in circumference, and was covered with large forest trees, estimated to be, from appearance, from 400 to 500 years old. A shaft has been sunk in the centre to the depth of 60 feet, and at its lower portion a bed of human bones, five feet in thickness, and in a perfectly decomposed state, was discovered. Two in this group of mounds are thirty feet in height, having hearth-stones on the top similar to the largest, with charred wood around them, evidently showing that they were used for sacrificial purposes. A wall of earth encloses the three largest, outside of which are four, twenty feet high (Pickett, Vol. 1, p. 168).

The Choctaws, who lived in large villages before their exodus from Mississippi to the west, first placed their dead upon scaffolds, near the villages; and those living in the country near their homes, where they were carefully guarded from the beasts and birds of prey, until decomposition had thoroughly accomplished its work. Afterwards on a previously appointed day, the remaining flesh was picked from the bones by officials called Bone-Pickers many of whom I have seen in the days of my boyhood. When their duty had been performed, the bones were deposited in a box and carried away and placed in the common bone-house, and there sacredly kept until the appointed day rolled around for a general bone-burying; which was once a year. Then all from neighboring villages and country brought, in solemn and imposing ceremony, the boxes containing the bones of their dead to the place of interment where they were laid away in one common grave, into which were cast as memorial tokens various articles, such as earthen pots, bows and arrows, tomahawks, ornaments, etc.; all of which were first covered with ashes and charred coals, then filled up with earth; then over all was erected a mound. The same cemetery or mound was used as a place of deposit for the bones of their dead for a long series of years, until it became in size and height inconvenient, and then another spot was chosen, upon which, in like manner, another mound gradually arose. That the custom of the ancient Choctaws in disposing of their dead was also practiced by many of the North American Indians, is evident from the fact that, in

digging into these mounds, wherever found, after passing through a stratum of earth about two feet in thickness a bed of ashes and charcoal is first met, then a bed of human bones together with fragments of pottery, arrow heads, and Indian ornaments; then follows another stratum of earth, which is succeeded by a stratum of ashes and charcoal, then of human bones, pottery, ornaments and arrow points, thus on to the bottom. It is a conceded fact that, in nearly every mound that has been excavated, there have been found human bones, with more or less of various articles such as broken pottery vessels, implements of stone and copper; flint heads of spears and arrows; figures of various birds and reptiles, shells and teeth of carnivorous animals; ornaments of silver, tin, copper and beads.

I read the following in the *American Antiquarian* over the signature of H. F. Buckner:

"Mr. Maxwell, in a historical address, says: 'My conviction is that the high grade of military skill displayed by the Mound Builders at Carthage, Alabama, attests a knowledge of the necessities of attack and defense unknown to the mode of warfare practised by the tribes found here by De Soto.'"

Mr. Maxwell does not state in what respect the high grade of military engineering skill displayed by the Mound Builders at Carthage, Alabama, attests a knowledge of the necessities of attack and defense unknown to the mode of warfare practiced by the tribes found here by De Soto. However, I will here state that the old Shakchih Humma fort, within the enclosure of which was established the missionary station among the Choctaws, called Hebron, of which I have already spoken, and where I spent many years of my life, displayed as "high grade of military engineering skill" and attested a "knowledge of the necessities of attack and defense" equal to our high grade of military engineering skill displayed in the military forts erected throughout the present Indian Territory, of which I have had an ocular demonstration.

"Who the Mound Builders were it is impossible to determine," continues Mr. Maxwell. "They were not built by the ancestors of the tribes found here by De Soto, as they pretended no knowledge of their construction, traditional or otherwise."

Truly, a poor basis upon which to predicate the above broad assertion; since De Soto's expedition was made alone for the purpose of finding gold, while to learn the history of the Indians, whom he regarded as a species of the human race scarcely above the brute creation, was not in all his

thoughts; nor did the Indians, unasked, ever mention the subject of their history to the white man—never.

"The only tradition they had or have is, that their forefathers found the mounds when they emigrated from the Mexican Empire to the east of the Mississippi river, exterminated the ancient inhabitants and appropriated the country, so that we are compelled to go back to remote ages for the only reasonable solution."

The above is an egregious error, as far as the Choctaws and Chickasaws are concerned, for their traditions were utterly silent in regard to the mounds, except that of Nunih Waiyah (of which I have already spoken), which is one among the largest, if not the largest, ever found in the now state of Mississippi.

Is it not greatly inconsistent and unreasonable for Mr. Maxwell to boldly assert, "My conviction is that the high grade of military engineering skill displayed by the Mound Builders at Carthage, Alabama, attests a knowledge of the necessities of attack and defense unknown to the mode of warfare practiced by the tribes found here by De Soto," and then at once assert that the Indians, ignorant of all knowledge "of the necessities of attack and defense," could exterminate the ancient inhabitants (Mound Builders) and appropriate the country to their own use?

Buckner, quoting from Maxwell's address, continues:

"Prescott says (vol. 2, pp 368 and 391) that the ancient Aztecs, long before the days of Montezuma, had a tradition that when they entered the Mexican valley they found similar mounds containing just the same kind of materials as I found in those at Carthage, Alabama, and that two of the largest had been dedicated to the worship of the sun and moon (another proof that they were built by the ancestors of our Indians, among whom the Natchez Indians were worshippers of the sun even after they had settled upon the banks of the Mississippi river), and that two of the largest were dedicated to the worship of the stars, and served as sepulchers for the great men of the Nation besides."

Exactly. They served as sepulchers for the great men of the Nation, for which the ancient Natchez of Mississippi erected the mounds, as well as other North American tribes. "That the plane on which they stood was called Micoati, or The Path of the Dead." Another proof that they were the ancestors of the North American Indians, for the word Micoati is a corruption of the Choctaw words, Miko, king or chief, and aiantah, to occupy; i. e., occupied by the king or chief; and "Now, when the laborer turns up the ground, he still finds numerous arrow-heads and blades of obsidian."

The same things that are found in all the mounds scattered over the North American continent; with the exception of obsidian, as there were no volcanoes east of the Mississippi river, "which attest the war-like character of its primitive population." Still additional proof that they were the ancestors of the North American Indians.

Continuing, Mr. Buckner says: "I prefer to leave it still open for investigation until greater pains shall have been taken to explore the archæological wonders of this country." And which no discovery will ever prove the mound builders to be others than the ancestors of the North American Indians.

"Of one thing we are sure, the Choctaws loved the bones of their ancestors and of their people. This unlocks the mystery of their funeral rites. They believed in immortality and eternal life; and such was their veneration for their dead that they picked the flesh from their bones. Knowing that they could not carry all their remains, and when forced to remove from one place to another, it was the business of certain appointed persons to carry these bones with them until they could be again deposited in a place of rest and safety."

The last clause above is but one of the thousand errors published about the Indians. The ancient Choctaws, it is true, did pick the bones of their dead, after having been placed upon a high scaffold and decomposition had completed its work, but never for the purpose Mr. Buckner has above stated. After the bone-pickers (appointed for that business) had picked all the flesh from the bones which decomposition had not wholly destroyed, the bones were taken down and placed in a box, then the box was carried to the bone-house, and therein placed; and when the bone-house became full of boxes all were taken to the cemetery-mound and placed thereon and covered with earth to the depth of about three feet. When this custom was abolished, the Choctaws adopted the mode of burial in a sitting posture; then this mode was abolished and that of the whites adopted which is continued to this day. The Choctaws, as all North American Indians of whom I ever read, or with whom I was personally acquainted, never carried the bones of their dead from one place to another, but buried them, and woe to him who desecrated the mound cemetery by digging into it, or in any way disturbed its sacred contents. But to return from my digression.

Bartram, in his "Travels," page 516, positively asserts that the Choctaws, when the bone-houses were full, took the bones and buried them in a common grave and erected a

mound over them. And it is evident that the bone-houses of the ancient Choctaws, when first known to the Europeans, were but miniature temples of their ancestors who preceded them centuries before. Bartram also discovered many peculiar mounds in East Florida, during his early explorations through the now southern states. Some were square, surrounded by walls of earth, and others were pyramidal of great height. "From the river St. John, southwardly to the point of the peninsula of Florida," he states, "are to be seen high pyramidal mounds, with spacious and extended avenues leading from them out of the town to an artificial lake or pond of water." In another place he says: "At about 50 yards distance from the landing place stands a magnificent Indian mound. But what greatly contributed to the beauty of the scene was a noble Indian highway, which led from the great mound in a straight line three-fourths of a mile through a forest of live oaks to the verge of an oblong artificial lake, which was on the edge of an extensive level savannah. This grand highway was about fifty yards wide, sunk a little below the common level, and the earth thrown on each side, making a bank about two feet high."

Charlevoix and Tantiboth speak of Indians who inhabited the region of country around Lake Michigan, who were well skilled in the art of erecting mounds and fortifications. Charlevoix also states that the Wyandots and the Six Nations disinterred their dead and took the bones from their graves where they had lain for several years and carried them to a large pit previously prepared, in which they deposited them, with the property of the deceased, filling up the pit with earth and erected a mound over it.

A string of sleigh bells much corroded, but still capable of tinkling, is said to have been found among the flint and bone implements in excavating a mound in Tennessee; while in Mississippi, at a point where De Soto is supposed to have camped, a Spanish coat-of-arms in silver, one blade of a pair of scissors, and other articles of European manufacture were found in a mound—evidently which had been picked up by some Indian after the Spaniards had gone, and buried with him at his death as being among his treasured possessions while living.

Two copper plates were found in a Georgia mound, upon which were stamped figures resembling the sculptures upon the Central American ruins, the workmanship of which is said to be far superior to that displayed in the articles of pottery, stone and bone found in the mound; though, aside from these plates nothing was found to indicate a connection between the mound builders and the Aztecs or the Pue-

blos. Still their origin is not inexplicable; since it is reasonable to conclude that communications between the inhabitants of Central America, Mexico and the North American Indians, were possible and even actually existed. But admitting this impossible, yet, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the two copper plates may have found their way from Central America to Mexico; thence to Spain through some one of Cortez's army; thence to Georgia by some one in the army of De Soto only twenty years after. And, as the string of sleigh-bells, Spanish coat-of-arms and scissors were obtained by the Indians from De Soto's army so too did the Spaniards obtain the copper plates from the Aztecs; and North American Indians, in turn, from the Spaniards, more reasonable and easier to reconcile with truth, than to believe that the two copper plates, found in the Georgia mound, were the workmanship of a race of people ages prior to the ancestry of the North American Indians. And though several human skulls have been found in North America, which upon examination, have led to the belief that they belonged to the human race living before the glacial period, yet that is not sufficient to overturn the reasonable belief that the races of that ancient epoch are those of to-day, the same cranial and facial forms being found, in spite of the lapse of years and change of environment. Besides in regard to the copper plates found in a mound in Georgia, it is an established fact that the Indians were acquainted with copper three centuries ago. Hudson in exploring the north in 1609, found the Indians using copper pipes and wearing ornaments of the same metal. He states: "They had red copper tobacco pipes, and other things of copper they did wear about their necks." De Soto also found that the Southern Indians used copper as well as stone axes, of which I have seen many in Mississippi.

It is an admitted fact that the ancient fortifications of the Southern Indians corresponded exactly with those of the Northern; and it has also been conclusively shown, by careful examination and comparison, that the skulls of the so-called "Mound Builders" and the ancient people of Mexico, also the Incas of Peru, together with the Southern Indians of this continent, are so similar that the conclusion is irresistible that they are of the same race of people. Thomas, in his writings upon this subject, affirms: "This proof is conclusive that the Southern Indians, when first visited by the Europeans, were the builders of the mounds of that region, which brings those works down to a date subsequent to the entry of the civilized tribes of Mexico." Now, it is certain, according to the statement of the early

missionaries sent among them, that all the tribes of the Gulf States, as well as many others of different localities upon the continent, if not all, had traditions of western, northwestern and southwestern origin. Many of which I have learned from the lips of the Indians themselves.

I will here insert the names of a few of the mounds found in various localities upon the North American continent:

Eagle Effigy, mound discovered in Georgia and measuring from tip to tip of the wings, 132 feet; is made of stones and surrounded by a circle composed also of stone.

The Great Serpent mound, discovered in Adams county, Ohio. Another effigy mound, and erected on a hill formed by the junction of a ravine, with the main branch of a creek known as Brush creek, which rises 150 feet above the creek. The hill is said to be in a wild region of country, and affords an extensive view. The form of this mound is said to be irregular, crescent shaped, and points to the northwest; thus pointing, seemingly, to the direction whence its builders came to the continent, while being erected as a memorial of that event. The traditions of all the tribes with whom I am personally acquainted, and of all of whom I have read, point to the northwest as the direction of the country whence they came to this. The entire length, according to MacLion's measurement of the serpent part, is 116 feet, and the space of the extended jaws, 100 feet; the oval figure, 113 feet long and 50 feet wide; the head portion is 55 feet. Mr. Squier affirms that the length, if extended, would reach 1000 feet, while Prof. Putnam, of Harvard, says it would reach to the distance of 1415 feet.

The Cahokia Mound, standing near St. Louis, is said to be the largest artificial mound upon the continent. It is 700 feet long by 500 feet wide at the base, and 90 feet high, covering 8 acres of land, with about 20,000,000 cubic feet of contents—so it has been declared.

Many effigy mounds have been found in Wisconsin. Some are over 150 feet long and about 15 feet in width, and varying from 1 to 4 feet high.

Besides the effigy mounds there are Memorial Mounds, Cemetery Mounds, Signal Mounds, Mounds erected for the houses of chiefs, etc., scattered over the various Southern States.

But who has ever found the line between the so-called Mound Builders and the North American Indians? No one. Nor will it ever be found. The Indians not only erected mounds for various specific purposes, but fortified their vil-

lages with walls, and ditches filled with water; also with rows of palisades interwoven with branches of trees.

At Tampa Bay, where De Soto is said to have landed in his wild search for gold; his chroniclers state "That the house of the chief was erected near the shore on a very high mound made by hand."

And Garcillasso says: "The town and the house of the Cazique (chief) Ossachile" (Choctaw words corrupted from Ossi, eagle, chahlih, swift) are like those of the other caziques."

Biedman says: "The caziques of this country, (supposed to be now Arkansas) make a custom of raising, near their dwellings, very high hills, on which they sometimes build their huts."

La Harpe, in visiting the Indians on the lower Mississippi in 1820, says: "They are dispersed over the country upon mounds of earth made with their own hands."

The Natchez, who were exterminated by the French in 1739, were also Mound Builders. DuPratz, who had lived among them in 1718, says of their customs, "Their temple was about 30 feet square, and erected on a mound 8 feet high; that the house of the chief was built on a mound of the same height and sixty feet over the surface. (Father Le Petit, Note, page 142.)

Charlevoix, a Jesuit priest, describes the mounds erected to a considerable extent in his writings, he says:

"When a chief died, the mound upon which his house was erected, was abandoned, and a new one thrown up for his successor."

Colden says of the Iroquois, "They make a round hole in which the body is placed, then they raise the earth in a round hill over it."

It was the custom of the ancient Choctaws to gather the bones of all who had died during several years, which had been safely kept in their bone-houses in boxes, bury them all together in a common grave and then erect a mound over them. It is also stated that the ancient Iroquois, at the expiration of every eight or ten years, gathered together the bones of their dead and erected a mound over them.

Catlin, in his *North American Indians* (p. 95), states that when he visited the pipe-stone quarry in Dakota, in 1832, he saw a conical mound 10 feet high which had been erected over the buried body of a young man who was accidentally killed two years before.

Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia" (p. 191), in reference to the mounds, says: "A party of Indians passing about 30 years ago through the part of the country where

this mound is, went through the woods directly to it without any instruction or inquiry; and having staid about it some time, with expressions of grief, they returned to the high road, which they had left about a half dozen miles to pay the visit, and pursued their journey." They had but visited the grave of their loved ones for the last time.

The types of the human skulls taken from those ancient mounds said to have been erected by a pre-historic race, and now called "Mound Builders"—a race claimed to be far superior to our Indians—are characteristic, not only of the ancient Mexicans, Peruvians and other ancient tribes of South America, but also of the ancient Natchez, Muscogeese, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Seminoles, Yamases and others of the North American continent. And it is a conceded fact that all Indians ever found in North and South America possess many common features. I have seen the native Indians of Mexico, Arizona and California, and recognized them at once to be of the North American Indian race. I have seen them singly and in groups; given special attention to their features, the expression of their eyes, their walk and manner of sitting, their manner of carrying their babes and heavy burdens, and found them all to be exactly the same as the southern Indians over seventy years ago.

The Indians of North America, as well as those of South America, when first known to the whites down to the years they were banished to the then wilderness west of the Mississippi river, lived everywhere in villages and towns upon the sites of which stand today many of our towns and cities: Natchez, Mobile, New York and others. Carter, in 1535, visited an Indian village named Ho-che-la-ga; De Soto, 1540, and all the early explorers, La Salle and others down to Lewis and Clark, in 1804; thence to the missionaries, in 1815; and thence to their banishment west of the Mississippi river, found the Indians everywhere living in towns and villages, proving the long reiterated assertion that they were nomadic, to be without even the shadow of truth upon which to lay a foundation. They had fixed habitations even as the whites, who move from place to place ten times as often as the Indian.

All their ancient villages and towns were fortified. Charlevoix, in his "Travels in North America, says: "The Indian villages in Canada were surrounded with double, and sometimes triple, rows of palisades, interwoven with branches of trees. The Pequod villages, destroyed by the English, in 1631, were surrounded by palisades.

Champlain, who, in 1615, invaded, with the Hurons as allies, the territory of the Iroquois, found their villages

strongly fortified. Biedman says: "We journeyed two days, and reached an Indian village in a plain, surrounded by walls and a ditch filled by water, which had been made by the Indians." Brackenridge, in his "Views of Louisiana," says: "The custom of palisading appears to have been general among the Northern Tribes."

"Mavilla" (now Mobile, Alabama,) says Biedman, "stood on a plane surrounded by strong walls." The early explorers found it the same in Mexico, Central and South America. Yet, regardless of all the indisputable proofs to the contrary, the works of the Indians have been ascribed to another, and entirely different race of people called "Mound Builders," though their imagined works are exactly similar to those known to be the work of the Indians, a common design pervading the whole everywhere with the same stone implements, axes, flint pointed arrowheads etc., also the same kind of personal ornaments, silver, tin, copper, etc., all proving that they are, and can be no other, than the works of our Indians' ancestors, if testimony is any longer valid. Well and truthfully has Brackenridge said in his "Views of Louisiana" (p. 182), "We are often tempted by a fondness for the marvelous to seek out remote and impossible causes for that which may be explained by the most obvious." Not only tempted, but yield to the temptation with wonderful alacrity. The mounds are evidently the work of the Indians and their ancestors back through ages past; and, with equal truth it may be said, they also lived in permanent stockaded towns and villages, many of which much larger than many of our towns and villages that imagine themselves to be what they are not and never will be, by assuming the cognomen of city; equally as absurd and ridiculous as the Don Quixote idea of creating an imaginative, prehistoric race of people, and call them "The Mound Builders"; since the fact is, the more the subject is studied the more does truth point to the Indians and their ancestors as the true Mound Builders, whose mounds once so beautifully dotted various portions of this continent; though now defaced and destroyed by the leveling influence of ages, together with the destructive characteristics of the White Race; yet leaving the imagination of these modern knights of Lamanca a wide field in which to indulge their sentimental propensities.

In Morgan's "Ancient Society," page 12, he says: "The Ojibway Indians were peculiarly skilled in making stone pipes, of which many showed elaborate skill in the carving."

The Indians were also skilled in the art of pottery, as is fully proven by the numerous examples of their work

seen by the early explorers. DuPratz spoke particularly of the skill of the Natchez Indians in the art of pottery. Catlin also of the same thing among the Mandan Indians. He says: "I have seen specimens of pottery, which have been dug up in Indian mounds and tombs in the Southern and Middle States, placed in our Eastern museums, and looked upon as a great wonder, when here this novelty is at once done away with, and the whole mystery, where women can be seen handling and using them by hundreds, and they can be seen every day in the summer, also, molding into many fanciful forms and passing them through the kilns, where they are hardened. Others, after careful examination of the contents and remains of the mounds excavated in different and various states, claimed to be the work of a pre-historic race wholly different from our Indian Race, whom they named "The Mound Builders," have found them to be, in all respects, exactly like those found in the mounds, known to have been built by the Indians, and also in and around old Indian villages. The Southern Indians had spades and shovels made of cedar, picks, axes and hoes of stone, and spoons of horn; together with the mortar and pestle, with which they prepared their corn for bread, and the Choctaws and Chickasaws use them to this day.

It has been reiterated time and again that the Indians had no traditions concerning the origin and design of the mounds, and for this reason it had been asserted that the mounds are the work of an extinct race of such antiquity as to precede the ancient traditions of the Indians. But in this, as in the majority that has been written about that people, "zeal without knowledge" is more manifest than truth. The traditions of the Indians, until within the past ten years, have always and everywhere, been pronounced as myths, absurdities unworthy of credence, though in every instance where they have been put to the test by discovery, they have invariably been confirmed by truth. Besides the Indians everywhere were utterly silent before the whites in regard to the manners, customs and traditions of their tribes, and would only converse upon these subjects with those whites in whom they had the most implicit confidence, such as the missionaries and other intimate white friends who had won their love and confidence; and the great wonder is that so much of their traditional history has been handed down to us. And it may be truthfully asserted that, through the old missionaries of seventy-five and a hundred years ago, the only true history, national and traditional, of the North American Indians, has been preserved and handed down to the present day; for they alone, of the white race, from first

to last, seemed to be the Indians' true friend, and proved it to the Indians' entire satisfaction by their deeds and daily walk among them, many of them for over a half century. While all others seemed to delight only in killing, plundering and defaming them; therefore, though they possessed many traditions in regard to the memorial mounds, effigy mounds and others, they have been silent, ever silent, upon the subject; and thus have we forever closed the doors of knowledge against ourselves in regard to the history of that past, and which we now would gladly read; but "too late" only shoes from those scenes of that mysterious unknown.

As late as when Lewis and Clark, in 1804, explored Oregon, they saw the Western Indians throw up embankments around their towns, and saw a newly erected mound six feet high and twelve feet in diameter at the base which the Mahomedans had erected over the body of a chief.

De Soto, also the explorers who followed him two centuries afterwards, discovered towns strongly fortified with breast-works of timber, around which were cut large ditches. And it is not impossible that the very kind of implements used in erecting the mounds by the ancient Indians were the same used in cutting those old intrenchments. And the most reasonable conclusion that can be arrived at is that these ancient relics of the prehistoric past, scattered here and there over the different States of the South and West, are the work of the ancient Indians, and the probabilities are so evident that I am naturally and reasonably confident; yet, if driven back upon positive proof, I frankly acknowledge that I am not able to support it, even as he of opposite opinion is also unable to support his theory by positive proof.

The mounds—those silent memorials of North American antiquity—now mutilated, desecrated, misinterpreted, have lost all meaning. Once, those signs and symbols in heaped up earth might have been read, had the champions of liberty and the equality of the entire human race, only extended their professed noble characteristics to the descendants of the builders of those memorials, so instinct with the characteristics of a people over whom they had just begun to extend their power. Then they were tangible symbols and signs expressing truths known only to Indians, in which they would have instructed the white race had it proved itself their friend and protector, instead of their foe and destroyer. Therefore they were ever reserved towards the whites in general, and never revealed their most sacred signs and symbols of the present or past concerning their race to any white man, except to those who, by long acquaintance, had completely won their confidence;

and it may be truthfully affirmed that, few ever reached that high place in the Indian's heart except the faithful and loving missionaries; they, and they only, ever penetrated beneath the surface into the inner life and secrets of the North American Indians.

But they, being more intent upon the moral and intellectual improvement of the living Indians, gave little care concerning the dead. And those sentimental writers of the present day who claim the Mound Builders to be a race of people far antecedent to the Red, from the fact that the Indians gave a negative reply to all interrogatories made to them concerning the mounds, therefore were utterly ignorant in all things concerning them, are but the willing dupes of the Indians who keep, as much as possible, from the Whites all things relating to their past. I speak from 75 years experience. In 1884 I was in the Choctaw Nation and, upon being introduced to an aged Choctaw, born in his native domains, east of the Mississippi river. I commenced interrogating him in his own language when, after replying to a few questions, he suddenly fixed his keen, black eyes upon me and said: "For what purpose do you ask me such questions?" The Choctaw friend who had introduced me to the old veteran came to my relief most fortunately by telling him who I was; that I was the true friend of all Indians and could be trusted. The old man again turned his eyes upon me, but with a confiding smile which I fully comprehended, and I found no trouble in obtaining a cheerful reply to any and all my questions.

Again Colonel Cleiborne, of Natchez, Mississippi, who was then writing a history of the States of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, but died before completing it, and in which necessarily came the five tribes who formerly lived in said States, viz: Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Muscogees (Creeks) and Seminoles, stated to me in a letter that he had written several different letters of inquiry to prominent Choctaws whose names had been given him, but never received a single reply, and asked me if I could tell him the reason. I at once wrote to him and gave him the desired information. In my travels in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations, during the last ten years, I have frequently met aged persons of both tribes with whom I had the pleasure and honor (yes, honor, and of which I am not ashamed even in these my declining years) of being school-mates, whose confidence in me is still as firm and unshaken as mine in them, and whose assistance in gathering material for this book has been great, for which I here acknowledge

my deep and sincere gratitude. God bless my Indian friends everywhere!

Yes, the mounds were tangible signs used to express truths known only to their builders—the Indians; symbols thrown together in that peculiar connection which the white man is left to interpret the best he can, all to end only in wild conjecture and romantic speculation; while the builders, now deprived of all originality and of nearly all remembrance of their former selves, still survive. But, alas, it is the hour when the last day of their liberty perished with no hope of another's dawn; while their future is still darkened with a cloud that hangs motionless above them, as they slowly drift before the monsoon of continued oppression as it rises higher and higher; while the echoes that seem whirling on its wings grow louder and louder as if to greet their approaching doom; and slow chords of deep-toned woe swell in waves of bitter grief which seem to give voice to all kindred spirits in hopeless despair, as they mingle with the wind that rushes hither and thither in wild and fitful gusts. Verily, what but a sensational, rhetorical flourish is our cry: "Liberty, freedom and independence to all nations of mankind?" since we have denied the Red Race the right of a nation to be a nation, and made their lives a joyless journey to a premature and unjust extermination, that we might establish thereon our own freedom whose motto is, "Might is right," and will be as long as a weaker nation exists over whom we are able to ride with impunity; and, as proof of which, the little remnant of that once numerous and happy people are still a living monument.

North America may be truly regarded as an olden land with a modern history. That ages ago it was peopled by a numerous race, the ancient ruins left by their former occupants and scattered from the great northern lakes to the Pacific ocean, afford ample proof. But the origin and history of the pre-historic Indians, evidently as far as now known, the ancestors of our North American Indians, are lost in the mists of antiquity; and the lengthening shadows of time afford to us only a dim conjecture as to who they were, whence and how and at what period, amid the cycles of ages past, they came to this continent.

Some presume to trace the Indians back to the Neolithic age; while others affirm that the Eskimo Indians were preceded by the Cave-men, and that they are of American origin. While Abbott, in his "Primitive Industry," page 520, says: "The Eskimo appear to have been the last wave of an aboriginal American race, which has spread over the continent, following principally the rivers and water courses

and at last peopled the sea-coasts, and must once have lived much further south." And seemingly, in proof of which, Brinton, in his "Myths of the New World," says: "The traditions of the Tuscarawa Indians that place their own arrival on the Atlantic coast in the year 1300, also refer to a tribe of people that were, at least, much like the Eskimos."

An educated Tuscarora Indian, named Cusick, and whose tribe, when driven from now the state of North Carolina by the whites in 1712 moved north and united themselves with the five confederate tribes, making the sixth, affirms in his writings that an ancient tradition of the Iroquois states that their ancestors lived in Canada along the banks of the St. Lawrence river; that the Mohawks, then inhabiting the now state of New York, were the oldest tribe of Indians then known in that region of country; that four other northern tribes united with the Mohawks and formed a confederacy consisting of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Senecas and Cayugas, and held their great national councils on the banks of the St. Lawrence; that far distant south there was also another great nation, to which the five confederates, in council assembled, sent a chief, as ambassador to said nation, with whom a treaty of peace was made; that in the course of many years, the warriors of the great southern nation (which, no doubt, were the ancestors of the present Cherokees, whose ancient traditions affirm that they once lived farther north, and were ultimately driven south by their "allied enemies,") trespassed in their hunting excursions upon the territories of the confederate tribes, assuming the right of erecting forts here and there. That this considered encroachment, and also violation of the treaty, resulted in a protracted war that finally terminated in the utter defeat of the intruders, who hastened to return to their own country. (But the lovers of sensation and the marvelous have pronounced these old antiquated forts and ruins to be the work of their much-loved "Mound Builders" of pre-historic ages past.) That the ancient Lenni Lenapes (now known as the Delaware Indians) were the uncompromising enemies of the Iroquois, and in a protracted war with the Iroquois they were defeated; that then the Lenni Lenape tribe migrated south and settled near the Hurons (a traditional off-shoot of the Iroquois) with whom they formed an alliance; that, at that time, a strong and powerful tribe inhabited a large territory south of them, and were called the Allegewi; that, in the course of time the two allied tribes (the Hurons and Lenni Lenapes) were involved in a war with the Allegewi, who, being defeated, migrated, in turn, southward. Hecke-

weilder, that noted and pious missionary among the Lenni Lenapes, confirms the traditions related by Cusick.

It is well known that Canada was first colonized by the French in 1641 and remained in their possession until the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe in 1759. But during the intervening time between their possession of the country and its loss, they learned that the territory lying east of the western end of Lake Erie, and from the great northern lakes to the Chesapeake bay on the south, was owned and inhabited by a confederacy of five Indian tribes, then known as the Senecas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas and Cayugas; but to whom the French applied the general name Iroquois, meaning "The Long House," and the English, "The Five Nations." In 1712 the Tuscaroras joined the confederacy, then they were known as "The Six Nations," and bear that name to this day.

Here was indeed a confederation—a true republic in all respects—whose ties of unity were made long before the existence of the western continent was even dreamed of by the White Race, and whose bonds of ratification were never violated and stand as firm today as when first made, and are held as sacred by the remaining few of the descendants, as are held, by the whites, the principles of the Christian religion.

The Indians, having no written language, preserved and handed down their history to future generations through tradition, much of which could have been obtained a century and a half ago, and even a century ago, which was authentic and would have added much to the interest of the history of the continent of which we boast as our inheritance, though obtained by the extermination of a race of people whose wonderful history, had it been obtained as it once could have been, would have been very interesting and beneficial to future generations, throwing its light back o'er ages unknown, connecting the present with the past. The traditions of all Indians had been preserved for ages back by carrying them from one generation to another by the means of careful and constant repetition. The ancient Choctaws selected about twenty young men in the jurisdiction of each chief, who were taught the traditions of the tribe, and were required to rehearse them three or four times a year before the aged men of the nation, who were thoroughly posted, that nothing might be added to or taken from the original as given to them. Besides, it is well known to all who are acquainted with the known history of the North American Indians, that before the whites had commenced the war of extermination upon them they all aided the memories of

those to whom were entrusted the preservation of their traditions by symbols, called by the whites wampum, and which they regarded, judging from their own standpoint, as the Indians' money. The Indians had no money, but they held their wampum in as sacred veneration as the true Christian holds his Bible, of which the Indians had never heard. The wampum was their true and veritable history—more reliable than many histories of the present day.

The wampum, or belt rather, was made of strong, broad pieces of dressed buckskin beautifully adorned with beads of various colors, to which were attached innumerable skins of dressed buckskin, at the end of which were also attached the symbols, composed of various things, such as different kinds of shells, stones, bones, quills, carved pieces of wood, teeth of bears and panthers, points of buck horns, rattlesnake rattles, and other things too numerous to mention. But each article attached had its meaning even as the printed letters or words in a book have a meaning, yet read and understood alone by the Indians. Those young men were also yearly required to interpret these symbols as well as to rehearse the traditions entrusted to their memory; and so faithfully and correctly were they required to interpret the signification of each symbol, and rehearse each tradition that generations would pass, and yet the wampum and tradition keepers of every tribe could read the wampum as easily and correctly as an educated white man could read a book; and tell the story of the tradition in their extreme old age as fluently and correctly as when they had first been entrusted with it in the bright days of their manhood.

Several of those ancient wampums are said to still exist among the feeble remnants of the once powerful confederacy of the six tribes, who, when in their palmy days, together with all their race, had no memories of yesterday to annoy them nor cares for the morrow to perplex. One, it is said, contains upwards of 7000 strings of symbols relative to their war with the Hurons assisted by Champlain and a few of his companions, to whom they attributed their defeat by the Hurons, and for which they never forgave the French, and ever remained the inveterate and uncompromising enemies of all Frenchmen. One of the wampums still possessed by the confederacy is said to date back to the year 1540, and contains much concerning the treaties and the wars with the whites. But who, among the whites could read those ancient wampums, even if they possessed them? And even if any one of the forlorn remnant of that confederacy who could read them, was requested so to do, would he

comply to that request? Never. Broil him on a bed of burning coals, yet he would refuse to gratify the idle curiosity of any one. Could the ancient wampums of the North American Indians speak to-day, what a thrilling history would they narrate. But our ancestors were too deeply interested in other pursuits to pay any attention to their civilization and Christianizing, and to the collection and preservation, which would have contributed so largely to our knowledge of the past history of this continent.

Many of late have tried to ascertain the exact date of the organization of the confederacy of the five tribes, but only to end in foolish conjecture and wild speculation. One of their traditions, it is said, places it in the year 1539, but this is declared by others to be too recent a date by nearly a century; while Cornplanter, a noted Seneca chief, who died in 1836 at the advanced age of 105, stated that his tribe, the Senecas, once had a wampum that contained the date of the organization of the confederacy; that he had been taught to read the wampum in early manhood; that he had often read it in his peoples' counsels, and also in the yearly counsels of his tribe, and had also heard it read by others frequently; that it was destroyed in the burning of their villages by Sullivan and his soldiers in 1799; that he, and the chiefs, Blacksnake, Redjacket, and a few old men of his tribe, partly restored it a few years after. But it too has forever vanished.

Cornplanter, it is said, often repeated many portions of different wampums, incidents and events that were known to have taken place between 1530 and 1540 and recorded in the wampum—the true symbolic history of the Indians, read by them alone. But far back through the decades beyond the above mentioned years of the past, Cornplanter stated there was a wampum in which was recorded the true history of the organization of this wonderful republic, which took place at the occasion of an eclipse of the sun. He says: "A darkening of the big light of the Great Spirit, which occurred during one of the months when corn was being hoed, and before the year 1540. I do not know when this occurred, but remember the statement I read in the wampum, which said it was an entire darkening of the big light of the Great Spirit many years ago in the long past." The scene of the formation of the confederacy was in central New York. It is stated that there was a total eclipse of the sun on the 29th of July, 1478, which, however, was too late in the season to fulfill the statements recorded amid the strings of the wampum. But it is also known that there was a total eclipse of the sun, visible in central New York, on the 28th of June,

1451, which must be the date of the formation of the confederation of the five tribes, afterwards named Iroquois by the French.

Cornplanter stated that the Indians regarded the event as one long to be remembered, and gave it great prominence among the records of their historical wampum, on account of the strange and peculiar circumstances of its occurrence. He stated that a party of young Seneca warriors, then on a hunting expedition, entered the territories of the Mohawks and recklessly made prisoners of several children—boys and girls—with whom they at once retreated to their own country. A large party of enraged Mohawk warriors hastened in pursuit, accompanied by a strong band of Onondaga warriors. When the Mohawks and Onondagas had arrived near the territories of the Senecas, the Mohawks sent a small delegation of their warriors to the Seneca villages, with instructions to try to settle the matter amicably, and thus avoid the death of their captive children. But the haughty Senecas turned a deaf ear to the ambassadors of peace and bade them return to their own; then placed the captive children under a strong guard on a hill near their village, that the Mohawk and Onondaga warriors might see them slain as they made their expected attack upon the village; but as the Mohawks and Onondagas were considering what best to do, and the Senecas standing ready to slay their captives at the first demonstration made to rescue them, the attention of one of the little captive girls was drawn to the peculiar appearance of things around, and looking up at the sun saw the great black shadow that seemed to be spreading itself over its disk. With a loud shriek she pointed to the sun, to which every eye was instantly turned, and at once the whole scene was changed from a spirit of war and revenge to that of superstitious horror and fear that cannot be described, nor scarcely imagined.

I have witnessed the effects of an eclipse upon the Choc-taws before they had been taught by the missionaries its true cause. But at this auspicious moment, when no thought occupied the mind of either captives or warriors but that of astonishment and dread, an aged chief, who well knew the desolating effects of war, solemnly arose and, with eyes resting upon the fading sun and finger pointing upward, called out in a loud tone of voice, "See! The Great Spirit is spreading his hand over the face of his great light as a manifestation of his displeasure at our proceedings this day, and thus commands us to make peace at once lest he hide his great light from us forever; and never again to make war upon the Mohawks and Onondagas but to ever regard them

as brothers; and to which if you will comply he will remove his hand from over his great light, and it shall continue, as it ever has before, to give us light." At once all gladly and cheerfully agreed to the proposition; and soon the eclipse began to pass off, to the great joy of the tribe; and as soon as the sun shone out in its usual brightness and splendor, all were wholly convinced of the anger of the Great Spirit in their prospective war, and equally so, in the assurance given of his pleasure in their promise to live in peace with the Mohawks and Onondagas. At once a deputation, with the captives, was sent to the waiting but still confused and bewildered Mohawks and Onondagas, who were told what the Great Spirit had said, and what the Senecas had resolved and desired to do. To all of which they readily acquiesced and all returned to the Seneca village.

A council was called, a treaty was made and ratified by the three tribes, and they became as one nation. The news of the established confederacy, with the strange particulars of its conception and birth, soon reached the neighboring tribes—the Oneidas and Cayugas—who, in compliance to the commands of the Great Spirit, joined the confederacy without delay. And thus, if tradition be true, which no doubt it is, was formed a confederacy pledged by all the solemn and mysterious ceremonies of that peculiar people, whose descendants still linger with us as feeble shadows of their once great and happy people—sparks still lingering in the ashes of an exterminated race—of four centuries ago, never again to war against each other, nor refuse to assist each other in war against the common enemy, or in any misfortune or distress. From that day to this the stipulations of that solemn treaty have never been violated, according to their latest traditions, and they have ever lived as a mighty brotherhood, though four hundred and forty-eight years have passed since the formation of that mighty league of friendship and love, the most wonderful ever known to man, and with a history never to be duplicated upon earth.

As the Pyramids of ancient Egypt—those miracles of stone that have defied the ravages of ages—must be ascribed to the era of some great, dominant people, whose history is hidden in the silent mysteries of the past, and from whom the nations of the east have descended; so too may these ancient mounds and fortifications (and also those ruins of ancient cities and large reservoirs of water, if true) be as justly ascribed to a pre-historic race that is lost in the mists of the past, but from whom the North American Indians have also descended.

And though the advent of man upon earth is lost in the

gloom of pre-historic years, and the long dark night of ignorance and superstition that succeeded, yet these silent monuments of the long ago display to our wondering vision, great nations and races of people, inhabiting widely remote portions of the globe, possessing various types and phases of civilization and different characteristics of mind, which distinguish their descendants of today. But whence the different races of mankind had their birth, and through what cycles of time they have been developing their growth; where, when and how they lived, are questions which receive no response from the annals of history, the voices of tradition or even the revelations of inspired prophesy. Difficult, indeed, is it to wander through the mazes of discussion, and the no less intricate mazes of diversified opinions, which but bewilder the investigator; and though fascinating as the field of research has been, still nothing offers so wide a scope of conjecture as that which the antiquarian finds in studying the ruins and relics of that people who centuries ago inhabited the North American continent.

But while these researches and discoveries throw but little light upon the origin or the character of its early inhabitants, yet reveal enough to conclusively prove that a race existed upon this continent ages ago, who possessed a knowledge of many of the arts unpractised and seemingly unknown by the natives when discovered by the Europeans. With many it has been a cherished theory that the inhabitants, who first peopled the Western continent, came by land at a period when it was united by a bond of union with the Eastern continent, afterwards ruptured by internal commotions and upheavals, was severed from and into a distinct continent. But from what part of the world, at what period, or by what means they reached this country, can only be conjecture; but that the emigrants were a partially civilized people, and to a large extent an agricultural people there are good reasons to believe, nor can it be successfully disproven. The art of the North American Indians of the last two or three centuries is said to be the exact equivalent, in point of advancement to that of Europe and the Orient of the stone age. The amount of material is limitless and corresponds remarkably with that found in the very substratum of those localities where man seems to have first begun his ascent towards civilization. Many of the scientists of the present day seem inspired to activity by the knowledge of the fact that the North American continent affords the best opportunity the world has ever known to study the beginning of those things which constitute human progress—

an opportunity which by the encroachment of civilization is rapidly passing away.

It is said that, already upwards of 15000 specimens of the handiwork of the "Mound Builders," the study of which, in connection with the survey of the mounds themselves and their surroundings, is gradually leading to a solution of certain archæologic riddles, which but a few years since appeared insolvable. Under the new light the mysteries which have attached to the mounds and to their unknown builders are thought to be disappearing to a great extent, but only by exchanging conjecture for truth.

Be that as it may; this truth, that the present North American Indians and their ancestors have inhabited this continent during a period embracing ages of the past, none will deny who have studied and made themselves acquainted with the many existing facts; and that, from all that has been gathered, it is much more conclusive that the mounds were erected by them, than that they are the works of some long extinct race of people entirely different from that of the Indians. Therefore, let "Requiescat in pace" be the epitaph of the mound question for ail future to come; and also, let this age of sentimentality, sensation, and the love of the marvelous come to an end, at least, upon that subject, that it may seek other fields for the gratification of its seemingly incomprehensible thirst for a knowledge of that which never existed. All Nations, both civilized and uncivilized, have long lost the memory of their barbaric state; and only traditions, here and there, speak of the ancient past. All mankind, in every age of the world have been mound builders; and the same principle that leads to the erection of mounds still exists in human nature. The various modern monuments of to-day are but ways of memorizing events which in ages past would have led to the erection of mounds.

Yet mournful to the contemplative mind are the records of departed greatness. These few still existing mounds of other ages, these dumb oracles of the pre-historic past, standing as monuments on the pedestal of years, point also to the ruins of earth's other empires, and call to her most potent nations with a voice more impressive to the heart than the tongue of a Tully; more symphonious than the harp of Homer; more picturesque than the pencil of Appelles, saying: "In us, behold thine own destiny, and the doom of thy noblest achievements, the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur;" and around and before us, whose wild and hurried life precipitates the hour of our own dissolution, are strewn the crumbling fragments of an empire, equally as extended as those of the east; but the setting sun

sheds its last ray upon their tumbling temples once hallowed by the footsteps of worshipping thousands, and the mellow moonbeams glimmer through the moss-covered walls and gloomy galleries, now nearly gone to decay; their sanctuary is broken down, their glory is departed forever, and the generations hence, in viewing the mounds of their sepulture, will inquire with wondering thoughts what manner of beings they were.

How must the hearts of the remaining few Indians throb with anguish as they contemplate the destruction of their race and the gloomy destiny of their own children. With what swelling hearts must they survey the once extended boundaries of their empire! Alas! the grief of years enshrouds their souls, as they bow the knee of meek submission to the Great Spirit. Unhappy people! Who can but weep over the ruined hopes of your declining race! It is a truthful saying, that, human happiness has no perfect security but in freedom; freedom, none but in virtue; virtue, none but in knowledge; and neither freedom, virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion. The birds that droop their plumage in the cage, pine for the open field and flowery grove, where they may sing their songs of joy and lave their pinions in the free light of heaven. The vilest reptile that crawls upon the earth, the noblest beast that roams the forest flies in terror from its tyrant or repels the oppression that would deprive it of its freedom. So man naturally sighs to be free. Still tyranny, that demon of desolation, has stalked over the world for ages and bound in cruel bondage the noblest of the earth, and still in this 19th century of boasted freedom seems to be again emerging, like the phoenix, from the dust of ages. Alas! what is man, or a race of men, whose neck is beneath the foot of the despot?

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota says: "Some years ago an Indian stood at my door, and as I opened it he knelt at my feet. Of course I bade him not to kneel. He said: 'My father, I knelt only because my heart is warm to a man who pitied the Red man. I am a wild man. My home is 500 miles from here. I know that all the Indians east of the Mississippi river had perished and I never looked into the faces of my children that my face was not sad. My father had told me of the Great Spirit, and I have often gone out into the woods and tried to talk with him.'" Reader, here was a human being traveling 500 miles to learn of God; yearning and striving for a knowledge of the world's Redeemer, but to whom and his race we have given powder and lead instead of

the bread of life with our war-cry 'No good Indian but a dead Indian.'"

Alas! that it should be a principle of mankind to hate those they have wronged—even as dogs rush upon one of their number that has been shot and not instantly killed and, rendered ferocious by his cries, tare him to pieces. Unhappy race! Amid the protracted woes of thy present life how can you forget the fearful history of thy past—the hunger and thirst of the heart and the fire and frenzy of the brain!

Ah, when I look around over the wretched lives of the present feeble remnant of the Red Race of this continent, and then contemplate them as I knew them seventy-five years ago, I can but say: Each life is a woe! Truly, fearful and rugged has been their path of life from freedom and bliss to slavery and woe—so replete in strife, confusion and death! uttering their last groan in the wail of final despair; while the quality of confidence is now an utter stranger to their hearts; for they have experienced enough to harden them against the White Race of the entire world. They now realize that they are beyond the regions of all hope; yet they seem to yield to a certain exterior resignation to their fate. The world has lost its poignant interest in them; it is now a pageant upon which they are looking for the last time while indifferent to lift a hand to stay it in its course, even had it been within their power. Though, at times, they rebelled at their fate, and a wave of resistance swept over them, as with one hand they carried the woes of the present and, with the other, held up the glowing lamp of the romantic past; but a sense of its unreality told them that they grasped at a substance to find a shadow. The coming of one event changed even the atmosphere; at one moment their breath is a new and invigorating hope, the next, parched and dead. They see a covetous eye, a hated face. Their lips are apart; their teeth are set and their brows knit with the force that they summon to their souls to endure, as all now are but memories far off amid the shadowy past.

And now, as to the odium and even defamation that may be attached to or hurled against me on account of my manifested love for and admiration of the North American Indian Race, I here submit to it all without a murmur or complaint. And those who wish may search the world over to find terms or ideas to express their contempt of me, or any other friend of that noble but unfortunate race, and I will remain silent and passive, while their anathemas enter one ear and, meeting no obstruction, pass harmlessly out at the other, and

still continue to be their devoted, admiring and loving friend all the same; while I continue through life to rehearse to myself the words of the noble Catlin, that true friend of the North American Indians in toto because he knew them as they ought to be known,

“Have I any apology to make for loving the Indians?

The Indians have always loved me, and why should I not love the Indians.

I love the people who have always made me welcome to the best they had.

I love the people who are honest without law, who have no jails and no poor-houses.

I love the people who keep the commandments without ever having read them or heard them preached from the pulpit.

I love a people who never swear; who never take the name of God in vain.

I love a people who love their neighbors as themselves.

I love a people who worship God without a Bible, for I believe that God loves them too.

I love a people whose religion is all the same, and who are free from religious wars.

I love a people who have never raised a hand against me or stolen my property, where there was no law to punish for either.

I love a people who never have fought a battle with white men except on their own ground.

I love and don't fear mankind where God has made and left them, . . . they are children.

I love a people who live and keep what is their own without locks and keys.

I love all people who do the best they can, and, Oh! how I love a people who don't live for the love of money.”

I can and do here attest that there is not a single virtue in the above tribute that did not justly belong to the North American Indians; and with that true philanthropist—the noble Catlin—who could and did discern and appreciate merit wherever found, even in deformity. I do accede heartily to all his “loves” above manifested, and can and do also add :

I love the same people who also never first betrayed or deserted a known friend under any circumstances whatever.

I love the same people who never spoke evil of any one behind his back, not even of a known enemy.

I love the same people whose pledged words to any one were as sacred as their lives.

I love “all people,” too, of whom I can affirm, possess in like quality and quantity, the known virtues of the North American Indians uncontaminated with the blood of the Caucasian or Anglo Saxon race.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN NAMES.

The Indians all over this continent had names, traditions, religions, ceremonies, feasts, prayers, songs, dances—all, more or less, with symbolism and allegory, adapted to circumstances, just as all other races of mankind.

But the world has become so familiar with the continued and ridiculous publications in regard to everything touching upon that race of people that a universal doubt has long since been created and established as to the possibility of refinement of thought and nobleness of action ever having existed among the North American Indian race, ancient or modern; and so little of truth has also been learned regarding the real and true inner life of that peculiar and seemingly isolated race of mankind, that to-day only here and there can one be found who, from a lifetime association and intimate acquaintance, is well versed in Indian thought, feeling and character, and able to unfold and record the solution of that imagined mystery known as "The Indian Problem," since they learned it from the Indians themselves. From the Indians' own lips they were taught its elucidation, and only as it could be taught and learned, but never again can be taught and learned.

Even as various nations of antiquity of the eastern continent have left the evidences of their former occupation by the geographical names that still exist, so to have the North American Indians left their evidences upon the western (independent of all written history) that they have likewise possessed this continent during unknown ages of the past. The artificial mounds, fortifications, lakes and ponds with their original names and those of rivers, creeks, mountains, bluffs and hills, remain to this day; and here they will remain long after the lips that spoke the language are hushed in death, even continuing to repeat the voices of that prematurely and mercilessly exterminated people.

But alas, how mutilated the orthography and how erroneous the translation of the original Indian names! What

a manifestation of the utter want of even the most remote idea of anything constituting their language!

As an illustration I will here insert a few examples, taken from a publication bearing date February 2nd, 1898, and to which is the signature, "John Hawkins in Philadelphia Times," with the caption "Names from Indians" and also the important announcement, "Some Interesting Information Concerning Their Origin. They Contain Curious Bits of Nature, Thought or Fancy, History or Tradition."

From among the names mentioned I have selected a few which Mr. Hawkins says are "Choctaw names," giving also his orthography and translation:

First.—"Chitimacha (La.)—They possess cooking vessels." Original, Chi-im-ai-ya-chih, Thine to conquer. But the Choctaw words for "They possess cooking vessels" are: Original, Ah-la-bush-li ha-lul-li in, Cooking vessels possess they.

Second.—"Owatomy, Straight." Original, Owa-to-my, Hunting in the sunshine.

Third.—"Oklahoma (Beautiful land)." Original, Ok-la-hum-ma, Red people.

It is published in our school histories of the United States that Oklahoma is a Chickasaw word meaning "Beautiful Country." The Chickasaw words for beautiful country are yakni iukli.

Fourth.—"Chicola, The place of foxes." Original, Chu-la ai-an-tah; Fox there.

Fifth.—"Arkansas (Bow on the smoky water)." In the Choctaw language, Sho-bo-ta oka chas-sa-la, means smoking water bow, i. e. Bow on a foggy lake.

Sixth.—"Tennessee, River of the great bend." The name given by the ancient Choctaws is Ta-nak-bi chi-toh bok, Big Bend river.

Seventh.—"Missouri, Great muddy river." But the Choctaw words for great muddy river are, Huch-cha hla-chi-ko chitoh. Missouri, if a Choctaw word, is a corruption of Mish-o-hof-fih, Continually rubbing off.

Eighth.—"Alabama, here we rest." Original. Ul-la-ba-noh hosh, The only child. The Choctaw words for "Here we rest" are Fohah hup-ish-no yak.

Ninth.—"Mississippi river, the great river." Original. Mish-a-si-pok-ni, Aged beyond. The Choctaw words for great river are bok chi-toh, or Huch-cha chit-oh. Original, Misha-sipokni Huchcha.—A river whose age is beyond computation.

Tenth.—Mr. Hawkins says: "A South Carolina river

which now bears the prosaic name of Broad, was known to the Indians (Choctaws) as Eswawpuddenah, the dividing river, after a bloody battle between the Catawbias and Cherokees. The name Piscataway has much the same meaning." But the Choctaw words for "the dividing river" are, Hush-koli bok, and Piscataway is a corruption of the Choctaw words, Pus-ka ta-hah, Bread all gone, or Without bread.

In the Fort Smith, (Arkansas) Elevator, February 4th, 1887, the following appeared:

"AMONG THE CHOCTAWS—An interesting article from the Cincinnati Graphic, by John R. Music:

The Choctaw tradition states that they traveled east, until from the summit of a mountain range they beheld a well watered and beautiful land. In rapture they exclaimed: Tsi-gar-ma-kee (Chickamauga) good." But the Choctaw word for good is A-chuk-ma, and Chickamauga is a corruption of the Choctaw words Chik-ema-ah, (may, can, or must, shall or will go in). There is no such word as Tsigar-makee in their language, and, it is reasonable to believe, in no other Indian language. Mr. Music thus continues: "The largest town in this region shows the contact of the Choctaws with the Cherokees, Tsatak (Choctaw) and nu-ger (taken out of the water). Here they drew a dead Choctaw out of the water." Truly the "Choctaws" of Mr. Music must be a tribe of Indians known only to himself. The words of the North American Choctaw Indians for "dead Choctaw taken out of the water" are (in our phraseology) Il-li (dead) Chah-tah (Choctaw) shu-e-kuch-ih (pulled out) hosh (the) o-ka (water). He also asserts that one of the ancient clans of the Choctaws was named "Hottah Inholata" signifying "beloved of the people." But the Choctaw words for "beloved of the people," are Ih-o-lih-to-pah (beloved) okla (people) ho (the), the Prep. of is understood before okla, Beloved of the people.

Another, under the signature of Henry Inman, asserts, through the columns of the Greenville (Texas) Banner, October 9th, 1889, that the signification of Apushamataha, the name of the renowned Choctaw Chief, is "The Warrior's Seat is Finished."

But the Choctaw words for "the warrior's seat is finished," are Tush-ka ai-ome-bin-i-li ak-oke-ta-hah. Apushamataha is a corruption of the noted chief's true name. Original, A-num-pa-ish-ta-ya-u-bi, a messenger who kills.

Literally, a messenger of death, i. e., one whose rifle, bow or tomahawk, was alike fatal on the war path or in the chase.

By request of friends I have here given a few Choctaw

and Chickasaw ancient names of places, towns, villages, rivers, creeks, lakes, mounds, bluffs, etc., in the now States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and others, with the derivations, corruptions, originals, orthography and significations. I first give the corruption, followed by the original and signification :

Appalachee. Original, Ap-ah-li-chih, (an ancient Choctaw clan), To whoop at.

Apalachicola, a town and river in Florida. Original, Ap-e-lu-chih kolih, Help to break.

Apookta. Original, A-yuk-pa (an ancient Choctaw village in Mississippi). A place of happiness.

In a late publication it is stated that Alabama is a corruption of the Choctaw words, "Alba, vegetation," and "amo, gather."

But the Choctaw words for "vegetation gather" are Hush-uk (herbage, grass, etc.) It-tun-a-hah (gathered). I know of no such word as "Alba" in the Choctaw language. It has the word "amba," signifying However, and the word "amo," signifying The.

Alabama is a corruption of the Choctaw words Ul-la-ba-noh hosh, The only child, and was the name of a noted Choctaw chief who figured in 1746, contemporary with Shulush Humma, another noted Choctaw chief, during the wars of the French against the Chickasaws.

The old interpretation of the word Alabama as being a Choctaw word signifying, "Here we rest, or rested," is a myth. The Choctaw words for "Here we rest, or rested," are yak (here) hup-ish-no (we—all of us) fo-hah (to rest, or rested).

A-bo-ha kub-lo humma, Strong Red House. The name of an ancient and noted Choctaw chief of the Ok-la hun-na-li iksa, Six People, Iksa, Clan.

Allamucha. Original, A-lum-a-ka, A hiding place. The name of an ancient Choctaw town situated near the Alabama line in Lauderdale county, Mississippi.

Ai-ik-hun-a, A place of learning, a school. The name of a Choctaw village in which was established a missionary station in 1821.

Iuka. Original, Ai-yu-pi, A place of bathing. The name of a town in north Mississippi.

Boguefaliah. Original, Bok-fa-lai-yah, Long creek, in Mississippi.

Buckatunnee. Original, Bok-it-tun-a-hah, collected together. A large creek in Mississippi. The junction of several creeks which, uniting, formed Bokittunahah.

Betapinbogue. Original, Ni-ta-pin-bok, One Bear creek. A large creek in Mississippi.

Buttihatche. Original, But-ih huch-cha, White Sumac river. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Biwier. Original, Bai-yi-wai-yah, Leaning white oak. A creek in Mississippi.

Bok-sha-ha, Pearl river. The ancient Choctaw name of Pearl river.

Biahela. Original, Bai-yi-il-ah, White oak by itself, lone white oak. The name of a place in Mississippi.

Bulookta. Original, Bo-luk-ta, Square. A place in Mississippi.

Bok-ta-nak-bi chi-toh, Big Bend river. The ancient Choctaw name of the Tennessee river.

Boque Hooma. Original, Bok-hum-ma. Red creek in Mississippi.

Conehatta. Original, Ko-nih-hut-a, whitish pole cat. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Caila. Original, Co-i-il-li, dead panther. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Chicopah. Original, Shik-o-pah, a plume. The name of a missionary society in Alabama.

Culleoka. Original, Kul-ih-o-ka, water spring, or spring water. The name of a town in Tennessee.

Chickahominy. Original, Che-kiho-mai-yih, to become red quickly. A creek in Virginia. A stream of water which, according to an ancient Choctaw tradition, suddenly changed its natural color to that of a coffee color, or brown.

Chuk-fi-lum-a hih-lah bok, Dancing rabbit creek. The name of a small creek in Mississippi, upon whose banks the Choctaws, in 1830, ceded the last acre of their ancient possessions east of the Mississippi river to the United States.

Chaffelia. Original, Sa-fa-la-yah, I am long. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Copiah. Original, Ho-pai-i, War Chief. The name of a county in Mississippi.

Chulahoma. Original, Chu-la-hum-ma, Red Fox. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Chulatchee. Original, Chu-la-huch-cha, Fox River. Name of a stream in Mississippi.

Chinchehoma. Original, Chish-a-hum-ma, Red Post Oak. The name of an aged Choctaw, whom I personally knew in my youth, and for whom a little stream took its name.

Chattanooga. Original, Cha-hah-nu-chi, Tall wild flax.

Chitimacha. Original, Chi-un-ai-ya-chih, Thine to conquer. A place in Louisiana.

Calolarchi. Original, Ko-loh-lich-ih, To cut in many pieces. The ancient name of a Choctaw village.

Chickasawha. Original, Chik-a-sah-si-ah, I am a Choctaw. The name of an ancient Chickasaw town in which De Soto and his army wintered in 1541.

Chunkey. Original, Chuki, A martin—the name of a small stream in Mississippi.

Chualley. Original, Chu-ah-la bok, Cedar creek.—The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Catahoula. Original, Ka-wah-chu-la, barking fox.—The ancient Choctaw name of a lake in Louisiana, and now the name of a Parish in Louisiana.

It is published that the word "Catahoula" is a Choctaw word derived from "Okatahulo" and meaning "Beloved lake." But the Choctaw words for Beloved Lake are Ok-hut-ab Ho-li-to-pa. There is no such word in the Choctaw language as Okatahulo."

Chickamauga—A tributary of the Tennessee river. Original, Chik-ema-ah, may, can or must, shall or will, go in.

Caloosahatchee. Original, Chas-su-lah huch-cha, crooked river. The ancient Choctaw name of a river in southwest Florida.

Chauaches. Original, Chah-a-chih, to ennoble. The name of an ancient Choctaw Iksa (clan), which dwelt a few miles north of New Orleans and consisted of only thirty warriors with their families whom Governor Perier caused to be wholly exterminated, in January, 1717, by negroes—the slaves of the French colony; the particulars of which are given in "History of the Natchez."

Coashatta. Original, Ko-i-sak-tih, panther bluff. The ancient Choctaw name of a bluff on the Bigbee river in Mississippi.

Coahoma. Original, Co-i humma, red panther. The name of a county in Mississippi.

Coosa. Original, Chu-sah, tapering. The name of an ancient Choctaw family who were remarkable for their slenderness.

Etowah. Original, He-to-ka, ball ground. The ancient Choctaw name of a river in Georgia upon whose banks was a noted ball ground.

Eastabutchie. Original, I-ah-ta-ba-shih, to go mourning. The ancient name of a creek in Mississippi, famous for its fatal sickness; therefore, whoever lived upon its banks would have cause to mourn.

Faket chee poonta. Original, Fa-kit-chi-pin-ta, very

small turkey. The name of an ancient Choctaw village situated on the Bigbee river in Mississippi.

Falukta bunnee. Original, Fa-lak-na-bun-ah, fox squirrel doubled up. The name of an ancient Choctaw village on the banks of the Bigbee river in Mississippi.

Hatche comesa. Original, Huch-cha chu-lo-sah, quiet river. A river with a quiet current.

Hatchatigbee. Original, Ha-cho-tuk-ni, loggerhead turtle. The ancient Choctaw name of a bluff on the Bigbee river in Mississippi.

I read the following in THE GLOBE DEMOCRAT, July 18, 1896: "Habalo chitto, the name of a river in Mississippi, which means big fight." But the Choctaw words for "big fight" are it-tib-ih chi-toh.

Habalo chitto. Original, Ha-bo-lih chi-to-lit, greatly diminished. The ancient Choctaw name of a large stream which had diminished in depth, owing to the washing from the hills.

Hobakin loopa. Original, Ho-ba-chi yuk-pa, laughing echo. The ancient Choctaw name of a shoal in the Bigbee river in Mississippi.

Hiyoowunnie. Original, Hi-oh-lih un-i, standing berries. The name of an ancient Choctaw town situated on Chick-asah-hah creek, a tributary of Pearl river in Mississippi.

Hushookwa. Original, Hash-o-kak, something superior which cannot be treated with impunity. The name of an ancient Choctaw town in which Peter P. Pitchlynn was born. Truly an appropriate name for the birthplace of that renowned Choctaw orator and fearless statesman, once known among the whites in Washington City as the Calhoun of the Choctaw.

Humecheto. Original, Hum-ma-chi-toh, Big Red. The ancient Choctaw name of a creek in Choctaw county, Mississippi.

Ittibano. Original, It-ti-ba-no-wah, walking together. The name of an ancient Choctaw village in Mississippi.

Issaquena. Original, Issiok-hina, Deer Branch. The name of a town in Mississippi.

Koonowa. Original, Ka-no-wa, the walker. The name of an ancient Choctaw hunter.

From the "GLOBE DEMOCRAT, July 18th, 1896," from the New Orleans PICAYUNE, the following derivation and interpretation given by one I. H. Watkins, of the Chickasaw word Itawamba, the name of a county in north Mississippi. He gives the original as "Ita-taka-lombi," with the interpretation thereof, "Go and kill." Now the words in the Chickasaw language for go and kill are, mi-ah mich-a-ub-ih. The Choc-

taws have identically the same, words nor have either any other words for "go and kill." The word "Ita-taka-lombi" is utterly foreign to both languages.

Itawamba. Original, It-i-ai-o-bin-i-li, Wooden seat. That is, the seat occupied by the ancient Chickasaw chief in council assembled. Sometimes it was called Ai-o-bin-i-li, Bench or seat; fa-lai-a, (long) mi-ko (chief), i. e. Long Bench Chief; or Chief of the Long Bench. In our phraseology, The Chair of State.

Loosascoona. Original, Lusa-ko-nih, black pole cat, the name of a creek in Mississippi. The ancient Choctaws had four different names for that odoriferous little animal.

Ko-nih, the general name.

Ko-nih chuk-cho, a large striped species.

Ko-nih lu-sa, small, black species.

Ko-nih shup-ik, a peculiar kind having snouts like pigs, and feeding by rooting, according to the Choctaw tradition. But had become extinct long before the advent of the missionaries in 1818. Evidently the ant-eater of Mexico.

Lobutchy. Original, Lah-buch-ih, to make warm. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Looxapalia. Original, Luk-si-oh-pul-a-lih, Swimming terrapin, a town and creek in Lamar county, Mississippi.

Lucarnatchie. Original, Lus-sah lucha, wet swamp.

Lapantie bogue. Original, La-pit-tah bok, buck creek. The ancient Choctaw name of a creek in Mississippi.

Meshoba. Original, Mi-ah-shoh-bih, go in advance until evening. The ancient Choctaw name of a place in Mississippi.

Mouma. Original, Mo-yum-a, every one. The name of an ancient Choctaw Iksa (clan) in Louisiana. Now the name of a town in the same State, but changed to the name Homer.

Mishawaka. Original, Mish-a-wa-yah, raised in abundance beyond. The name of a town in Indiana.

Mokeya lusha. Original, Bok-lus-a, black creek. An ancient Choctaw village in Mississippi.

Mingo ho ma. Original, Mi-ko hum-ma, red chief. A place in Mississippi.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws had two traditional names for the Mississippi river, as follows:

Occochappo. Original, O-ka-chash-po-hosh, The ancient waters.

Father Allouez, a Jesuit priest, when exploring the country from Quebec to Lake Superior, in 1669, first heard of a great river (which proved to be the Mississippi river) called—

Mecassheba. Original, Mi-ko Si-ah, King I am.

Neshoba. Original, Na-sho-ba, Wolf. A county in Mississippi.

Nittayuma. Original, Nit-a-yum-ma, Bear yonder. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Natchez. Original, Na-chuf-fih, to break off from. A town in Mississippi named after an ancient tribe of Indians that formerly inhabited the country on the Mississippi river; exterminated January 25th, 1733 by the French under Bienville.

Noxubee. Original, Nak-sho-bih, offensive odor. The name of a creek and also a county in Mississippi. It took its name according to Choctaw tradition, from a great battle fought upon its banks in the remote past, between the Choctaws and Muscogeas. The Muscogeas were defeated and left their slain upon the battle field which were thrown into the creek by the Choctaws; and such were the number that the decomposing mass polluted the air for miles around. It was fought in 1790 according to Choctaw tradition, with 500 warriors slain.

I read the following in the St. Louis Globe Democrat, of July 18th, 1896: "There is in the same state (Mississippi) a creek called Noxubee. The change from the Original in this word has also been very striking. The Indian form of the word was Ok-a-mak-shobi." There is no such word in the Choctaw or Chickasaw languages.

Nanna Wayah. Original, Nunih Waiyah, leaning mound. The name of a mound in Mississippi, previously mentioned.

Ok-la-ta-ba-shih (the people's mourner) was the Noah of the Choctaws, in their tradition of the flood, who made a boat into which he placed his family and provisions and thus saved them—truly an appropriate name.

Oska loosa. Original, Os-si lu-sa, black eagle, A town in Illinois.

Opelousas. Original, O-pah lus-sah, swamp owl. The name of a place in Alabama.

Oaktoma. Original, Ok-toh-bi, to be foggy. The name of a creek in Mississippi.

Okefinokee. Original, O-ka-hi-o-lih, waters tanding. A swamp in Georgia.

Ossachile. Original, Os-si-chah-li, swift eagle. The name of an ancient Choctaw chief whom De Soto visited in 1540.

Omaha. Original, O-mi-ha (if a Choctaw word), it must be. Said to mean "To go against the current."

Osceola. Original, Os-si-o-lachih, Singing Eagle. The renowned Seminole chief and patriot.

Okolona. Original, Ok-la-lok-on-lih, People gathered together. A town in Chickasaw county, Mississippi.

Os-ki-fa-kop-lih, Stripped Cane. A large and lengthy creek in Mississippi known as Trimcane.

Ocklawaha. Original, Ok-la-yan-ha, People subject to fever. The name of a river in Florida.

Okeion. Original, Oka-i-ah, Moving water. The name of a little place in Mississippi.

The beginning of the creek Oka ittibihha (by abbreviation Oktibihha) was known to the Choctaws as O-ka-ai-it-tu-fa-ma (The coming together of the waters), and refers to the junction of the seven large creeks which form it, viz:

First.—Catarper. Original, Ka-ta-pah, checked or pushed back; i. e., water retarded by drifts.

Second.—Os-ki Fa-kop-lih, cane stripped of its leaves; so called by the Choctaws from the abundance of switch cane growing upon its banks, with which, when stripped of its leaves, they made their beautiful baskets—literally the place where the cane is trimmed.

Third.—Bai-yih (white oak) Wai-yih (leaning over).

Fourth.—Bok (creek) Fa-lai-ah (long).

Fifth.—Hush-ih (sun) Bok (creek).

Sixth.—Ba-cha-ya Bok (line creek), which divided the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations on the north, when living east of the Mississippi river.

Seventh.—Sukatanchi. Original, Shuk-ha Ni-a-chih, hogs fattened. The place where hogs are fattened.

Okahola. Original, O-ka-ho-yah, Filtered water. The name of a town in Marion county, Mississippi.

Oktibbehaw. Original, O-ka-it-tib-ih-ka, The water fight. A county in Mississippi. The name given by the ancient Choctaws to a large creek flowing into the Bigbee river above the town of Columbus, Miss., now known as Tibi, (corruption of Ittibih, having fought). It took its name, according to Choctaw tradition, from a great battle fought between the Choctaws and Muscogeas years before the advent of the whites, in which the Muscogeas occupied the north side of the creek and the Choctaws the south, shooting their arrows across the creek. The Choctaws were defeated, but soon reinforcements returned and drove the Muscogeas out of their country.

Opelika. Original, Ok-pul-ila-ka, The lily by itself—the lone lily. The name of a missionary society in Alabama.

Oktarkthalapulla. Original, Ok-tark-toh-boko-lih, bluish white prairie. A beautiful prairie in the southwestern part of Oktibbehaw county, Mississippi, six miles southwest of Starkville, known, before brought into cultivation, as "The

Blue Prairie." It was a peculiar looking prairie, presenting a lonely and melancholy appearance, nearly round, perfectly level and extending nearly two miles each way without a tree or shrub upon it, but covered with a carpet of grass standing (in the summer season) from two to three feet in height. It was the last prairie between Starkville and the Mississippi river, surrounded by magnificent forests of oak and pine, in which were found wild game in sufficient quantities to gladden the heart of the most fastidious lover of the chase; in which I, with other congenial spirits, fully shared and enjoyed many years ere progress blotted it out.

Okahatchee. Original, Ok-la-huch-cha, river people. An ancient Choctaw village whose people used river water.

Oaklehy. Original, Ok-la-le-lih, People who plow. The name of an ancient Choctaw village in which several white families lived.

Otocklawfa. Original, Ok-tah-lau-a, Many prairies. A town in Mississippi.

Oaktewally. Original, O-ti-wa-lih, Exhibiting chestnuts. The name of a little town in Mississippi.

Okatomie. Original, Ok-a-to-mih, Sunshine in water. The name of an ancient Choctaw village in Mississippi.

Okenachitto. Original, Ok-hin-a-chi-toh, Big stream. The Choctaw name of a large creek in Mississippi.

Okshawali. Original, Ok-shau-a-lih, Light complexion. The name of an ancient Choctaw town, among whose people were many of fair complexions.

Osyka. Original, Os-si-ka, The Eagle. A town in Pike county, Mississippi.

Ofahoma. Original, O-fi-hum-ma, Red dog. Town in Leake county, Mississippi.

Okachickama. Original, O-ka-chukma, Good water. The capital of Yalobusha county, Mississippi.

Yalobusha. Original, Ya-lo-ba-ai-a-sha, Tadpoles abound.

Onalaska. Original, O-na-lu-chah, To arrive being wet. A town in Arkansas.

Okatibbee. Original, O-ka-it-tib-ih, Water fight, i. e. A battle across the water. A town in Lauderdale county, Mississippi.

Oktoc. Original, Ok-tak, prairie. A town in Oktibbeha county, Mississippi.

Pillahatchee. Original, Pil-lah-huch-cha, far off river. A river in Rankin county, Mississippi.

"Ponchatoula, a Choctaw word," says the St. Louis GLOBE DEMOCRAT of July 18, 1896, "is a corruption of Panchagoula, which, according to the declaration of the well in-

formed superintendent of the Choctaw schools in Mississippi, a gentlemen who speaks the Choctaw language fluently, means pond lily." The Choctaw words for "pond lily" are Haiyip (pond) Okpul (lily).

Pasgagoula, Original, Pus-ka-ok-la, people having bread. A town in Jackson county, Mississippi.

Solgohachia, a town in Arkansas. Original, Sok-kohuch-cha, Muscadine river.

Panola. Original, Po-no-la, cotton; the name of a county in north Mississippi.

Pachuta. Original, Pa-sho-hah, to handle, a town in Perry county, Mississippi.

Piache. Original, Pi-e-shih, to care for us, the name of an ancient Choctaw town which De Soto passed through in October, 1540.

Puchcheyanshoba. Original, Pu-chi-yo-shu-bah, pigeon to be lost—Strayed Pigeon, ancient Choctaw village.

Pantofoc. Original, Pa-ki-tak-oh-lih, grapes hung up—Hanging Grapes, the name of a town in north Mississippi.

Seneasha. Original, Si-nih-ai-an-ta, sycamore abound, the name of a little branch in Mississippi.

Shetimasha. Original, Shit-til-e-mah-ai-a-shah, Habitation of the disdainful. The Shittilemahaiashah Indians of St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, are evidently a remanent of an ancient Choctaw Iksa (clan), a few feeble sparks still lingering in the ashes of their exterminated Iksa.

Senatobia. Original, Sin-ih-toh-bih-a, My white sycamore. The name of a town in Tate county, Mississippi.

Shubuta. Original, Sho-bo-tah, Smoking. A little town in Clarke county, Mississippi.

Siboglahatcha. Original, Is-su-ba-ok-la-hu-cha, Horse river people i. e. People living on horse river. A creek and town in Calhoun county, Mississippi.

Suqualak. Original, Shau-wa-lah, widely branching. A town in Noxubee county, Mississippi. The name also of a small creek emptying into Noxubee near the great ball play ground, upon which, in 1790, was fought the great battle before mentioned.

Sukatanche. Original, Shuk-ha ne-a-chih, fattened hogs; i. e., the place where hogs fatten. A large creek in north Mississippi and town in Kemper county, Mississippi.

Tangipahoa. Original, Tun-chi-pa-sho-hah, corn handled—where corn was bought and sold.

Tallula. Original, Ta-lo-ho ah, continually singing. The name of the falls of a river in Georgia, said to be 536 feet.

Talluhah. Original, Tal-lu-hah, a bell. A town in Louisiana.

Tuskogee. Original, Tush-ka-ko-cha, weather warrior, i. e., a warrior who foretells the weather.

Tallasha. Original, Ta-la-ai-ar-sha, Palmetto abound. The place of palmettoes.

Toonisuba. Original, To-no-lihis-su-ba, rolling horse. A place in Mississippi.

Talletuluck. Original, Ta-le-tul-i, Palmetto rock, Palmetto by a rock. A town in Kemper county Mississippi.

Tacaleeche. Original, Tak-a-li-chih, to put down, town in Benton county Mississippi. Town and river in Panola county Mississippi.

Tullahoma. Original, Tul-i-hum-ma, red stone, rock or iron. Town in Jones county Mississippi.

Wantubbee. Original, Ai-an-ta-ub-ih, To be at and kill. A little place in Mississippi.

Winona. Original, Wa-ton-la, A crane. A town in Mississippi.

Yakanookane. Original, Yak-ni-nak-ish-wa-na, Cat fish land. A creek in Oktibbehaw county, Mississippi.

Yoconapatawfa. Original, Yak-ni-pa-tuf-fih, Land ploughed.

Waupanuckee. Original, Wak-chah-nu-sih, To sleep wide a part. A town in the present Chickasaw Nation.

Tallula. Original, Til-oh-lih, to break off. A town in Issaquena county, Mississippi.

Issaquena. Original, Is-si-ok-hena, deer branch. A town in Mississippi.

Tillitoba. Original, Tul-i-toh-bi, gray rock. A town in Yalobusha county, Mississippi.

Taloeah. Original, Ta lo ah-i-ah, to go singing. A town in Marion county, Mississippi.

Tamolah. Original, Ta mo-ah, lost. A town in Kemper county, Mississippi.

Tallase. Original, Tul-li-ai-sha, rocks abound. An ancient Choctaw village which De Soto visited in 1540.

Toccopola. Original, Tosh-bo-ko li, mouse colored. A town in LaFayette county, Mississippi.

Toomsuba. Original, Ta-is-su-ba, because or in as much as a horse. A town in Lauderdale county, Mississippi.

Topisaw. Original, Tah-pi-sah, to see now. A town in Pike county, Mississippi.

Talawah. Original, Ta-lo ah, singing. A town in Marion county, Mississippi.

Tubby. Original, Ub-ih, to kill. A town in Itawamba county, Mississippi.

Toanoowe. Original, To-mih-no-wa, walking in the sunshine. The nephew of Tumoachi.

Tamoachih. Original, Tum-o a-chi, you lost. Chief of the Yamacaws, with whom Oglethorpe established a never violated treaty.

Yamacaw. Original, Yum-mak-ka-sha-pah, That one to be a part. The name of an ancient clan of Choctaws at the time Oglethorpe founded Savannah, Georgia, February 1st, 1733.

Tuscola. Original, Tah-ok-la, Now a people. A town in Leake county, Mississippi.

Chickasaw bogue. Original, Chik-a-sah-bok, Chickasaw creek. Town in Mobile county, Alabama.

Choccolocco. Original, Chuk-cho-sok-koh, Thick maple or maple grove. Town in Calhoun county, Alabama.

Choctawhatchie. Original, Chah-tah-huch-cha, Choctaw river. Town in Henry county, Alabama.

Senauki. Original, Kin-nak-li, Limping. The wife of Tumoachi,

Clayhatchie. Original, Chash-ah-huch-cha, Rattling or rippling river. Town in Dale county, Alabama.

Enitachopco. Original, E-nit-tak ok chah, we awaken at day. A town in Clay county Alabama.

Looxapalia. Original, Luk-si-ok pul-a lih, swimming ter-rapin. A town and creek in Lamar county Alabama.

Loachapoha. Original, Lau-a-chih-fo-hah, making many to rest. Town in Lee county Alabama.

Talladega. Original, Tal-a-ti-hah, pulled up palmetto. Town and county in Alabama.

Tallahatta. Original, Tal-a-hut-a, standing palmetto. A town in Clark county, Alabama.

Tallassahatchee. Original, Tal-a-sa-huch-cha, I am the palmetto river. A town in Calhoun county, Alabama.

Tallula. Original, Tul-u-la, a bell. A town in Fayette county, Alabama.

Talucah. Original, Ta-lo-ah, singing. A town in Morgan county, Alabama.

Tallapoosa. Original, Tul-i-po-shi, Iron dust. A county in Alabama.

Tuscahoma. Original, Tush-ka-hum-ma, red warrior. A town in Choctaw county Alabama.

Tuscaloosa. Original, Tush-ka-lu-sa, black warrior. A town and county in Alabama.

Tuscumbia. Original, Tush-ka-um-ba-chi, rainmaker warrior. A town in Colbert county, Alabama. Name of an ancient Chickasaw chief renowned as a medicine war chief and contemporary with the famous Chickasaw chief, John Colbert.

Wauchula. Original, Lau-a-chu-la, many foxes. A town in De Soto county, Florida.

Chuluota. Original, Chu-la-an-tah, a fox stays—where foxes abound. A town in Orange county, Florida.

Oktahatchee. Original, Ok-tak-huch-cha, Prairie river. A town in Hamilton county, Florida.

Oclawaha. Original, O-ka-lau-a-ha, Many times water. Town in Lake county, Florida. That is, in riding over the country your way is obstructed by lakes, lagoons and ponds.

Chattahoochee. Original, Chuk-lih-huch-cha, Rapid river. A town in Fulton county, Georgia, and river in Georgia.

Chenubee. Original, Chi-a-ub-ih, You kill. Town in Webster county, Georgia.

Chokee. Original, Cho-ki, A martin, Town in Lee county, Georgia.

Ossahutchee. Original, Os-si-huch-cha, Eagle river. A town in Harris county Georgia. A river upon which eagles abound.

Sallacoa. Original, Sa-la-ko-fah, I made a notch. A town in Cherokee county, Georgia.

Chinchuba. Original, Chin-is-su-ba, thy horse. Town in St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana.

Chepola. Original, Che-pu-li, Town in St. Helena Parish, Louisiana. The name given by the ancient Choctaws to a favorite dance, the termination of a protracted feast and general good time.

Chacahoula. Original, Chit-oh-hul-wa, large soft shell turtle. A town in Terre Bonne, Louisiana.

Coushatta. Original, Kau-ah-shak-ba, broken arm. A town in Red River Parish, Louisiana.

Hitchiti. Original, Hish-i-it-ih, hairmouth—whiskers. An ancient Choctaw clan. A remnant of which are now living among the Creeks, Indian Territory; they did not move in 1832 with the Choctaws, but remained east of the Mississippi river, until the exodus of the Creeks and came with them, and with whom they have still remained.

Professor Campbell, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, believes that he has found the key to the Hittite (of Biblical fame) inscriptions, and has sent the result of his investigation to the Society of Biblical Archæology. It is said that the most striking and important feature of this work is the identity established by Professor Campbell, as he believes, between the Aztecs and the Hittites. He concludes a statement of his discovery in the Montreal Witness, as follows: "It is interesting to know that we have on this continent the remains of a people who played a great part in

ancient history. It is also gratifying to learn that by the establishment of the Hittite origin of the Aztecs, evolutions in philology and ethnology will receive its death blow."

Now, if the Aztecs be of Hittite origin, and the Choctaws and Chickasaws of Aztec origin, of which there is more than a probability—if their ancient legends and traditions are reliable—may not the Choctaw words *Hishih itih* (the name of one of their ancient Iksas) be itself a corruption of the Hittite, and not only confirming their eastern traditional migration in the years of ages passed, but also pointing back even to a Hittite origin?

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